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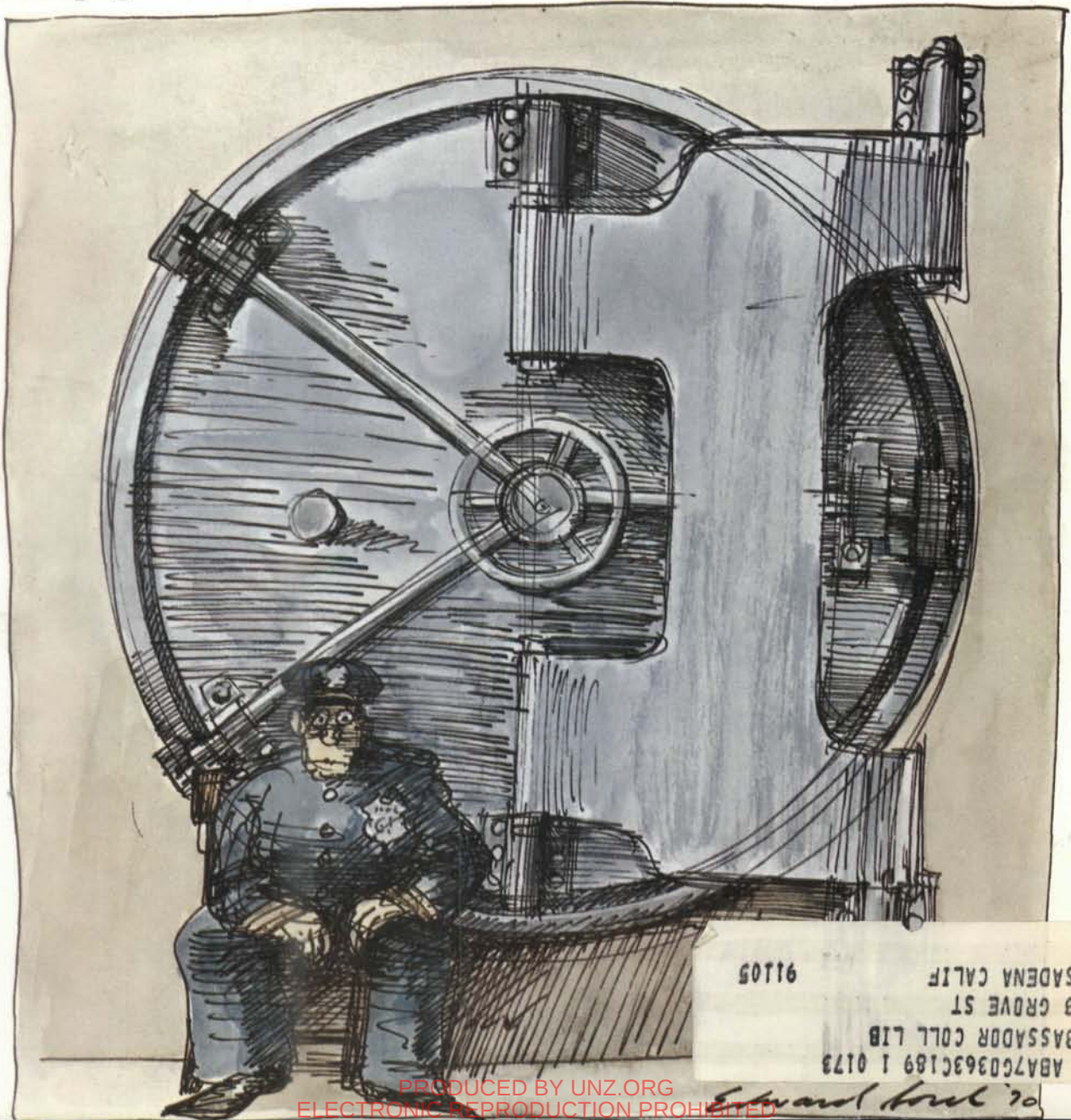
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Atlantic

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The Nixon Plans for Ending the War and Winning the Peace,
Controlling Inflation, and Bringing Us Together Repose Here.
See pages 85-92



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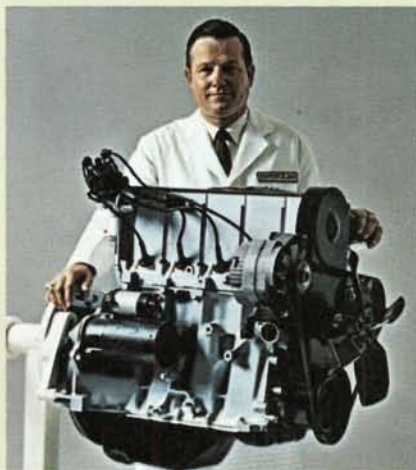
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Harold H. Macklin of Reynolds Automotive Team shows the Vega 2300 engine that makes iron cylinder sleeves obsolete.

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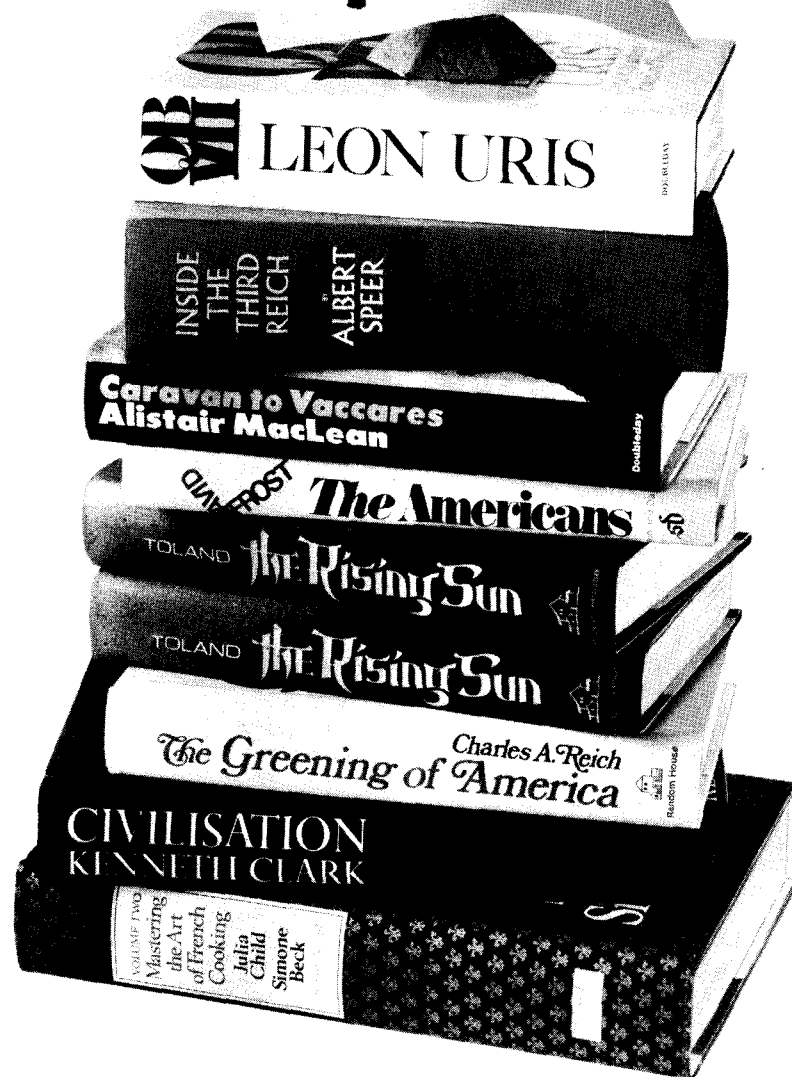
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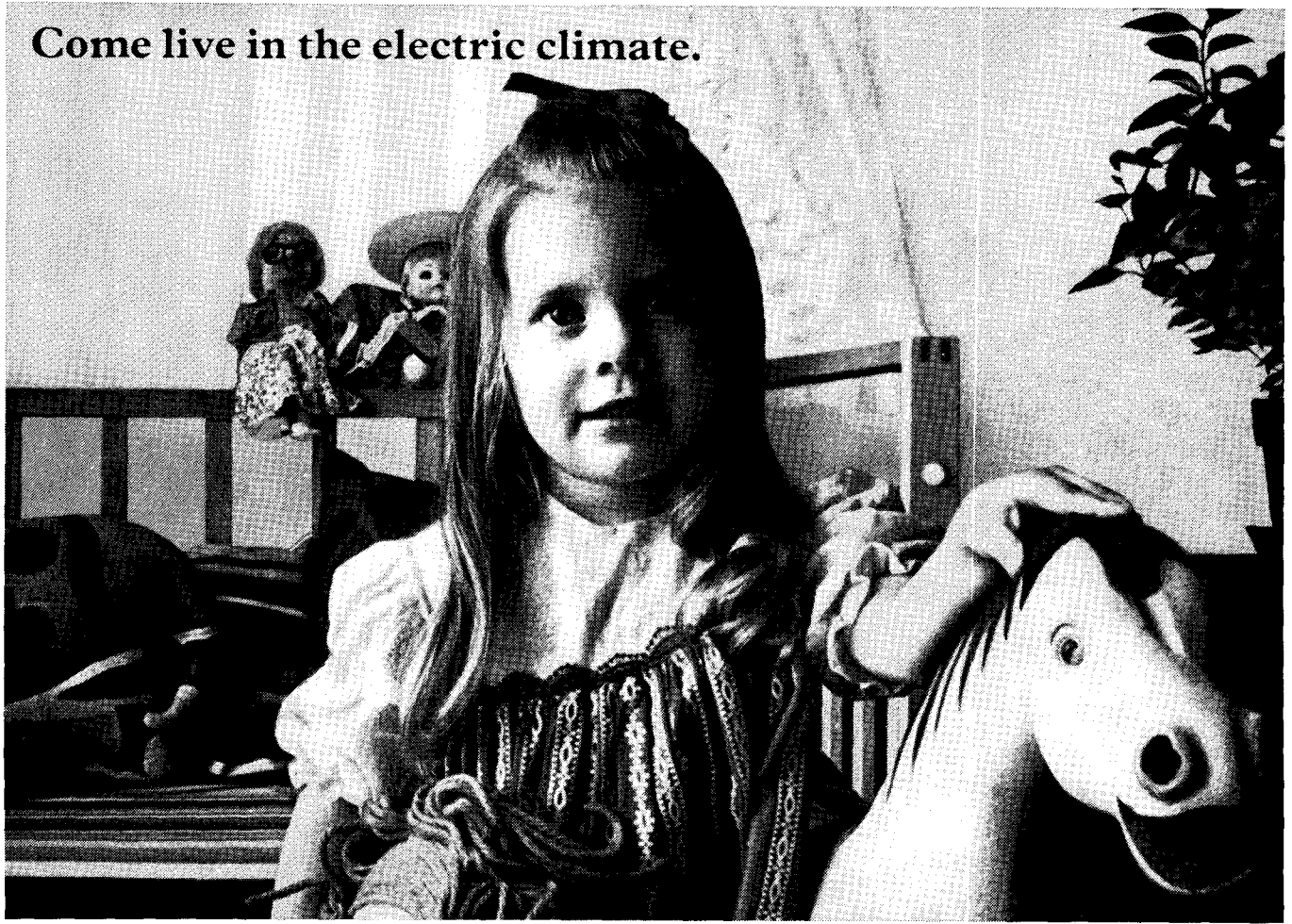
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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

The John F. Kennedy Library exists only in blueprints. The Lyndon B. Johnson Library is still but an architect's dream. Readers might therefore conclude that we are exceedingly premature in unveiling this month the first proposals for the Richard M. Nixon Library. Actually the germ of inspiration came many years ago to the designer, Edward Sorel, before there was much reason to believe that Mr. Nixon would get to be President.

Born a few months before the stock-market crash of 1929 ("I have been nervous and high-strung ever since"), Mr. Sorel attended The Cooper Union in New York City. He graduated in 1951, and "that same year, I saw *The Fountainhead* and determined that someday I would design a building that was ahead of its time. The Nixon Library is thus the fulfillment of a dream deferred.

"I hope your readers will not infer from my suggestions for the Library that I am partisan one way or the other," he says. "I think of myself as a polit-

ical independent, and during the 1968 presidential campaign felt this country fortunate to have three candidates to vote against."

Parodies and caricatures make the most penetrating criticisms, Aldous Huxley wrote, and Mr. Sorel, true to his profession of nonpartisanship, has previously caricatured in these pages a representative array of public figures, among them Robert Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, John Kenneth Galbraith, Harold Wilson, Hubert Humphrey, Dean Rusk, Norman Podhoretz, the Reverend Billy Graham, Nguyen Cao Ky, Vice President Agnew, and General Moshe Dayan.

He is the author of three books: *How to be President* (1960), *Moon Missing* (1963), and *Sorel's Fair* (1964), and has illustrated half a dozen children's books and the recently published *Word People* by his wife, Nancy Sorel. He lives in Carmel, New York, where he is at work on, among other things, *The Ice Age Cometh*, an account of world events after the polar ice cap melts.

Sorel by Sorel



"ATOM LEAK FORCES HUNDREDS TO FLEE NEVADA TEST SITE"

This headline appeared in the *New York Times* just as the February *Atlantic* was going to press with Paul Jacobs' report on the accidents and hazards inherent in the American nuclear energy program and, more disquieting, the attitude of the powerful U.S. Atomic Energy Commission toward those who expose mishaps and criticize nuclear policy. The American Association for the Advancement of Science adds further pertinence to Mr. Jacobs' reporting with its decision to establish a Committee on Scientific Freedom. It will look into the way the AEC has dealt with Dr. John W. Gofman and Dr. Arthur B. Tamplin, whose case is detailed in Mr. Jacobs' article, page 45.

Robert Manning



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REPORTS & COMMENT

FRANCE

The Gaullists (they are still called that even though De Gaulle is dead) have now been in power longer than any other French party since the modern republic was founded one hundred years ago. They hold a three-fourths majority in the National Assembly—their biggest since the General became President in 1958. The leftist opposition remains as badly divided over ideology as it was in the nineteenth century, and the Gaullists have assimilated the right. The Communists, who normally account for between one fifth and one fourth of the popular vote, still have not recovered from the 1968 student rebellion and the invasion of Czechoslovakia. So even if the French think they need a change after a dozen years, there is no party strong enough to which they can change. That is why one Gaullist minister said recently that his party would run France for another thirty years. No thousand-year Reich, but a comfortable reign.

The death of the General should have little effect on this picture. De Gaulle made his mark by establishing the President's supremacy over parliament. His presence has nothing to do with perpetuating that supremacy, as the two years of the strong Pompidou regime have shown. The opposition, whose only foothold is in parliament, is worse off than ever.

It was natural, then, that Pompidou and the Gaullists were not too worried last spring about the few signs that they were losing popularity—negative public opinion polls, Couve de Murville's defeat in a by-election, sporadic strikes, and minor violence by

students and shopkeepers. The main complaint against the regime was social inequality, evidenced most recently by a United Nations report showing that France has the widest income disparities in Europe. But the Prime Minister, Jacques Chaban-Delmas (who acknowledged Pompidou's dominance over parliament by calling himself "first mate"), placated part of the public with talk of a "*nouvelle société*." Meanwhile, the French were living better than ever. Income, in constant francs, had doubled since De Gaulle took office, and two out of three families had a television set.

Then in June, Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber mounted a revolt against the Gaullists that was as serious in its own way as the student rebellion of May, 1968. This revolt was doomed to fail by the fall. What was important was that a leader found and exploited an issue the Gaullists could not defend themselves against, one that could be fought outside parliament and regular party channels.

Enter "JJSS"

The issue is decentralization. The French euphemize it as *régionalisation*, or regional development. The idea is to divide France into ten to twenty smaller units, based on the original provinces, and to give each of them a large degree of self-rule. Until a few years ago, most *régionalistes* were reactionaries: for example, the nationalists of Brittany. But as Gaullism grew more deeply entrenched, some leftists began to realize that local governments could provide a counterbalance to the central state. Not all of the opposition was convinced. The Communist Party

stood solidly against dividing up the power of Paris, which it expects one day will be its own. Student revolutionaries and extreme leftists condemned the idea as mere *réformisme*. The traditional leftists were split, but most of the older leaders stuck to their Jacobin principles.

The leader of the revolt was not a traditional leftist but a publicity-minded young capitalist whose ideas are closer to classic American liberalism than to anything else. Servan-Schreiber (he likes to call himself "JJSS"), forty-six, is the owner of the *Time*-like magazine *L'Express*, and author of the 1967 best seller *The American Challenge*.

Last February, he was elected secretary-general of the Radical Party—a relic of the Third Republic with about a dozen seats in parliament—and he presented a coherent and popular platform for reforming France. Most of his ideas come from the New Deal, from Sweden, and from West Germany. The aim was to give every Frenchman equal footing before he entered the battle of the marketplace: raise inheritance taxes, let everyone have a chance to go to college, provide cheap and decent housing for the poor, and so on. A second tenet was to denationalize industry, to get the government out of business and into what it should be doing better—welfare, transportation, and communications. "Industrial decisions must be taken by industrialists," he said. "If they lose, they lose their money, not the people's. If they succeed, they will create jobs and build up public services through taxes." (This sort of talk did not endear him to the traditional left.) Finally, in the short seventh chapter

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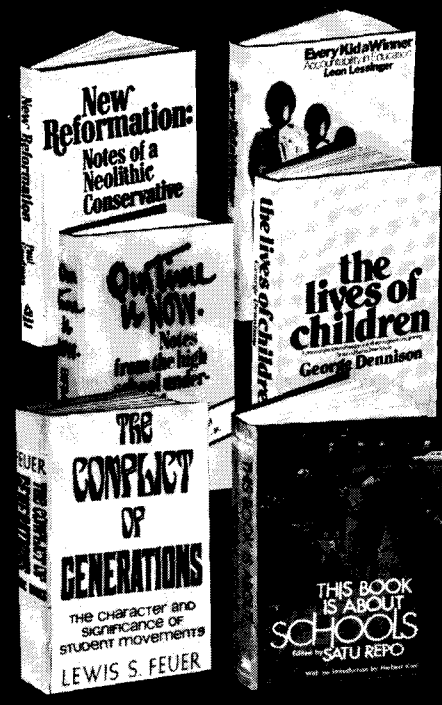
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FRANCE

of his platform, "*Ciel et Terre*," he discussed how state power must be redistributed to local and regional governments.

Napoleon lives

The system that Servan-Schreiber wanted to change is the most centralized in Europe. It goes back to the Romans and the Capetians, and some historians say that it is an extension of the rigid authority relationships in French family life. It was refined by Richelieu and his *intendants* and finally by Napoleon in 1800. The Napoleonic system, only slightly modified, exists today. Briefly, it is this: France is divided into 38,000 communes or towns, two thirds of them with fewer than 500 inhabitants. With the exception of Paris (the government of which is run somewhat as is that of the District of Columbia—as a creature of the national legislature), each commune elects a council every six years; the council chooses a mayor. The communes are parts of larger units, the 95 *départments*, usually named for obscure rivers. Each *département* is headed by a prefect appointed by the Prime Minister in Paris and responsible to the Minister of the Interior. Prefects are high civil servants, who sometimes seem to have the demeanor of ambassadors. They never serve in their native *départments* and are rotated generally every two or three years. It is as if the President of the United States appointed superpowerful governors. Prefects run the *départments'* police forces, appoint teachers, and direct almost all the local operations of Paris ministries. They can veto decisions made by mayors and even suspend them. Mainly, they are the Prime Minister's men in the provinces, charged with the mission of maintaining law and order and political stability.

The system effectively prevents the opposition from gaining local power bases and denies it the rights of patronage and favor-doing. It also prevents towns with Communist mayors (like Nîmes, Le Havre, and the "red belt" around Paris) from becoming armed communes, which is what some conservatives fear.

"The prefecture resembles the

court of Louis XIV," says a former aide to a prefect, describing the daily scenes of scores of mayors begging favors. They beg in Paris, too, for grants to build new roads or stadiums or swimming pools. It is real begging, not the kind of political dealing that goes on in the United States, because the mayors have nothing of value to offer in return. Roughly half the money for local projects comes through local taxes (after approval by the prefect and the Ministry of Finance), and half through government grants and loans.

The Napoleonic system cleverly inhibits mayors from taking their own initiative. Everything depends on getting along with the prefect. If the prefect is challenged or crossed, the town risks losing its grants, so a curious kind of equilibrium prevails between mayor and prefect, as though nothing were wrong. The conversation I had with the vice-mayor of the *foie gras* market town of Mont-de-Marsan, capital of the *département* of the Landes, is typical:

"Our relations with the prefect are excellent."

"Doesn't he sometimes take the side of Paris against the town?"

"He has done a great deal for us. The Air Force base used to be our main source of revenue, and now he is helping us develop an industrial park on the outskirts of town."

"Isn't that something you could do for yourselves without begging?"

"Maybe . . . certainly. But what can I say? How can I criticize the prefect in print? You don't understand our relations here. . . . I will say this—those Paris fellows in the prefecture down the street really do not know what is going on. They are out of touch with our problems. Centralization? Certainly it is excessive. It has been the scourge of France for forty years. But here we have our own relations. Let's talk about something else."

Because they have such little power, mayors tend to be old and unambitious men, eager to play mayor with medals and uniforms and willing to let the prefect take over. The system of indirect election encourages mediocrity and compromise too. Local leftists and rightists often get together to present the voters with a single slate, pledged to choose a mayor inoffensive to both sides.

There are a few dynamic mayors—

notably Hubert Dubedout of Grenoble, a nuclear scientist who made his city the spectacular boomtown of France; Gaston Defferre of Marseilles, chairman of the Socialist Party; and Chaban-Delmas, mayor of Bordeaux as well as Prime Minister of France. Chaban-Delmas has dealt with the same prefect in his *département* of the Gironde for twelve years, and that is no hardship.

One of the broad effects of this long tradition of centralization has been to make Paris the only major city in France. The country has no true provincial centers like Munich or Milan or Manchester. Artists, industrialists, and politicians moved to where the power was, taking the lower classes with them. From 1851 to 1931, the population of Greater Paris rose by 4.4 million, that of the rest of France by 600,000. Paris' share of the total population climbed from 5 percent to 15 percent. Today it is 18.5 percent, about 9 million in a country of 50 million, eight times that of the second largest city, Lyon. Only three cities in France exceed 400,000 in population, against fifteen in West Germany, ten in Britain, and eight in Italy—all countries roughly the same size.

The economic imbalance is even greater. The salary of the average Parisian is 60 percent higher than that of the average inhabitant of Aquitaine or the Limousin and 33 percent higher than the national mean. Greater Paris contains 40 percent of France's college graduates, 50 percent of her heavy industry, 50 percent of her financiers and big businessmen, 60 percent of her artists, and 70 percent of her scientific researchers. Not until 1947, with the publication of Jean-Francois Gravier's influential book *Paris et le Désert Français*, did the government begin to realize the simple inefficiency of the congestion of Paris and the waste of the country's provincial resources.

The central government began a program of regional development, results of which, judging from the figures, have been fairly unsuccessful. It started by refusing permits to factories that wanted to settle in Paris and by urging them to move elsewhere. But Paris was still where the railroads and highways converged, where the contracts were handed out. To reach the capital by the notorious

FRANCE

French telephone system is a time- and money-wasting chore. The new policy, when successful, managed only to get factories to move within two or three hours of Paris, to Orléans, Rouen, Evreux, or Caen. Whole areas of the country were neglected—the Massif Central, France's Appalachia; Brittany, with its small and inefficient farms; the Languedoc, formerly the richest province in France, now sunk into poverty for lack of industry (and recently the scene of a regional uprising); and Lorraine, where foreign competition had practically ruined the backward iron and steel plants, and where unemployment was fierce.

It was in Lorraine that Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber launched his revolt against the Gaullists. He entered a by-election in the city of Nancy in the southern part of the region, 200 miles east of Paris. The Gaullists found it hard to resist the temptation to enter the battle in force and rid themselves of JJSS once and for all. He had been a critic of De Gaulle since the Algerian days; when De Gaulle resigned in April, 1969, JJSS wrote: "For the first time in the life of a man of my generation, one can be proud of his country."

Five ministers journeyed from Paris to campaign for the lackluster Gaullist candidate, Roger Souchal. The Gaullists managed to focus enough attention on the campaign to make JJSS an international celebrity. At first, he trailed in the polls, but as he repeated his message—that the economic problems of Lorraine were the fault of Paris planners and that the region, if it had the political means, would prosper on its own—he built up a massive majority. He won on the second ballot with 55 percent of the vote to Souchal's 25 percent, and took his seat in the Assembly.

"American-style huckster publicity" won JJSS the election, claimed a Gaullist leader, but there were no grounds for the charge. Servan-Schreiber resembled the Kennedys in his relative youth and sex appeal, and quick answers ("Who is the only personality in France known by initials?" he once asked a friend. "B.B."). But there have been few American campaigns in recent years in which issues were so well defined

and clearly discussed. JJSS undoubtedly used his personality to draw an audience, but how can a Gaullist complain about that? There were two strong emotional appeals in his message. One was his argument that something tangible was to blame for Lorraine's troubles, namely Paris (rather than the usual vague "capitalists" or "the system"). The second was his charge that the Gaullists were denying the *Nancéens* their democratic rights by not allowing them to have a say in local decisions.

The Gaullists naturally feared that other candidates would use JJSS's formula for success. Municipal elections were coming up in March, and setbacks could pave the way for more serious defeats in the parliamentary elections two years later. On the other hand, giving local governments any real autonomy would threaten the Gaullists' own control and the very foundations of *étatisme*. Their solution was to present their own camouflage program; it sounded like reform but in fact gave away nothing.

Pompidou announced the Gaullist program in Lyon, where, three years earlier, the General himself had said: "The effort of centralization over the centuries, which was necessary to France for a long time to achieve and maintain her unity, is no longer compelling. On the contrary, it is the regional activities which appear as the springs of her economic power of tomorrow." But De Gaulle seemed to back down from that position, and in April, 1969, when he offered the French people a referendum on regional reform, the program was more or less rhetorical. De Gaulle was defeated in that vote and stepped down. The Pompidou proposal, too, is more one of gesture than act. Regions would be groupings of *départements* for purposes of economic planning, rather than new political units. Regional assemblies, if they came into being at all, would not be popularly elected. And prefects would have even more power.

"Circus"

Between the victory at Nancy in the spring of 1970 and Pompidou's November reform proposals, JJSS met disaster.

On August 5, he was flying back to Paris from the United States, where Senator Edward Kennedy had called

him "one of the most articulate and dynamic members of a new nation of Europeans," and Senator Charles Percy had called him another Tocqueville. He read in a copy of *Le Figaro* on the plane that the deputy from Bordeaux had just died and that Chaban-Delmas would enter the subsequent by-election. He wrote himself a note: "*Il faut que j'y aille!*"

At first, JJSS said his aim was to unite the non-Communist opposition behind a single candidate to run against the Prime Minister. As the deadline for announcing candidacies approached, it became clear that JJSS and the Socialists would never get together. The Socialists put up their own candidate, party leader Alain Savary. Servan-Schreiber demanded that Savary withdraw in favor of an unnamed, JJSS-backed Monsieur X. The next day, just before the deadline, JJSS announced that Monsieur X was JJSS himself.

The Socialists were outraged; they had been duped. Guy Sormann, JJSS's adviser on regional matters, said he was as shocked as they were. "I think it was a mistake," he said. "He was very excited about being a candidate, and he took the decision alone." JJSS later agreed. He told me, "I was deputy from Lorraine. I wish I had stayed there."

The best word for the Bordeaux campaign was "circus"—it was used repeatedly by the French press. Servan-Schreiber announced from the start that his candidacy would have to be purely symbolic. He did not intend to resign his Nancy seat if elected. His opponent, Chaban-Delmas, could not take a seat either, since he was a minister. Both candidates named substitutes to take their places, and the substitutes stayed out of sight.

In Bordeaux, JJSS could not use the regionalism theme he developed in Nancy. Chaban-Delmas, as mayor, had brought new industry into the city, renovated a run-down quarter with state funds, and generally vitalized the stuffy old town. If elected, JJSS could not possibly accomplish what Chaban-Delmas could with his leverage as head of government. Sormann said, "Our own arguments were taken over by Chaban-Delmas in Bordeaux. In Nancy, we said we could do more for Lorraine. But he could do more for Bordeaux." The JJSS campaign turned into an attack

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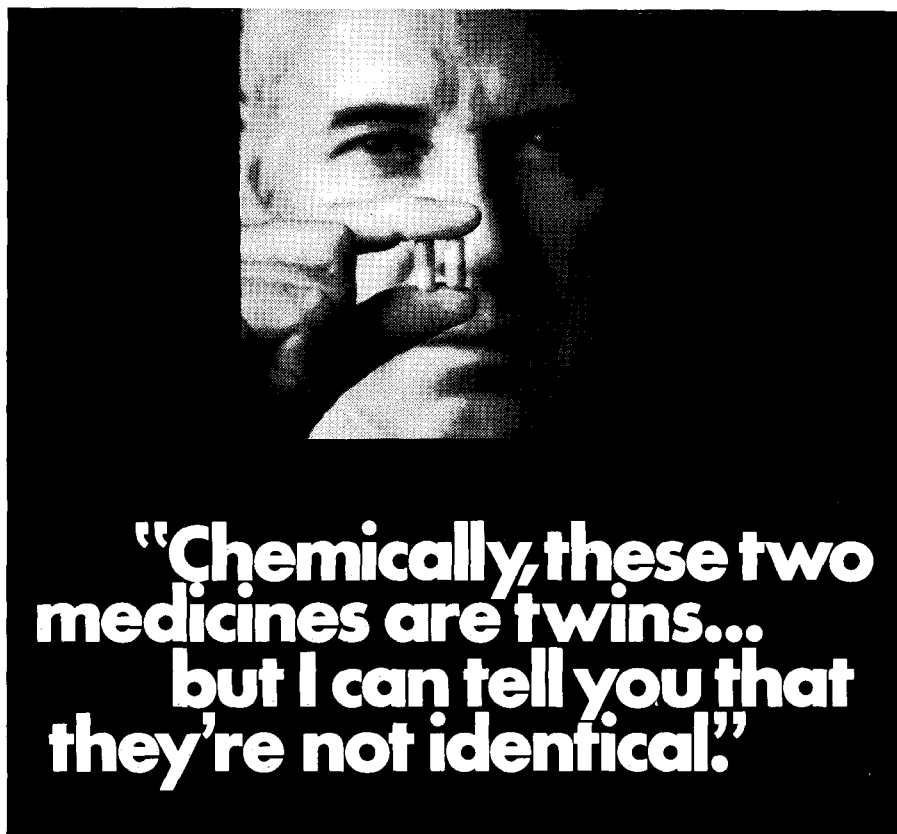
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FRANCE



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Another point of view . . . Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005

on the government's national record on housing, schools, and equal opportunity—issues that had little effect on the well-off voters of Bordeaux's second district. "I thought we could have a national debate, and he refused it," JJSS told me later. "That was rather shrewd, and the result was not as encouraging as I had wished."

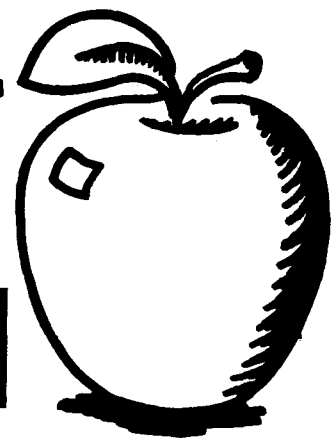
The dramatic proof that Chaban-Delmas could do more for Bordeaux came on August 25, when Ford announced that it would build its first French plant in Bordeaux rather than Charleville-Mézières in the Ardennes, a depressed region in the northeast bordering Lorraine. The next day, JJSS, with the mayor of Charleville in tow, showed up at a Chaban-Delmas press conference. JJSS asked the first question: After his clever coup, what did the Prime Minister propose to do about the poor people of the Ardennes? He also implied forcefully that the Ford move to Bordeaux had been made under government pressure, to win the election for the Prime Minister. (This charge, while logical, was probably false. Bordeaux, as a seaport, was a far better site for the plant.) After a brief and bitter exchange, Chaban-Delmas walked out, and JJSS took over the microphone.

The Ford conspiracy theory had little impact on the *Bordelais*, who were happy to get the factory, or on other Frenchmen, who were generally shocked at JJSS's impetuosity. There were grumbles from Nancy too: Who was minding the store?

September 20 was a warm Sunday in Bordeaux, a fine day for hunting in the Landes forests and for swimming, for the last weekend of the season, in the Atlantic. JJSS spent the day at a beach house in Pyla. Since he lived in Nancy, he could not vote. The polls closed at eight, and the Servan-Schreiber staff listened to the results over the radio on the terrace of their headquarters, a gray stone house on the Rue de Caudéran. In fifteen minutes it was over. The turnout had been light. Chaban-Delmas had 64 percent of the vote, JJSS 17 percent. It was the Prime Minister's best showing ever. JJSS had said earlier that 30 percent would be a vote of confidence, and a poll four days before had given

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him 21 percent. He walked across the terrace, kissed his mother, and told four microphones pointed in his face that he had miscalculated.

JJSS believes that the nation-state will soon disappear. It is natural, goes this argument, that regions, as internal colonies, are the last to rebel, and it seems to be happening all over: the French in Canada, the Irish in Britain, the Basques in Spain. With no more wars and strong and independent industry, the nation-state will atrophy for nothing to do. Important decisions will occur at the supranational and local levels. The new theme is "Region and Europe." JJSS flew the flags of Lorraine and Europe over the meeting hall where his party was holding a convention last November. No Tricolor. He made another scandal and reveled in it.

In fact, one of the most alarming aspects of JJSS's victory in Lorraine to Gaullists was the prospect of the region moving closer to Germany. Already, JJSS has taken a step by encouraging German investments and by putting Germans on his Lorraine Development Board.

Conversely, the success of decentralization in some European countries (mainly Germany and Switzerland) is encouraging others to go further. Italy regionalized last June along the lines JJSS has suggested for France, one hundred years after Garibaldi unified the country.

With the defeat of JJSS, it could be a long time before another politician picks up the regional theme, but someone will pick it up, because it is the only thing that works against the Gaullists.

—JAMES K. GLASSMAN

ARKANSAS

It had been a very unusual Arkansas September: the month when the state finally beat the Wizard—Orval Eugene Faubus. He led the field in the August primary, topping seven other Democrats for governor and leading his closest contender by 71,000 votes. The two weeks separating the first primary and the runoff became the real campaign in Arkansas. Those fourteen days in 1970 decided whether the state had swallowed and digested the human rights lessons of the sixties, seemingly rejected in 1968. (Arkansas then, in a bizarre profile, stood

behind George Wallace, re-elected Republican Governor Winthrop Rockefeller—or WR, as the headline writers have dubbed him—and endorsed Senator J. William Fulbright.)

I was working in my hometown—Paragould, in Greene County, lying 85 miles north of Memphis, Tennessee, and about a two and a half hours' drive northeast from Little Rock. At a Democratic rally there in August, all the candidates spoke at the drive-in theater atop a platform on the concession stand. Some people stayed in their cars, others gathered by the concrete block stand. The county's pols were there, standing like roosters at tacitly recognized intervals, waiting for the office seekers to come by and pay their respects.

Faubus' arrival changed all that. People stirred and the faithful started drifting over to shake his hand and inspect his new, young wife, the one who had gotten him to divorce his first wife, Alta, and slick his hair black.

The manager of the local ArkLa gas company—the state utility which reputedly supported and benefited from Faubus during his heyday—went over and picked up a fistful of orange and black Faubus stickers. And another county politician, one who had received a controversial liquor license the day Faubus left office, came round. It looked like a Sunday social at a snake's nest.

Faubus delivered a strong appeal for law and order, citing several recent news items which involved black attacks on whites. But he never mentioned race, and he never singled out blacks as culprits. He didn't have to: the crowd knew whom he was talking about.

Some Democrats decided to do something more than sit on their hands and wait for WR in November. They began organizing support for one of the other Democratic candidates, a personable, honest, forty-five year-old lawyer from a tiny town in northwest Arkansas. His name was Dale Bumpers. He had declared his intention to continue the leadership role in civil rights that had been successfully asserted by WR, and he was the only one of the eight running who had expressed his feeling about Vietnam ("We've got to end that damned war! It's tearing us apart!")

Bumpers shocked the pros in the first primary by squeezing into the

runoff. He carried Greene County and Paragould by 500 votes. In the next two weeks, young housewives were lined up on the phones; a collection of teen-agers agreed to hit the streets and hand out cards; and a Bumpers fund began to fill up for local advertising. It was the new politics for the old heads.

Pictured as a "small town country lawyer" in the national press, Bumpers hardly fit the image. He graduated from Northwestern Law School (his brother went to Harvard Law, something Bumpers did not broadcast during the campaign) and plotted his course for governor two years before he ran. He was not slick, but smooth as custard pie and convincing enough to sell a combine to a cotton farmer.

He borrowed the success strategy of WR's lavishly publicized *Selling-of-the-President* politics and put the McGinnis Message to test on the economy level. (The primaries cost Bumpers, according to his filed statement, a little over \$185,000.)

"Reedikulous"

Foxy old Orval had switched from his trademark stumping to the tube too. Bumpers' ad people, shallow and unimaginative (their slogan said, "Let's Get Our State Together"), did have magnificent timing, and scheduled his TV barrages perfectly in all three races.

The showdown came at the annual Rector Labor Day Picnic in northeast Arkansas, only hours before the polls opened. Faubus, paying for a ten-station TV hookup, read his thirty-minute speech in his shirt sleeves. He hammered on his Populist promise to return to the unconfused prosperity of his twelve-year rule, and he dwelled on his background as a berry-picking, timber-cutting boy of the Ozarks. He lashed the threatening drug culture, already a problem in Arkansas, the wild-eyed student radicals, and the "reedikulous idea" of busing. He had used busing throughout the runoff to hint slyly where he stood on a great many other things involving blacks. He received his biggest applause when he told the otherwise stony crowd, "Help me tell the federal government to keep its interfering hands off our schools. . . ."

When he finished, Bumpers took the platform and banged out a short speech, jabbing at the good things in



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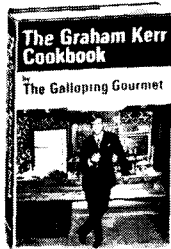
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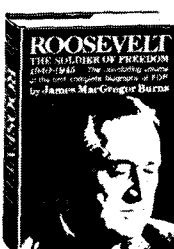


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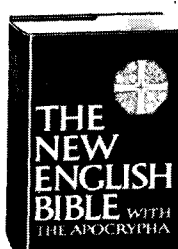
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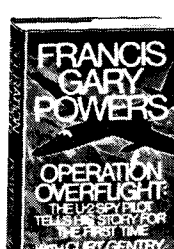
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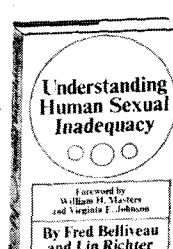
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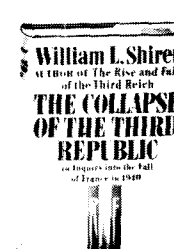
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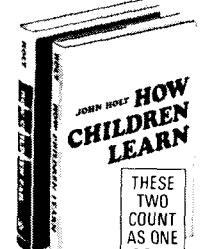
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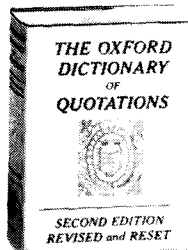
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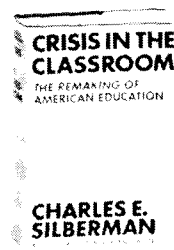
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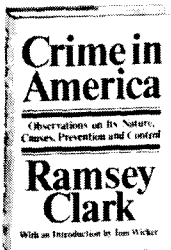
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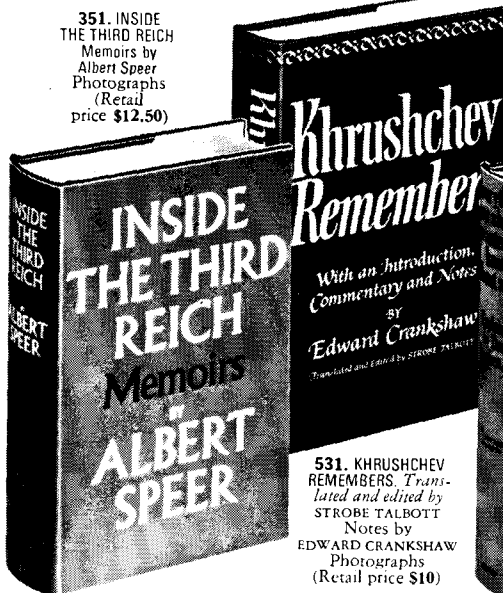


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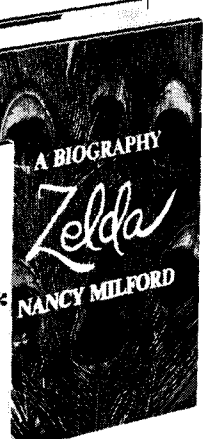
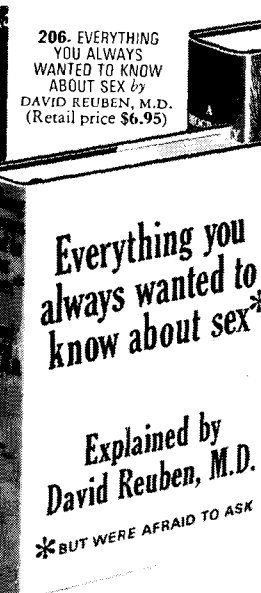


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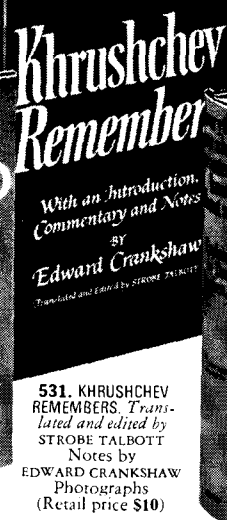
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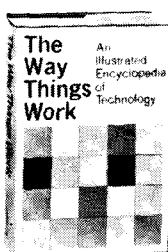
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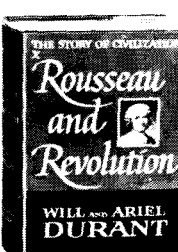
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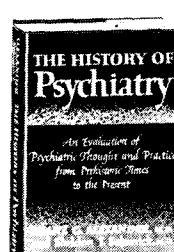
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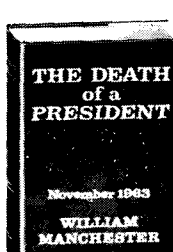
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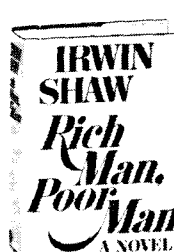
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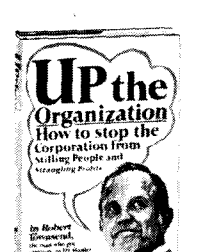
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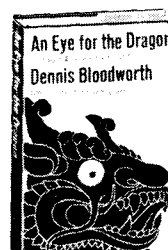
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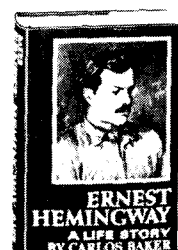
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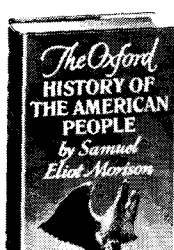
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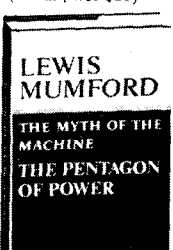
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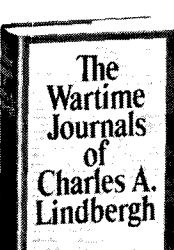
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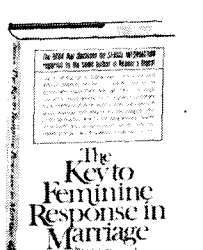
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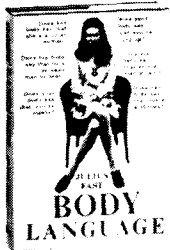


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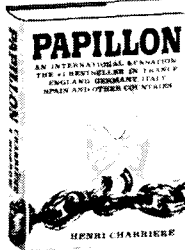


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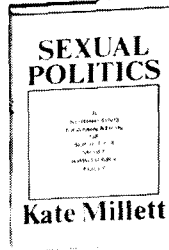
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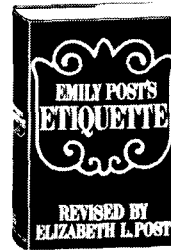
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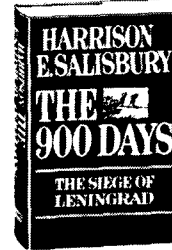
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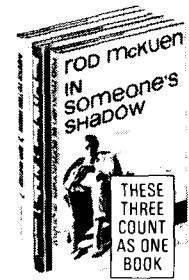
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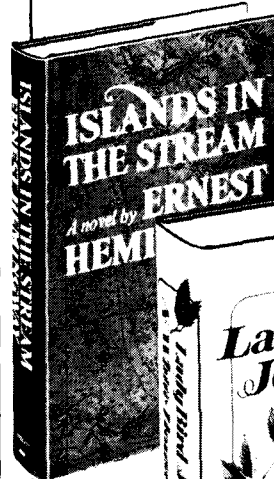
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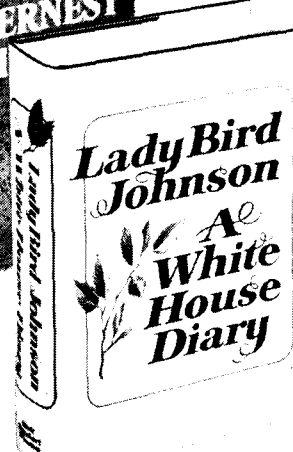
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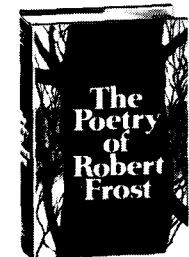
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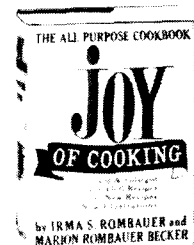
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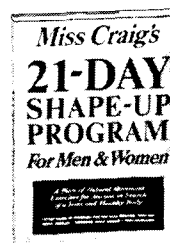
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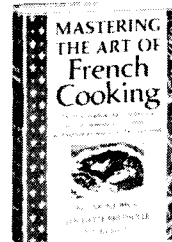
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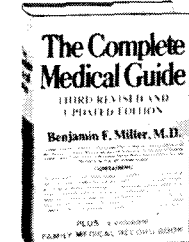
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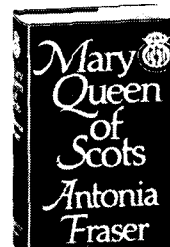
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ARKANSAS

Arkansas and calling for the people to turn away from the "old politics," another double-edged phrase that meant illegal gambling in Hot Springs during the Faubus era; state prison scandals; shady insurance and loan companies; political manipulation at all levels of government; and the everlasting notoriety of Little Rock, 1957.

The next day, Bumpers knocked Faubus on the head with 59 percent of the vote. Bumpers had 256,432 and Faubus 182,008. Never had the Wizard been whipped like that. Bumpers' ad people followed up with "It's a New Day in Arkansas."

Rockefeller spent millions on media, almost until it reached a point of diminishing returns. People wilted under the deluge—songs of "Arkansas Country," a torrent of fifteen-second TV spots, sculptured documentaries on "Rockefeller of Arkansas," computer letters, and fat newspapers bulging with pages proclaiming "Governor Rockefeller can do more for Arkansas." But Bumpers rode the September euphoria through October and over WR in November. He got a record 62 percent of the vote, 375,648 to WR's 197,418.

The vote was not so much a rejection of Rockefeller's Era of Excellence as it was a homecoming for the Democrats. The last of the Southern states to desert the national Democratic Party (not until 1968), Arkansas had always harbored confessed Republicans with uneasiness. Moderate and liberal Democrats turned to WR in 1966 and 1968 because the Democratic candidates were suspected of having hydrophobia, or a case of Faugress, which is what Pine Bluff Pulitzer Prize winner Paul Greenberg calls problems brought on by a close association with Orval Faubus. With Bumpers, Democrats had someone to vote for, not against.

Sinking along with WR was the proposal for a new state constitution, which he had championed vigorously. It was defeated 301,195 to 223,334, mostly by rural voters who believed it would do everything from raising their taxes to restricting their private arsenals. The Wallaceites, who had opposed the new charter, declared that it would even permit an atheist to hold office in the state. The Wallaceites were damaged much more se-

verely than the Republicans by the Bumpers landslide. Their candidate, Walter Carruth, polled only 36,132 votes, which caused him to remark, "... it might be a good idea for us to pack up and move to Mississippi or Alabama."

Playing catch-up

By 1970, all the major political candidates for governor were caught up in the national concern for the environment, echoing Governor Rockefeller who had taken a strong lead in preserving Arkansas' waters. The state, in 1968, was one of the first to have a plan for quality criteria approved under the Federal Water Pollution Control Act. A program for solid-waste disposal was initiated in 1967, and the state Pollution Control Commission completed a statewide, fifteen-month study on the subject in 1969.

WR also committed what was then heresy to most state Chambers of Commerce by suggesting as early as 1967 in his James Schouler Lecture at Johns Hopkins University that "the South should become increasingly selective in the types of manufacturing it develops." He continued to list three types of industrial growth that held great promise for the future and particularly for the South: (1) the highly technical "think" industries, like NASA; (2) the area of food technology, already under way with the multipurpose soybean, and in Arkansas, freshwater fish farming; and (3) the development of leisure-time activities.

Arkansas now has pollution control boards for water, air, and solid waste, but they are not always effective. In Paragould, when the city could not get a permit for its open dump burning, it continued the practice anyway. A state official admitted that there was little he could do about it and complained that bureaucratic strings were tying the state's hands. Yet some teeth have been put into the regulations; the state entered court for the first time in March, 1970. Four companies have been fined since then and one temporarily shut down.

In September, at the Southern Governors' Conference in Biloxi, Mississippi, WR warned his colleagues, "The danger, in playing economic catch-up, is that we could adopt false definitions of progress. The ulti-

mate cost of such a course—we are reminded by grim evidence to the North, East, and West—would be disruption of the Southland's priceless natural environment. . . . It should be clear to us by now that man cannot, in the name of progress, destroy nature without slowly destroying himself."

Whether Arkansas will heed his words remains to be seen. There will be great gnashing of teeth, however, when a dying town is forced to choose between a life-giving chemical plant and the purity of a nearby creek. Already, though, the demands of industrial life are putting pressures on Arkansas cities which might sound vaguely familiar to residents of the Eastern Establishment. Fayetteville, faced with a water shortage, decided to buck two of the state's icons—industry and the University of Arkansas—and raise water rates to help finance a search for more water. Campbell Soup Company and the university, the largest users, objected at first but are now seeking a compromise. In the northeast, Paragould has been told by the Southern Power Association to start looking for alternative sources for future power demands.

At the least, Arkansas has been made aware of the environmental pitfalls just when the state is entering what promises to be its greatest industrial decade. The sixties have shown that the South is rising again, and those years have been called a "turning point in our history for the South" by Census Director George H. Brown. He found that for the first time since the 1870s "the South had a net gain of nearly a half million people." Arkansas disappointed most observers by growing only 100,000 from 1.8 to 1.9 million. The increase came primarily in the middle and northwest sections of the state, around Little Rock and Fort Smith and Fayetteville. Industries have shied away from the delta fields and the delta mentality in the south, and most do not like to go to a town with potential racial problems.

Yet industries, usually national companies with Northern managers, have encouraged stable race relations and have given the black man his first chance to earn a decent wage and near equality at the workbench. Undereducation, however, has left too many blacks outside the factory door. WR has been keenly and politically

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ARKANSAS

aware of the black man's fate. More blacks than ever before have state jobs, including the first black state troopers. Many remain in clerical and custodial work, but they are encouraged to move up. One of WR's last appointments was a Negro to the board of trustees at Arkansas State University in Jonesboro.

Not only has the flow of industry into Arkansas stemmed the tide of young people leaving the state, but now there are indications that some of the families who went to Flint or Detroit or California are drifting back. They complain of the "jungle" life in the cities and are willing to exchange better wages for small-town living. The idea of a federal migration policy has been the subject of two major speeches by Arkansas' Senator John McClellan and Representative Bill Alexander (whose district lost population in the sixties). They have called for a scattering of industry to avoid the congestion of megalopolis areas, and Arkansas today is working toward such a goal.

The type of industry has also changed, reflecting the trend to be more selective. In Paragould, the first plant to locate was textile; next came shoes, then an Emerson Electric motors factory whose payroll roster has since doubled. The last plants to build were L. A. Darling Store Fixtures and Monroe Auto Equipment. These three pay better-than-average wages (starting around \$2.05 an hour) although less than what unionized labor might get up North.

While the young are finding more reasons to stay in Arkansas, the old people, especially those leaving small, unprofitable farms to retire in the city, are finding life more depressing. In Greene County, one in three of those over sixty-five were found to be on welfare. And their ranks are increasing. In 1940, the age bloc of over-sixty-fives was the smallest on the chart; in 1960, it was the second largest out of eight age levels. I believe the next national *cause célèbre* will be the plight of old people, particularly in rural America.

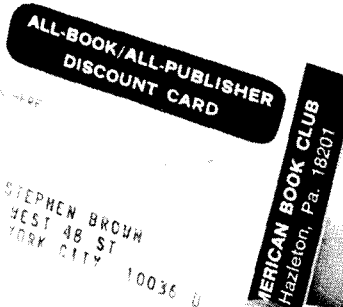
Getting by

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codger, one of the hill people who had spent his youth cutting timber all over northeast Arkansas and had returned to Fulton County to die. I offered him a beer, and he quickly took the can, suds flowing from the corners of his mouth as he guzzled.

I asked him what he did for a living, and he replied with a gummy smile, "Oh, we eat crickets and bugs and get by," hee-hawing at his own humor.

There aren't 7300 people in the whole county. City folks relish the empty meadows and quiet woods, but it is wild country and mean to anyone who wants to do more than look at it.

I asked the old man how much the land sold for, and he told me \$200 an acre.

I let out a low whistle, surprised at the high cost; but such a figure was possible since we weren't all that far from the real estate bonanza, Cherokee Village, where a half acre is now selling for around \$5000.

And I thought, if hillbilly hollows are now selling for 200 bucks an acre, then Arkansas had changed more than I had guessed.

—BARLOW HERGET

THE PORTLAND FREIGHT RUN

Railroads provided the big bones of American industry, and of much of the country's mythology too, until the current containerized epoch of trucks and the small-world era of planes. Children rushed out and waved, and their fathers stood alert and straight when a train steamed through town, sometimes crossing at street level, bringing all traffic to a halt, and maybe stopping to let passengers off or maybe not, though they would look out of the windows ironically, in any case. Part of the privilege of being *downtown* was to see them and to watch the train, boiling with noise and momentum, the crew raised off the ground, detached-looking and farsighted even as they loafed. Their travels lasted nights and days—even the gandy dancers were legends—and no writer who seriously pursued the chimera of the great American novel could neglect to learn some of the lore of railroading.

I rode a freight train recently from Island Pond in northeastern Vermont

to Portland, Maine, to see whether the trains still run; there has been no passenger service on the line, or anywhere else in Vermont, for years. This is the last hundred-and-fifty miles of the famous Grand Trunk international rail route from Montreal to the ice-free saltwater harbor in Casco Bay, something that the Canadians needed in 1853, when the last spikes were driven with a good deal of fanfare and acclaim. Later, when icebreakers were making more headway in the St. Lawrence, Portland still possessed a thriving year-round port where enormous amounts of western grain arrived by rail in order to be shipped abroad. Twenty-six train crews were based in Island Pond to handle the activity, instead of only six, as now. Island Pond is a railroad and sawmill town which does not hide the fact that it has come down in the world, although it's got a little tourism as well as some dairying going on where the woods aren't too thick. The station is a frowning sooty brick pile with a plaza-sized area left vacant all around. Many of the other local buildings look like old railroad stations too.

Since the 1920s the Grand Trunk's trackage and perquisites have belonged to the Canadian National Railways. I had written to the office in Montreal, so as not to go as a hobo, and was received royally. The station agent put me under the wing of his brother, Claude Seguin, the head-end brakeman on the train I rode. Seguin is a loose-cheeked, modest, drawling man with a farmer's emotive hands, an outdoorsman up early for long walks on his days off. Like many railroad men, he collects timepieces as a hobby, even buying large restaurant clocks at auctions, cleaning off the grease, and putting them up around the house. I asked if he'd seen any hoboes lately. He said not for four or five years, although the crews used to let them ride if they looked decent. "We're just glorified hoboes ourselves, you know."

The engineer was Eddy Boylan, a quick, gray, active man—a man of action—well past the years when he may or may not have made some mistakes. The seniority system works excellently in railroading, ensuring that nobody who is still trying to prove something is risking other people's lives. All these men were hefty veterans over fifty years old, with

austere, snowy minds and furry, neutral-sounding voices—Joe Vautour, the fireman, Joe Cargill, the rear-end brakeman, and Donald MacDonald, a judgely, stern but witty man who rides in the caboose, or "buggy," keeping the waybills straight.

I was too eager to talk, and when the train pulled in we left immediately anyway, as soon as the Montreal crew stepped off. It was dusk, and a full harvest moon—white, not red, in this cold border country—stood low in the sky toward Portland. The leaves were turning but not yet falling, and we entered fir forests, with low deserted mountains and tamarack bogs and bushy round wild islands posted in a series of lakes. The streams were black and shining; the clouds spread into herringbone patterns. I rode alone in the second of three engines, and Seguin or the fireman paid me visits.

The engineer drives from the right-hand side of the front locomotive, controlling the other locomotives from there. The fireman, who nowadays, after the end of the era of steam, functions as a sort of copilot or featherbedder, sits at the left-hand window, looking out at crossings which the engineer can't see. He's there if the engineer gets sick or wishes to eat, in time of hazard, or if the walkie-talkies that the brakemen carry fail and they are dependent upon hand signals. As a featherbedder, though, the fireman is basically supposed to be good company, and Vautour, who has a world-worn face, a furrowed forehead, a buffeted nose, bushy eyebrows, and a voice like William Bendix's, fills the bill.

The two brakemen sit watching for sparks, smoke, or hotboxes as the train rolls along, one seated facing backwards in the first engine, the other located in the monitor, which is the double-decker compartment on top of the caboose. We were hauling only fifty-two freight cars, considered a light load, because, as it happened, a rail strike was threatened for midnight. I had assumed that the President would sign a cooling-off order, good for sixty days, but in a pressure play he was delaying doing that, and since even this spur which angled down from Canada might be affected, the railroad was stripping for trouble.

We ran alongside the Connecticut River for a while after crossing into

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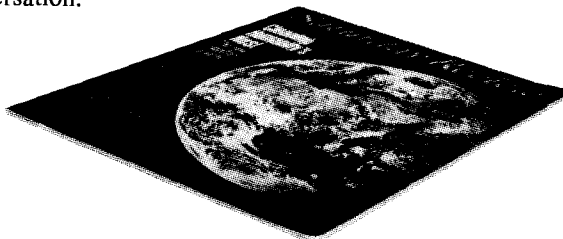


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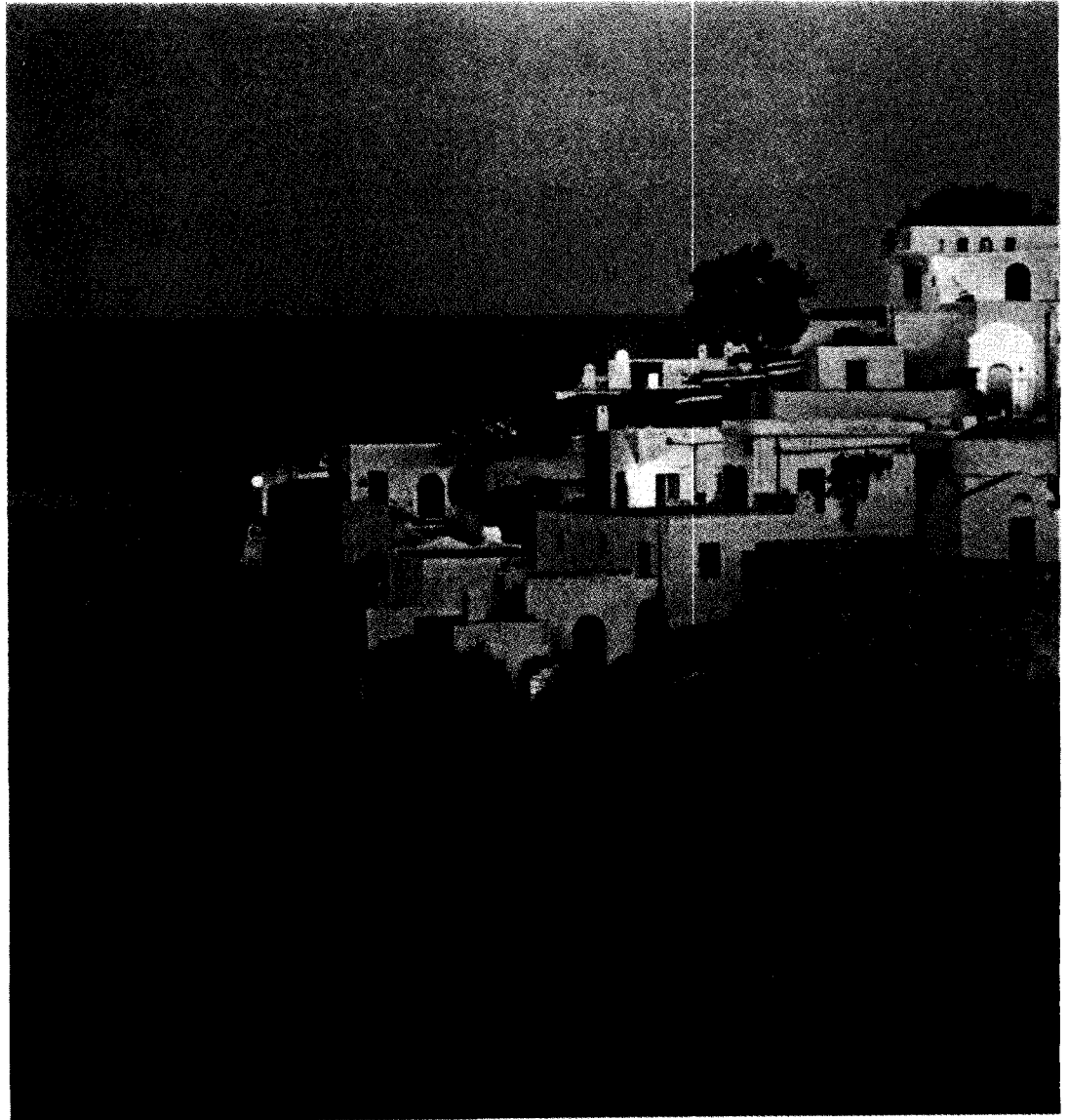
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FREIGHT RUN

New Hampshire. At North Stratford the crew "set off" ten cars; Seguin, delicately waving his light in signal patterns, hopped off and on and off to turn the switches and uncouple. Between Groveton and Berlin we skirted the upper Ammonoosuc River through an expanse of national forest. A deer paused dazzled on the track as we rushed toward it, and Boylan turned off the headlight and tooted. Under the moon, the White Mountains showed themselves in rotund grays and navy blues; lots of empty land, a sense of calmness. Every station had a telegraph operator who stepped outside to wave, usually wearing an eyeshade and a checked shirt. In Berlin we hitched onto a switching engine that the railroad wanted hauled to Portland, out of harm's way, if there was going to be a strike. Berlin has a big stone station and a round-the-clock paper plant pluming steam and smoke. The crew was quite worked up about the possibility of the strike and how far they should take the train if one were called, whether they shouldn't just leave it standing somewhere on a siding as soon after midnight as they heard. Apparently they assumed that the railroad would then have the responsibility of hiring a taxi to bring them home to Island Pond. I was depending on Nixon to sign that order.

Up in that engine

The shaking and the roar, the rumbling wheels, the amalgam of jolts, hisses, and shivers, the rocking, bip-bopping, over the rails were all as intimately familiar to me as my childhood itself. Though I have never been a railroad fan the way some people are, sometimes I rode at the front window of subways and Toonerville trolleys as a boy, and admired the figure cut by the engineers on bigger trains as they swept down the platform. Even the track-walker intrigued me, hiking through town on his own lonely schedule. Just as a man who has wished to be rich and watched rich men for years is not bewildered about how to behave or what to do when the windfall finally does come, so to be up in that engine myself did not seem novel or astonishing. It was about as I'd ex-

pected—the majestic height at which we rode, the swath that the headlight illuminated in front, the diesel fumes, the tilty interminable file of telephone poles, and the murky train winding behind. The horn was properly pristine in its tattoo. In the moonlight the spruces bulged. There was a box-shaped breezy chemical toilet perched in among the turbines through a door, a water cooler to drink from, and panels of gauges, gears, and levers, with stenciled advisory warnings (maximum speed 65 mph) and small red lights. A pull-rope attached to the whistle, which Boylan told me jokingly I should pull if I had a question. The seats were upholstered jump seats, not so comfortable that you could fall asleep.

Three hours out, we were in Maine, a land of redolent sawmills, clusters of cozy houses with lights in the bedrooms, and a night fog that was gathering across the fields. Chill air, crisp moonlight, gunmetal-colored lakes, and tumultuous trees—rollicking, big-topped hardwoods against the sky. At South Paris, a hundred miles from Island Pond, we left off another seven cars, Seguin hopping along the catwalks and the cowcatcher area under the engine's nose. The locomotives revved with the whorling, encompassing sound of a ship's engine—electrical, oil-burning sounds. South Paris is a tranquil little county seat, but it has a shoe manufacturing plant, a tannery, a linoleum factory, a sled and ski factory, and a berry cannery. Bouncing along, catch-as-catch-can, flying a freight train's white flag on our front, we passed on through Mechanic Falls to Lewiston Junction, and set off two cars which contained cereals and one refrigerator car carrying meat. Because of the projected strike, Boylan and crew went off two miles with the meat and personally "spotted" it at the wholesaler's door, where it could be unloaded promptly. Lewiston, he told me, has a feed mill, a formica and plastics plant, a factory producing bridge girders, and a General Electric facility.

At Yarmouth Junction again we disposed of three cars, which were to be transferred to the Main Central; then highballed swiftly toward Portland through dozens of deserted crossings with flailing signals, brazenly blaring our horn. The extra work and the fact that we had stopped to

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FREIGHT RUN

inquire about strike news at almost every station had made us very late—it was three in the morning. Crossing a drawbridge outside Portland, we ran alongside an arm of the bay. Since we had just emerged from the North Woods, the smell of the salt water stung our lungs. It was a marvelous arrival, a rank, spacious, open harbor; in the yards next to the water Boylan simply parked the train, and, each man with his overnight kit, we walked away, leaving it right where it was to be dealt with later.

We slept in a bunkhouse over the terminal offices, a remnant from Portland's heyday as a port. The view when I woke up was like a Channel town in France, with smudged seacoast weather and frame houses lined up on sandy hills. Mewing white gulls had collected on the piers in crowds. Low-rent industry was casually clumped about—ironmongers, beer warehouses, and fender shops. The groceries featured olive oil. On East India Street a plaque announced that this had been the site of Fort Loyal, built by the English settlers in 1680 and destroyed ten years later by Indians and French. Through the rain I saw an orange and black freighter, a lighter, and some coastal boats. We breakfasted in a bar where four or five wet prostitutes were having coffee, "too wet to climb on," as the trainmen said. Spread over the wall was a picture of Bobby Orr horizontal in the air after scoring a winning goal, and the talk, perhaps because of me, was mostly of the heroic era of steam, prior to 1955. The brakemen kidded around, saying they had told the janitor at the terminal that I was a reporter for *Time* magazine, and he was cleaning up like mad, scrubbing cupboards that nobody had even looked into since before the era of steam. MacDonald, the conductor, was trying to think of stories I could use. There used to be contests between the engineers and firemen, he said. If they couldn't manage to get along and the engineer demanded more steam, the fireman gave him more steam, until there was more than the engineer wanted, maybe, the safety valves were popping, and the fireman would make him figure out how to use it. Putting in more water

cooled the boiler, but then the pressure died, or the fire itself might die if there was slate mixed with the coal. Here on the seacoast all of the crew looked like men out of the woods, slow-speaking, Bunyanesque, their faces delineated and chunky. They let me look at their noble gold heirloom watches, which the railroad inspects in November and May.

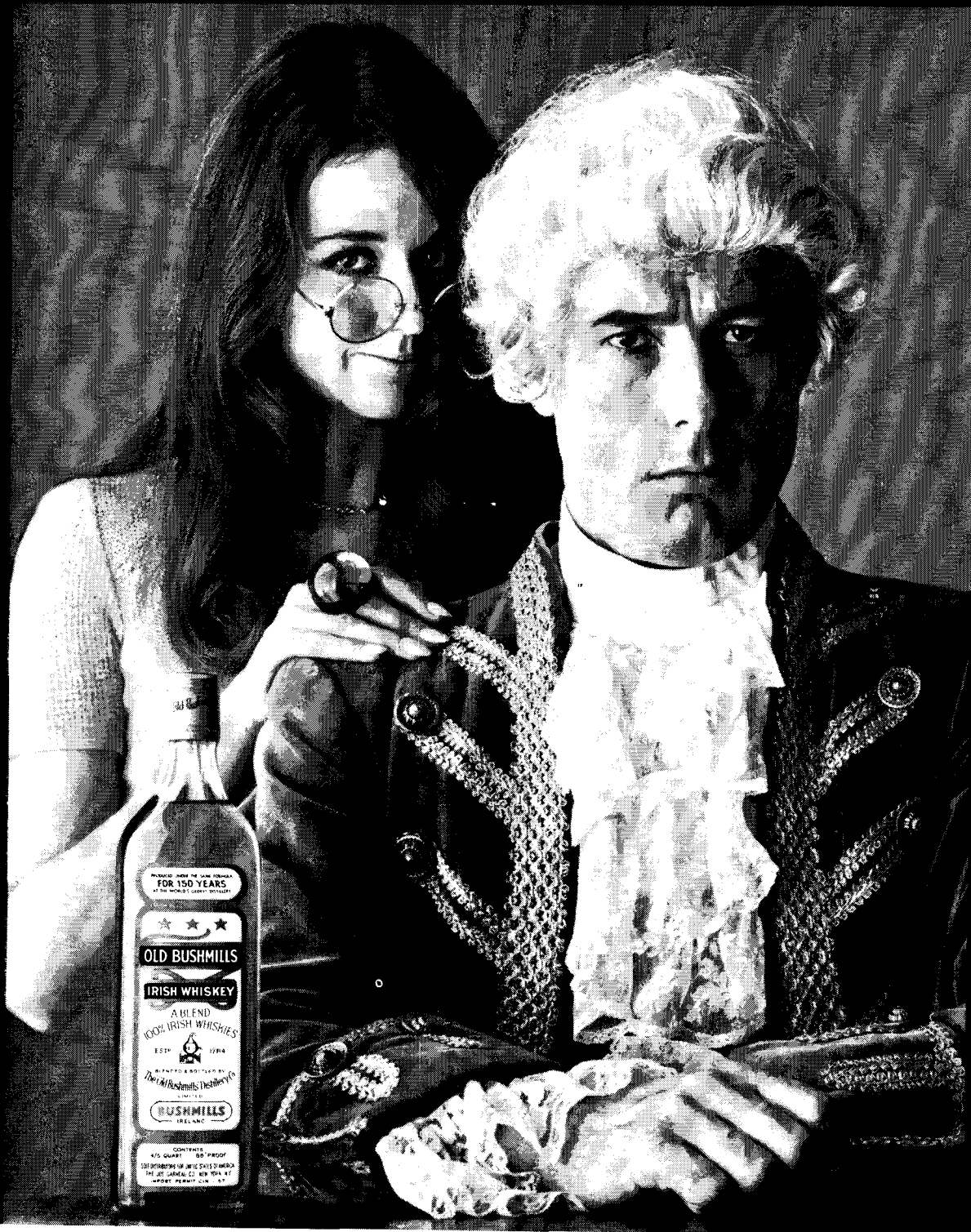
Remembering

Nixon never needed to act, because at the last moment the union limited the strike to three breadbasket railroads in the middle United States, whereupon a federal judge issued an injunction against it. We left at 2:10 P.M., belatedly, pulling twenty-six empty cars that were going to Moncton, New Brunswick, to haul the turnip crop, and two that were full of canned goods for Minneapolis and Denver. For a while I was with MacDonald. His desk is the main article of furniture in the caboose, though there are also fold-up beds, a wooden bench, kerosene lamps, and an oil stove. Each freight car is in its logical order in the train, and its waybill must give a description explicit enough to help the customs men, who hold the train an hour anyway after it passes Island Pond. MacDonald says he doubts that any of the crews indulge in smuggling now, but back during Prohibition and afterwards, when some of the crews were younger, the Mounties used to hide behind a boxcar in the Montreal rail yards and suddenly jump out, mount the moving engine, and search everybody. Luckily they had steam then; they had a firebox where they could throw the loot.

MacDonald drinks tea from a thermos and comes equipped with a miniature screwdriver for tightening his glasses. He has a clean, cutting smile that breaks through this methodical exterior, however. His principal avocation seems to be women: or at least remembering them. The handsome, slicing smile gives him away, paring ten years off his age. Just as caique captains on the Ionian Sea flash mirrors at the widows who live on the islands that they sail past, so MacDonald waves and gives a high sign to some of the lonely ladies of Maine.

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FREIGHT RUN

picked up thirty cars. Several of these were empty grain hoppers which had carried soybean meal, others had brought asbestos and were going back for more. The carloads were either potatoes or else wood pulp or rolled newsprint manufactured north in the state in towns like Madawaska; the waybills were from the Belfast and Moosehead Lake Railroad and the Bangor and Aroostook. At Danville, we added on eleven cars—now we were hauling seventy—and at Mechanic Falls, another one. Because of the tangled schedules, our caboose brakeman had been replaced by a fairly young man who had worked fifteen years for the railroad, all of them right in the Portland yards. This was to be his first trip up the line, indeed, the first time he had ever left Maine; yet he was worrying whether we would reach Island Pond on time so that he could catch the return train and not have to stay over.

The coastal drizzle had preceded us inland, and when the wheels slipped on the track, lights on the panel flashed. I was in the second locomotive again as we began to climb out of the Maine flatlands into the mountains before entering New Hampshire. The so-called deciding grade, westbound, of this particular route is at Bryant Pond, close to the state border. Though each of our engines could pull twenty-three hundred tons on the level ground, their limit for this slope (and therefore for the trip) had been calculated at eighteen hundred sixty-five tons. Besides being high and steep, it was magnificent, abandoned country with forests stretching away for many miles, and ducks and herons in all the ponds, and lots of creeks—lovely back country, of which we got a view uncluttered by motels. Berlin looked even more industrial by daylight, filling its valley. We glanced into some of its attics as we passed.

We acquired nine more cars, Seguin adroit and cautious as he moved between them, signaling. A "run-off" is a derailment, he told me; a "head-on" is a wreck. The "tell-tales," as they're called, used to fascinate me; they are the long strings which hang overhead wherever the tracks near an underpass and slap a man who is on top of a freight car



Kashmir-Oct.20

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Its loveliness matched by its people.

My heart goes out to craftsmen working on the most exquisite embroidery.

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My boatman a blue-eyed child.

Gulmarg.

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A less gentle beauty.

A murmuring river.

Glaciers.

Ajanta-Oct.25

Caves.

Fantastic treasure.

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Who are these people who live forever captive in shadows?

Long lidded eyes.

A sensuous mouth.

Startlingly modern coiffures.

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Bombay-Oct.29

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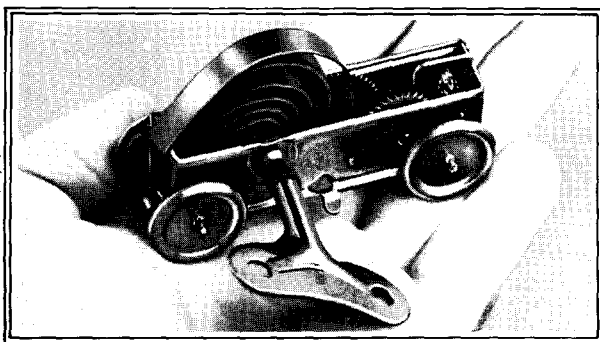
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FREIGHT RUN

to warn him before he is hit. It is the nature of railroading that even a minor goof by somebody means that he has to take a long walk: maybe the length of a hundred cars.

Night settled down around us much faster in this rain. The windshield wipers and the heater hissed with enough decibels to alarm a doctor, even leaving out the roar of the diesels themselves, but I found sitting there in the very eye of the roar so soothing that I would have been content for another dozen hours. Railroads are the one great exception among our huge machines, in that we've finally assimilated them.

Sometimes a hard rain will clean the tracks nicely, but this was a light greasy drizzle. The ponderous train climbed up into Vermont from the trench of the Connecticut River with difficulty, whining around double-reverse curves at five miles per hour, Boylan using his sand judiciously (each locomotive wheel is serviced by a pipe from a sand reservoir). The roar had become a laborious, lugubrious groan, alternating between two notes like a Parisian ambulance. It's not the number of cars so much as the load in them, and not the load so much as whether the wheels grip the tracks. All torments end, however. We followed the Nulhegan River up and out, hooting the horn, regaining speed. White cedars, red spruces, and firs and tamaracks—wild North country. Of course the whole experience was definitive. One wouldn't say that riding a night freight is like driving all night in a mufflerless car across the Texas Panhandle, but one might say that driving a mufflerless car across the Texas Panhandle all night is somewhat like riding a night freight train. At last, at 9:15 in the evening, after seven hours, we pulled into Island Pond.

—EDWARD HOAGLAND

REPORTS & COMMENT CONTRIBUTORS

James K. Glassman is a young American journalist living in France; his report on "Students in France" appeared in the September, 1970, *Atlantic*. Barlow Herget is a reporter for the *Arkansas Democrat*. Edward Hoagland is a journalist and essayist; his latest book, *The Courage of Turtles*, has just been published.

Whatever became of what's-his-face?

The impressive doors yawn wide. A young man still in his twenties, bright and enthusiastic, resumé in hand, walks in. The doors close, and swallowed within the corporate yawn, he becomes quietly anonymous.

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Sure, our young man was out to lick the world when he was hired, but that was before he knew he had to lick the organization first.

If the organization is rigid with inflexibilities and staffed with supervisors who know how to say no but not yes, he is likely to seek a more invigorating climate. Worse yet, he may just give up, keep his eyes open and mouth shut, and begin twenty years of payments on a little retirement cottage.

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Innocent Bystander

by L.E. Sissman

THE CITY SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR

When my wife and I abandoned the city for the country, some twelve-odd (some of them exceedingly odd) years ago, we didn't, of course, know what in the world we were getting into.

Our shoebox-shaped house—not old enough to be old, not new enough to be modern—was 35 miles from the city and 18 feet from the road (not, luckily, the main one); it had eight midget rooms, a splendid view, abundant argyrol-colored wallpaper, some of it six layers thick, a non-functioning parlor organ, a fireplace, a condemnable barn, and no heat. After a summer of steaming and scraping wallpaper while subsisting on chocolate doughnuts, after a fall of throwing good money after bad into new heat, new plumbing, and new floors, we moved in in mid-October and became instant countrymen.

That is, of course, to laugh. No confirmed city person ever becomes a genuine rustic no matter how hard he tries (he is prevented, for one thing, by his unshakable, if unconscious, belief in the natural superiority of the urban breed), and in my case I was further disqualified by my ill-disguised ignorance of and loathing for hard manual labor of any kind, overlaid by an equal ignorance (though not an equal intolerance) in such matters as birds, trees, flowers, crops, wild and domestic fauna, and the astronomical and meteorological course of the country year. I was a quick study, though, and between swotting up the six-point type in back issues of the *Old Farmer's Almanac* and listening, nestling-mouthed, to the obiter dicta of post office sages with *Biglow Papers* ac-

cents, I soon found myself at least bearably equipped to be on terms with woodcock, Baldwins, Brown Swiss, British Soldiers, cinquefoil, hawthorn, nighthawks, blue flags, silver freezes, popples, loom (a dialectal soil type), meadow voles, the Pleiades, mare's-tails, sap flush, hames, chain saws, power takeoffs, brown-tail moths, swale, saw-whet owls, abutters, and the Cruel Sisters (three mid-February days reputed to be the coldest of the year).

To this vainglorious glossary was added, when we sold our shoebox and bought an antique Colonial seven years later, a rich, exclusive argot of old-house words: summer beam, keeping room, gunstock posts, chimney well, sills, plates, king- and queenposts, courses (of brickwork), cellar hole, bulkhead, captain's stairway, tree nails. My wife truly understood the principles of post-and-beam construction and could converse, in fluent Colonial, with workmen. To me, they were mainly added party patter; I still wouldn't know what a post should do to a beam.

Nevertheless, twelve years out into the country, I feel I've gained something from the expensive, frightening, and somehow ennobling experience. If I were, ungratefully, to be merely wry about it, I could easily compile a calendar of terrifying home truths that seasonally assail the displaced city man. Bills and ice backup, ruining all the shed-dormer wallpaper, in January; snowblower failure, compounded by inscrutable and incapable country servicemen, in February; whole pampas of lawn gone to glutinous mud, of quicksand tenacity, in March; bulb failure in April, with entire plantations of costly Holland tulip, daffodil, hyacinth, anemone declining to bear; a plague of starlings and a total absence of bluebirds, swallows, or anything else avian and gracile in May; cruel heat in June; thunderstorms, bearing fruit-bruising hail, in July; deeply depressive heat and humidity immobilized in August; equinoctial gales—hurricanes, even—in September; snap frosts and heavy rains, downing the turning leaves and interdicting foliage displays, in October; unseasonable cold and oil bills, compounded by an early assault of Christmas decor in shopping centers, in bleakest November; Christmas ad nauseam through flat-cold, wither-wringing, and bleaker

still December, except for the dark and fatal final week.

But I'd like to suggest that even the city man's invincible ignorance is unwittingly, and happily, infected by the country ambience, and that even he is capable of extracting from the rich pie of nature set before him an occasional and redeeming plum. These plums are almost certainly scorned as intolerably commonplace by the real rustics, but they are new and magical to the city man, and he secretly revels in them and in his latent and only lately discovered capability of taking part, if only as an innocent bystander, in real life. Therefore I present without apology, four hundred years after Edmund Spenser, my own homemade City Shepherd's Calendar. The chief virtue, as I now see it, of moving from one's expertise and competence in the city to abject ignorance and helplessness in the country is that it stimulates a faculty not often present in the blasé adult, a faculty associated, indeed, with innocent childhood: the faculty of wonder. Here, then, are the occasions of wonder I've discovered in each twelve months on my six acres.

January. Snowdrifts are perfect aerodynamic shapes, mimicking the natural forms designed for flying in a fluid: swallows, gulls, seals, dolphins; since they're shaped directly by the wind, that stands to reason. The shadows in deep snow hollows are never black or gray, but always some shade of blue; on a bright, sunny day, they're a voluptuous light ultramarine. Tree shadows cast on snow are also blue on bright days, but their texture varies with the texture of the snow (and the cirrus, if any, over the sun) from a solid, hard-edged pen stroke to the softest, haziest charcoal.

February. Great horned owls begin their mating season. You can hear their very deep—almost felt rather than heard—hoots, sometimes from a great distance, in the small hours of the morning. They sound delightfully (and scarily) as you expected owls to sound. If you're lucky, if they're near enough, and if there's any moon, you can see them perched in the upper crotches of tall elms, vertical bumps on upright logs. Very occasionally, you'll see their diurnal opposite numbers, the snowy owls, swoop down like ski troops to catch field mice in the snow.

March. Spring has many forerunners. Maples turn redder and willows yellow toward the tips of their branches; this is known as sap flush. Redwing blackbirds and their allies arrive, filling the treetops, the second week in March in our neck of the woods. Their call is unmelodious and welcome. Ice thins on ponds. Some early mornings you can see muskrats swimming purposefully under a thin skim of ice. The sun develops real heat at midday—equal to that of September—and the snow melts down to slush and grass-laced mud out of which squills and crocuses rise marvelously overnight. The squills, with their native Siberian courage, bloom the truest of blues in the teeth of murderous March winds.

April. Under the impact of a very serious sun, the grass quite suddenly flushes green, especially on south-facing slopes, about the tenth. That green is unreal, almost a Day-Glo-poster color; if it lasted, it would make summer intolerably virid. But it is happily accepted as an outrider, as the first summer replacement for dead hay and grizzled mud. Birds now arrive in almost daily groups, all of a kind, like tourists on a chartered flight. The last fire of the winter—applewood, for preference—simmers and stews, unpoked, in the fireplace, and overheats the room. The air is full of promise and ozone.

May. All flower names: iris, including the incomparably haughty blue flags in the stream bed; lilac, sweet white, not quite cloying lavender, grape purple; tulips, all looking forbiddingly manmade; dandelions, tough, undependent, beautiful; last daffodils; first buttercups. The sound of cows; the smell, cutting across the lilacs, of fields freshly fertilized. At night, the largest and pearliest of possible moons.

June. First heat, hitting the earth like a cloudburst. Roses and dust. The immemorial hum of lawnmowers.

July. Haying: more fragrant than any flower, the smell of acres of grass and clover cut, baled, and wired. In the mornings, you sniff the early, watery scent of coming heat. In the afternoons, grass browns on the front lawn. At night, fireworks burst like strings of lady crackers at some distant amusement park hull down on the horizon. Night bugs begin to sing in earnest. Thunderstorms turn on fluorescent lights and throw trunks

downstairs in the dusk and dawn hours.

August. A vision of heaven and hell. Heaven comes on those clear, dry days that predict fall and question the very existence of summer in the North. Hell comes in dull flares of sun and yellow-greenish haze, into which brownish-green trees bleed and fuzz. Grass dies; flowers droop; Vivaldi's summer, creeping languidly to a crippled obbligate, seems the truest of his Seasons.

September. Summer meets fall in the classic annual contest and loses, 3 to 2. Sixty percent of September is crisp and purposeful; 40 percent is becalmed in the backwaters of summer. Trees decline imperceptibly, insects play an octave higher and several decibels louder, new flowers spring up in summer's dry-grass waste, chipmunks and squirrels thriftily provide, wasps reach the peak of their activity before winter thickens the glycol in their veins.

October. More color that would strike us as indecent in art museums or on movie screens. Ashes gone perfect, blinding ochre. Hickories a thinner, lighter, purer yellow. Maples mixed Kelly green and hemoglobin scarlet. Oaks red, rust, russet, forest green. Woodbine vermillion; blueberry red-violet. Grass now greener again to heighten the early-Technicolor contrast. Sky bluer, too. Somehow we take all this excess in stride.

November. Soft, soft: hoarfrost on dying coverts of lank grass; bushes now hushed in the quietest tones of brown; swamp maples antiqued silver; lawns dying back to shades of bone. A day or two of Indian summer clarifies the round shape of the year and the long night we're headed into, a prelude to a longer night.

December. Away from the cities and their parroted chatter of Christmas, which would fail to fool any self-regarding child, the world rolls to the brink of the solstice, where life lives banked in burrows and the earth is a surface of storm tracks: wide miss, near miss, direct hit, and snowbound. We burn our cordwood, make cocoa, walk out in waders, smile smugly in our highly temporary isolation. Not a bad way to greet a new year.

January. Another round of the carousel begins with a sense of circus music. I'm glad to have found the funds to buy another ticket.



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THE MAIL

More on "Soldiers"

SIR: As an Army Officer Candidate School graduate, former paratrooper, and Vietnam veteran, I would like to compliment Ward Just on his brilliant, comprehensive articles "Soldiers" (October and November *Atlantic*). Mr. Just vividly captured the flavor, be it good or bad, of today's United States Army. He has insights and opinions which I thought only an "insider" capable of, and I found myself in almost total agreement with both installments. I especially enjoyed "Soldiers" because rather than presenting a blind attack on the military, Mr. Just has "told it like it is," and thus has made his writing much more credible to those of us who served in the Army.

DALE A. KELLEY
Chico, Calif.

SIR: Mr. Just says many things about the Army which have long needed to be said. But unfortunately, he falls into the error of oversimplification when he talks about former senior officers joining industry "following World War II."

General MacArthur, obviously, did not join Remington Rand until after his return from Korea; General Bedell Smith was still in public service in the Department of State during the Eisenhower Administration; and General Bradley, after World War II, headed the Veterans Administration. I think it's somewhat unfortunate that he chose these three figures; their relationship to defense procurement was very distant indeed at the time at which they joined their respective companies. There are many other senior officers with a far closer and more immediate relationship to procurement functions who could have been mentioned by Mr. Just; it seems

to me, if I may be excused a pun, to be unjust to bring into this context the names of men who were employed because of their celebrity rather than their procurements contacts.

K. S. GINIGER
Chicago, Ill.

SIR: I just finished Ward Just's *Soldiers*, Part II (November issue). I just wanted to say, I hope you paid him a whole bunch of dollars for it because it was a hell of a job and he deserves a Pulitzer for it. There's enough material there for endless discussion, it is that rich.

STEVEN D'ARAZIEN
Washington, D.C.

SIR: As one interested in military sociology, I found Ward Just's views in "Soldiers" balanced, forthright, and utterly true. His honest analysis is indeed in the tradition of Professors Huntington and Janowitz.

The fact that the Military Academy has ordered copies for the cadets is a tribute to the good sense of the present administration at West Point.

LIEUT. COL. RALPH F. CROAL
(USAF RET.)
Bisbee, Ariz.

The Culpable Bystander

SIR: A MORNING IN SUBURBIA, 1970: Up at six to let out dog. Cold, dark, twinkling stars, streetlights. Back to bed, grumbling mightily. Up again an hour later to fetch Alphabits for small howling boy. Shave, dress, etc. Sit down with Washington *Post*. Read lugubrious account of Giants buffeting Redskins, 35-33. Gloomsville. Turn to syndicated pundits re-analyzing dreary election. ProFOUND. Consume nondescript breakfast prepared by wife. Children pacified by Captain Kangaroo, perhaps greatest man of our time. Mail arrives. Toss usual bundle of junk in large

wastepaper basket. Browse through new *Atlantic*. Intrigued by introductory sketches of L.E. Sissman and one J.A. McPherson, evidently writers of substance. Wince to observe both Harvard men. Fleeting contemplation of having attended Midwestern university. Turn to Paintings From the Phillips Collection. (Note Phillips was Yale man). Surprised to find paintings comprehensible. Earnestly resolve to visit gallery. Looks somewhat more inspiring than rival Corcoran, now dominated by hundreds of T-shirts on hangers, shoes strung from ancient piano, hardened pastel gloop mushed over stairs—may be desperately significant. Skip back to new column, "Innocent Bystander." Tighten seat belt and try to absorb shock waves of kaleidoscopic images flashing by like crazy. Women, poodles, boys, buildings, elevators, boutiques, paintings, bars, stores, motorbikes, trucks . . . Head beginning to spin now. Finish. Gasp. Reflect. Assume this newest mode of entrée to distinguished old journal. Have third cup of tea. Prepare to attack McPherson's formidable product. May be long morning in suburbia.

EDWARD L. ROBINSON
Bethesda, Md.

The poem by E. E. Cummings, "let's start a magazine," published in the January issue was reprinted by permission of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc., and is from *Poems 1923-1954* by E. E. Cummings; copyright © 1935, by E. E. Cummings; renewed 1963, by Marion Morehouse Cummings.

Indivisible Man

SIR: Here is one WASP of New England-Yankee descent who stayed up too late last night perusing the December *Atlantic*, and it was "Indi-

visible Man" that captured my imagination, respect, and rapt attention.

I wish the fine, fine dialogue between Mr. Ralph Ellison and Mr. James McPherson could be included not only in black studies courses, but in all American literature courses.

Without compromising his negritude one whit, Mr. Ellison eloquently points out that we Americans are an amalgam (I don't like "melting pot") of all the cultures and traditions of the world and that Americans of all ethnic and racial backgrounds had better come to terms with and accommodate themselves to that fact.

RICHARD P. PETTY
Plainview, Minn.

SIR: The superb Ellison-McPherson dialogue in *Atlantic's* December issue lists Ralph Ellison's memberships and awards but overlooks an honor that he does Bennington College. Mr. Ellison is in his second year as a trustee of the College.

KENDALL LANDIS
Director of Development
Bennington College
Bennington, Vt.

Advice and Consent

SIR: In the November "Mail," Mitchell R. Zavon, M.D., "has succumbed to the prevalent cant" that without pesticides man cannot survive. Had he bothered to study the statistics of the U.S. Bureau of Entomology, he would have discovered that:

1. Despite the hundredfold increase in the use and production of insecticides, the insect population of the United States, in particular, continues to rise at a predictable rate every year.
2. Man existed for thousands of years without insecticides, and his quality of life has improved little, if at all, since their introduction.

3. The only real instances of success in the war against insects have been biological.

4. Not one single insect detrimental to man has been made extinct by chemical means.

On Okinawa in 1954, I, along with thousands of others, was poisoned by DDT when the battlefields were sprayed. May I suggest that doctors serving as paid consultants to large chemical companies have a blind spot and should withdraw from the scientific community's search for truth.

HAROLD A. SMILEY
Enderby, British Columbia, Canada

SIR: Your Report on Korea in the October issue highlighted some of the adverse effects of the United States in Korea, but it only touched the surface. The malaise of the military and its not so subtle corruptions is pervasive and reaches every level. The moral stigma, if one exists, falls not on the Koreans—they've accepted the 'dealings' with foreign powers as natural—but on the Army and the American public.

The PX system is a series of pay-offs and "slickie deals" from the time goods enter the country to the time they end up on Seoul's black market. Stereo equipment and appliances are a source of great enrichment for GI's and the Royal Thai detachment, who order and black-market by the truckloads. The majority of Korean employees hired by the Army have their hands in at least one till. Corruption exists in the constant thefts of trucks, jeeps, typewriters, clothing . . .

The villages catering to GI desires feature gangs and separate sections for blacks and whites, with petty power struggles within each group. The villages are in fact microcosms of a world controlled by the law of

survival and gangster morality. But more often the maleffects are immature fixations with drugs coupled with a lack of individual perspective and a 'dolorous' concept of reality.

There is animosity between lifers and lower EM's caused by the petty directives and dehumanizing exercise of authority, the type which can only harp on haircuts, police calls, removal of pinups from the work areas, and so forth.

The U.S. presence in Korea has generally been vastly beneficial to the Koreans, and a tour in Korea is usually an invaluable education for many GI's, but it also can become a struggle to maintain one's sanity.

SP.4 BRIAN R. SHOOLROY
7th Admin. Co. (Fin)
7th Inf. Div.

The *Atlantic* welcomes communications from its readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless stipulated, is free for publication in our monthly letters column.

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“PRECAUTIONS ARE BEING TAKEN BY THOSE WHO KNOW”

An inquiry into the power and responsibilities of the AEC

by Paul Jacobs

Over the next decade, as many as 150 nuclear power plants may be operating in the United States, and the production and testing of nuclear weapons will continue. The Atomic Energy Commission maintains that the public health is in no danger from its activities. But how reliable have the assurances of the AEC been in the past? This study offers a discomfiting answer.

Early in 1957, Dr. Linus Pauling suggested that I might want to investigate a dispute between the editor of a small weekly paper in Tonopah, Nevada, and the Atomic Energy Commission. Pauling told me that the editor was troubled about the weapons-testing program conducted by the Atomic Energy Commission at the Nevada Test Site, not far from Tonopah. The editor, Robert Crandall, was convinced that the Atomic Energy Commission had been less than candid about the effects of radioactive fallout from the weapons testing on the people of his community and the surrounding areas.

It was very difficult to research an article about the Atomic Energy Commission at that time. In 1957, the cold war was still on, the United States was in a bitter nuclear weapons race with the Soviet

Union, and the Atomic Energy Commission was considered sacred, the guardian of the only weapon that stood between us and the Communists. Scientists like Pauling, who were predicting wide-scale genetic damage from radiation, were derided and vilified. In those years, too, almost everything about the Atomic Energy Commission's activities was protected by security provisions. The Commission effectively controlled all information about itself.

Nevertheless, I went to Nevada to interview Crandall, and as I got into the story, talking with him and the people around Tonopah, I became as involved in it as Crandall himself. Gradually, as I drove from ranch to ranch in the wild Nevada mesas and to quiet Mormon villages in Utah and Arizona, the pieces of the story began to fit together. And then I managed to obtain a document which verified, in precise detail, many of the charges made by Crandall and other residents of the area.

The document was a report prepared by the U.S. Public Health Service on the Atomic Energy Commission's monitoring activities in the areas around the test site during the 1953 series of weapons tests. It revealed that while the AEC was saying publicly that there was no health hazard from the Nevada tests and that radiation levels were being adequately monitored and recorded, in fact there was great uncertainty within the Public Health Service over the effects of the tests. The report also indicated that the spread of fallout had been unpredicted in many cases,

simply because the wind had shifted in a way that the AEC had not expected. The result of the wind shift was that large numbers of people had received doses of radiation in differing amounts.

The unit for measuring the amount of radiation to which the whole body, as opposed to a single organ, is exposed is called a "rad"; the present standards are that the average exposure of a given population should not exceed 0.17 rads and that no individual should be exposed to more than 0.5 rads. The current bitter controversy over nuclear reactors focuses on the 0.17 rad figure (sometimes given as 170 millirads). Those who oppose the AEC maintain that the 0.17 figure is much too high, while the AEC insists that it is low enough to protect public health adequately and that, in any case, the general population would never receive the 0.17 dosage, even from the operations of all the reactors now in existence or planned.

In my article "Clouds From Nevada," which appeared in the *Reporter* magazine May 16, 1957, I criticized the AEC for poor monitoring work, secrecy, the disguise of health hazards, and the Atomic Energy Commission's unrestrained use of its power. A few newspapers and wire services noted the story; the *Washington Post* printed an editorial praising it, and the Atomic Energy Commission blasted it and me. But the effect of the article was short-lived.

One day in late 1969, a newspaper in San Francisco, where I live now, carried a small item about the widow of an Air Force officer who had won a case against the Veterans Administration. Her husband had been one of the pilots who flew planes that monitored for radioactivity in the weapons tests about which I had written. He had died of leukemia. She lived in Santa Cruz, California, according to the article, and her name was Mrs. William Wahler.

Mrs. Wahler is a short, slender, energetic woman. Over a cup of coffee and a sandwich, she told me of her life with Bill Wahler and of his death from leukemia. Wahler had flown in the Eighth Air Force during World War II and had been awarded seven Air Medals. After his discharge in 1945, he re-enlisted so he could continue flying. In 1951, he was assigned to Kirtland Air Base in Albuquerque, New Mexico, as a member of a special group of pilots trained to fly radiation monitoring and surveillance missions during the secret tests of nuclear weapons at Eniwetok, in the Pacific, and in Nevada. Some of the pilots in the group were trained also to drop the nuclear bombs used in the tests, both in Nevada and in the Pacific.

I asked Mrs. Wahler what kind of precautionary measures had been taken to guard the pilots against any overexposure to radioactivity.

Paul Jacobs is author of six books, including the political self-portrait *Is Curly Jewish?* He was assisted in his research on the AEC by the Fund for Investigative Journalism.

"Well, they all wore film badges, but it was sort of haphazard in Nevada. The pilots didn't really have confidence in the men who were doing the tabulating; sometimes they'd skip taking the radiation exposure that day because the people weren't around at the right time or something like that. I guess everybody felt the levels they were exposed to were perfectly harmless. They didn't know enough at that time to realize they build up.

"When Bill was at Eniwetok, he had rest and recuperation in October, 1956, in Hawaii, and I noticed while we were together for ten days that he wasn't well. He seemed pale and listless, had no pep."

But after Wahler returned to the United States, he seemed completely recovered from whatever had caused his listlessness in Hawaii. In 1961, he retired from active duty, and the family moved to Santa Cruz, where he got a job as a social worker.

"He began to slow down, and he just seemed to be aging rapidly," Mrs. Wahler said. "Between Christmas and New Year's of 1966, we went to visit his brother in San Diego, and his brother said Bill looked like he'd aged a lot in the year since he'd seen him. A week later, he woke up in the middle of the night with a severe headache, and he said he'd had a terrible, wild dream. This went on for a week or two, and he'd have these dreams and these unexplained bruises on his arms and legs. So he went to the hospital, and three weeks later he was dead."

He was dead, but his wife and children were alive, without any income. At the time, Mrs. Wahler hadn't made any connection between her husband's leukemia and radiation, until another pilot, who had come to the funeral, told her that some people thought such a connection existed.

"I started researching it then, and the more I got into it, the more convinced I was that radiation was involved." She applied for a pension, claiming her husband's death was service-incurred. The Veterans Administration denied her claim because the Atomic Energy Commission maintained that her husband had not received enough radiation to cause the leukemia. So she had appealed, been denied again, appealed again, and finally, after two years, was given the opportunity to present her case in person to a VA appeals board. The board reversed the previous denials after getting an opinion from an independent medical expert: enough doubt existed, they said, to warrant making the decision in her favor. The Atomic Energy Commission continues to insist, however, that Major Wahler could not have received enough radiation to have caused his death.

Before I left Mrs. Wahler that day, I asked if she knew what had happened to the other pilots in her husband's outfit. She mentioned a flier named Marvin Speer, who she had heard had leukemia. And she remarked, "I kind of hesitated when I wrote to some of my husband's former buddies, because I was putting fears in them, and this was

brought to my attention, and I stopped writing."

In the case of Marvin Speer, Mrs. Wahler need not have worried about arousing fears. As I discovered weeks later, Colonel Speer had died in September, 1968, also from leukemia.

A third pilot in the group, Major Richard Partrick, talked to me in Albuquerque of the monitoring flights he'd made. Major Partrick's words are difficult to understand because the left side of his jaw and part of his larynx were removed in 1968, after it was discovered that he had cancer.

And still another pilot from the group, who wishes not to be identified, repeated many of the same details about the radiation missions, his hand occasionally reaching up to touch the suppurating lesions on his head, lesions which he has had for more than ten years and which do not respond to treatment.

The Atomic Energy Commission insists no connection exists between the deaths from leukemia of Major Wahler and Colonel Speer, nor between Major Partrick's cancer, and the radiation to which they were exposed. No one can assert positively, at this time, that these deaths and injuries *are* from the radiation.

Neither is there any unassailable scientific evidence that the abnormal number of deaths from leukemia in the quiet Mormon villages of Parowan, Paragonah, and Pleasant Grove, Utah, and Fredonia, Arizona, were the result of the fallout from the tests to which the towns had been exposed. The death rate from leukemia in Pleasant Grove is approximately 6 times higher than normal, while in Paragonah and Parowan, neighboring towns, 4 cases were diagnosed in a period when only 1.4 should have been anticipated. Fredonia and its neighboring town, Kanab, Utah, suffered what one medical expert described as a leukemia "epidemic."

But neither can the AEC accurately claim, as it does, that no possible connection exists between these events and its activities. It cannot justify such an assertion because (a) no one knows, including the AEC, the exact amount or the type of radiation to which these pilots and communities have been exposed and (b) not enough knowledge exists about the effects of low-level radiation. The AEC continues to make such statements as the one it issued in 1970 in response to a critical NBC-TV program: "Small doses produce no damage which scientists have been able to detect." Many eminent scientists would worry over the implications of such a pronouncement. Nobel Prize winners Dr. Joshua Lederberg and Dr. Linus Pauling both warn that if the present permissible dose occurred it would kill thousands of people every year, and they argue, amongst other things, that it may be too early to detect damage already caused by small doses of radiation. Even the AEC's staunchest supporters in the scientific community tend to put the case cautiously. Thus, Dr. Victor Bond, of the AEC's Brookhaven

Laboratory, said in November, 1970, that "for purposes of radiation protection, in the absence of well-defined data otherwise, the cautious assumption must be made that any amount of exposure carries some probability of harm to a population, however small that probability may be."

2.

"[N]ever before in the peacetime history of the United States has Congress established an administrative agency with such sweeping authority and entrusted with such portentous responsibilities," said the men who wrote the Atomic Energy Act of 1946. Under the terms of that Act, and its 1954 Amendment, Congress gave the Atomic Energy Commission total and exclusive control over every aspect of nuclear energy, including both its military and peaceful uses. It has at its disposal more than \$2 billion a year, its own security force, the right to police its own activities, and the authority to classify any data which the Commission judges might threaten the national interest if they were to be released. In effect, the AEC is a government within the government.

The Commission also contributes more than \$300 million yearly in subsidies to academic research at universities, scientific consortia, and AEC-owned laboratories operated by educational organizations. The AEC's total investment in research facilities is more than \$3 billion.

In addition, the Atomic Energy Commission is charged with the responsibility for guarding the public safety from the dangers of radiation, for negotiating and administering international agreements involving nuclear energy.

Approximately 53 percent of the Commission's current budget is allotted for military applications. Since the first nuclear bomb was exploded in New Mexico, the AEC has conducted 512 announced weapons detonations, plus an undisclosed number of secret tests. The components for the nuclear weapons are produced at eight plants scattered over the country and operated by large corporations as AEC contractors.

The number of these weapons now stockpiled is kept totally secret, but obviously, must run into the thousands. Production continues and can be expected to continue indefinitely.

Plowshare, the AEC program for the peaceful use of nuclear bombs, was once the AEC's *Wunderkind*, hailed by Dr. Edward Teller. "Success in Plowshare," he said, "will bring as rich a harvest as man's ingenuity ever produced."

But success has been slow to come, and today the Plowshare program is reduced in scope and budget. Only \$8 million of the operating budget was allocated to Plowshare last year. Of all the grandiose schemes to use nuclear energy for peaceful pur-

poses hardly a handful remain, and even these are in trouble, endangered by the opposition to them from conservationists and groups fearful of radiation dangers. Meanwhile, the AEC now expends about 20 percent of its budget on the reactor program, under which the AEC has the sole right to license the building of reactors and complete control over the sale of the fissionable material used in them. The program will continue to expand unless the AEC receives a serious setback in the controversies about nuclear reactors now raging all over the country.

The AEC—along with its congressional ally, the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, and the nuclear power industry—is committed to the widest possible utilization of nuclear energy. One of the proponents, Dr. Glenn T. Seaborg, AEC Chairman, believes that “not only do we need nuclear power, but this source of energy has, historically speaking, been discovered just in the nick of time. . . . In view of the world’s growth and human expectations, to depend for our energy on the remaining supply of fossil fuels—as optimistic as we might be about their reserves—would be environmentally, economically and humanely disastrous.”

The AEC’s perpetual optimism leads inevitably to a situation in which the agency is uncomfortable presenting anything less than the most jovial view of nuclear energy. Such a posture is characteristic, of course, of most public and private institutions as they seek to present themselves in the most favorable light. But in the case of the AEC, maintaining its image has sometimes meant risking the public’s health: I was concerned over the Commission’s record in 1957, and this past summer I found fresh cause for alarm.

In August, 1970, I asked the Atomic Energy Commission Public Information Officers at AEC headquarters in Germantown, Maryland, for several documents, including the “Official Use Only” report which I had first obtained in 1957. It is now declassified, together with reports on monitoring in earlier weapons-test programs, and was readily available. I had kept the original all these years, and now I read them side by side.

The comparison revealed, at first, only minor differences, softening in the second version the impact of the first. But when I got to the conclusion I discovered a much more serious change. A large portion of the original was deleted. Taken out was the section described as “probably the most significant summary in this report.” The now-absent summary dealt with the fact that certain areas of Nevada and Utah were exposed to radiation far in excess of the standards set by the National Committee on Radiation Protection Standards. The deleted section said further that:

... in future tests, within such areas, blood changes in man might be demonstrable if systematic observations are made. It is possible also that the immunities of the population might be sufficiently reduced that measurable increased incidences of selected communicable diseases would be discerned by epidemiological investigations. The long-term implications of yearly exposure of a cross-section of the population to levels in excess of those considered to be maximum permissible for occupational workers certainly justify continued observation and maintenance of radiation health records, even though specific consequences cannot be foreseen at this moment.

That warning, that plea for “continued observation and maintenance of radiation health records,” and the statements that some areas of Nevada and Utah had received excessive exposures—all those statements are now missing.

Where did the original page go? The AEC says it does not know who made the deletion or why it was done, although, as one AEC staff member told me, “It does seem like a pretty important change.”

This was not the only time that the AEC had concealed, and in some cases disregarded, information that has threatened its interests. In many of these cases, to be sure, honest scientific disputes are involved. But each of them raises grave doubts in the mind of a layman about the AEC’s regard for public safety. And one need not be a physicist or a biologist to worry, at the very least, over the way in which the AEC has dealt with unpleasant news and with the messengers who deliver it.

In 1960, for example, a physicist named Dr. Harold Knapp, then on the AEC staff, was investigating a phenomenon called “hot spots.” Hot spots are areas of unexplained high radiation that occasionally occur throughout the country as an aftermath of aboveground weapons testing. Knapp was paying particular attention to evidence of I-131, radioactive iodine, which had been discovered in abnormal levels in milk produced near St. Louis, Missouri. In human beings I-131, like ordinary iodine, concentrates in the thyroid gland, where it may cause cancer. Knapp was anxious to compare the levels in Missouri with those in milk-producing areas near the Nevada test sites. But he discovered that the AEC had failed to monitor the milk in those areas. In 1953, for example, a test had deposited an unpredicted amount of fallout on the dairy region near St. George, Utah. A monitoring team sent there reported that “no standard procedures existed for preparing milk samples”; as a result “no details were obtained on time of milking, milking techniques, individual producers, etc.” But it was decided to forgo attempting to collect such data because “extensive inquiry into such details would indicate the concern of the test program’s rad-safe [“radiation safety”] group with the possibility of milk contamination and alarm an already worried community.”

Knapp was able partially to overcome the lack of data from the early tests when milk monitoring procedures were set up to follow a weapons test in 1962. The purpose of collecting the data was to permit a calculation of how large the iodine 131 burden was to the thyroids of persons drinking milk after a nuclear detonation and to provide a standard for estimating the iodine 131 doses to children's thyroids from past nuclear tests.

Knapp's report horrified his superiors. Not only did he point out that, until 1962, "no systematic effort had been made to obtain fallout levels and milk levels at the same time," but also he concluded that, on the basis of the 1962 data, heavy doses of iodine 131 had been ingested by children in Utah from at least one earlier test and perhaps from others as well.

Pressure was applied to Knapp to keep him from publishing his report. Its technical validity was questioned, and in addition, its potential bad effect upon the AEC's public image was pointed out. One AEC official who opposed publishing Knapp's report worried at the time about "what reaction may we expect from the press and the public"; and Dr. Gordon Dunning, one of Knapp's superiors, told me in 1970 that the Commission believed that publication of Knapp's report "would lead to substantially larger numbers [of thyroid doses] than had been published from the various monitoring programs. . . . How did one explain this? Would it look like the Atomic Energy Commission and Public Health Service had not been doing their job?"

But Knapp insisted on the publication of his report; finally, the AEC convened a committee of scientists to review the report, pointing out to them that if the report were published, it "would make the Commission out to have been liars." The committee refused to block publication, and finally Knapp's report appeared, prefaced by an analysis of it by the committee members. But the AEC version did not include Knapp's conclusion that following a 1953 weapons test, the doses to the thyroid glands of infants in the St. George, Utah, area "would be in the range of 120-440 rads," doses which would have been very high indeed. Subsequently, Knapp published the full report, including his conclusions about St. George, in *Nature* magazine.

It is, of course, possible that Knapp's conclusions were inaccurate, but he was correct in at least one respect: the AEC does not know how much radioactive iodine it visited on St. George, Utah, and elsewhere in the country. And this, clearly, is information the Commission sought, unsuccessfully, to keep private.

Nuclear explosions—weapons tests and huge cratering experiments—are the most awesome and frightening aspect of the AEC's operations; but almost everything associated with

atomic energy is full of risk. The disposal of radioactive wastes from nuclear reactors and plants providing fissionable materials poses problems on a scale far greater than the Army's difficulties in ridding itself of nerve gas. The handling of these wastes has been the focus of yet another muffled controversy between worried scientists and the AEC.

In 1966, a special committee of earth scientists (from the National Academy of Sciences and the National Research Council) severely criticized AEC waste-disposal procedures and suggested alternative methods. The committee charged that the AEC was putting economic considerations ahead of safety, and that in some cases the Commission's officials were vastly overconfident of the ability of local environments to absorb wastes. Specifically, the committee members cited burial of radioactive material in places where too little was known about the shifting of the earth or about subterranean movement of water. And they were alarmed at the use of containers subject to erosion and fracture.

The Atomic Energy Commission "had a lot of problems with the report," said John Erlewine, an AEC official. In fact, the AEC tried for a time to suppress it. Erlewine justified the suppression to me by saying the report was "in house" and "outside the competence" of the scientists involved, and, he added, "we didn't think much of it."

It was not until a member of the scientists' committee charged publicly late in 1969 that the AEC had "persistently refused" to release the report, arousing senatorial pressure, that the Commission relented.

By that time, evidence had already been uncovered that confirmed the scientists' fears. The Dow Chemical Company, which operates the AEC's Rocky Flats plutonium manufacturing plant in Colorado, had been burying radioactive plutonium wastes in exactly the manner which the committee had warned against—in "artificial containers subject to corrosion, fracture and other forms of damage." Dow had buried metal drums, filled with either oil-saturated plutonium wastes or uranium wastes, within the area of the plant as far back as 1958. Drums of plutonium waste oil had also been stored on the surface of the ground inside the plant; some of these fractured and sprang leaks. In addition, the company had buried drums of uranium wastes outside the plant.

This might not have been known had it not been for another worrisome event, a disastrous \$45 million fire which broke out in the plant on May 11, 1969. Ten days later, Major General E. B. Giller, Atomic Energy Commission Assistant General Manager for Military Applications, told a congressional committee, "I am relieved to report that there is no appreciable amount of plutonium outside the building" and "no known contamination off-site as a result of the fire."

General Giller's optimistic statements about the

absence of plutonium outside the plant turned out to be both premature and incorrect: in January, 1970, a Colorado conservation group issued a report that Dr. Edward Martell, a nuclear chemist working at the National Atmospheric Research Center in Boulder, Colorado, had made an independent investigation and found plutonium traces in the soil outside the plant. (Dr. Martell charges that prior to his analysis of the soil, the Atomic Energy Commission had monitored primarily the air around the plant and neglected to check for radioactivity on the ground.)

Initially, Martell believed that the plutonium traces he found in the soil after the Rocky Flats fire were the result of the fire itself. But the Atomic Energy Commission, on the basis of an investigation made for it by the Public Health Service in August, 1970, announced that the plutonium had not come from the fire of 1969 or from an earlier fire, but instead from dust blowing around the oil drums, which had been leaking plutonium wastes into the ground.

I asked General Giller a few months ago whether he was satisfied with the safety precautions being taken at Rocky Flats.

"The answer is an unqualified yes," he replied.

"Had you been satisfied with the safety precautions before the fire?"

"We had been satisfied with the safety precautions before the fire. Certainly, in hindsight, we could have operated the plant differently, in which, for instance, the drums would not have been stored outside and we would not have leaked, meaning we would not have put plutonium from that source into the soil. But we must remember, of course, we're talking about extremely small amounts, and none of this constitutes a hazard to health."

But, as General Giller said himself, plutonium is one of the most dangerous radioactive substances, and it is an undisputed scientific fact that it takes only "extremely small amounts" of plutonium to cause lung cancer. A microscopic particle of plutonium can cause death if it lodges in the lungs. And the \$45 million fire itself, which might have been catastrophic for nearby Denver, suggests that safety precautions at Rocky Flats were inadequate.

Representative Chet Holifield (Dem., Cal.), chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, is aware of the dangers from plutonium, for he is one of the most knowledgeable legislators in the country on matters of nuclear energy. But at an executive session of the Joint Committee, held on April 10, 1970, Congressman Holifield decried Dr. Martell's independent investigation which turned up the plutonium traces as "scratching around in the sand."

The executive session was attended by two other congressmen, members of the Joint Committee staff, a group of high AEC officials, and two officers of the union representing the workers at the Dow Chemical plant. When it was disclosed that the company had hidden drums of radioactive wastes in the

plant area, Holifield was enraged. "Maybe this is not putting one milligram of radiation above ground, but you know the problems this sort of thing can create from a public relations standpoint. It can be magnified many times by these sensationalists," he told the group. The chagrined AEC officials replied that they, too, had been ignorant of the hidden wastes until just before the executive session started. And the executive director of the committee staff conceded, "It was a very poorly supervised thing." One high AEC official said, "It is clear to us that we have a considerable amount of work to do and have to undo some things that were done in the past. This may turn out to be one of those situations. We have waste in Idaho that I think the final analysis will show we should dig up. . . . We are going to have a lot of clean-up operations to do for the long pull as a result of this."

Publicly, of course, neither the AEC nor the Joint Committee admits the enormous potential danger in the AEC's present practices of radioactive-waste management. That is why the AEC tried to suppress the report on waste disposal and why the true dimensions of the problem are revealed only when the minutes of an executive session are obtained; in the meantime, those who warn the public are "sensationalists."

Perhaps the most complex dispute in which the AEC is now involved concerns the total amount of "low-level" radiation in the environment resulting from *all* man-made sources, including nuclear reactors. Two scientists today are doing battle with the AEC over this issue: Dr. John Gofman and Dr. Arthur Tamplin of the Livermore Laboratory in California. Their present conflict with the AEC began when they were asked to investigate the alarming predictions of another physicist, Ernest Sternglass, of the University of Pittsburgh.

In 1969, Sternglass presented an analysis suggesting 400,000 possible infant and fetal deaths in the United States as a result of fallout from the weapons tests of the 1950s. Sternglass' analysis set off a furor. A short time later, a request from the Atomic Energy Commission for a critique of the Sternglass thesis came to the Livermore Lab. The assignment was given to Arthur Tamplin, who had been at the Lab since April, 1963, under Gofman, studying the effects of radiation on man and the total environment. Tamplin concluded that Sternglass' estimates of the number of deaths were far higher than they ought to have been. Having criticized Sternglass, however, Tamplin then prepared his own estimates, which were that 4000 deaths might have been caused by the fallout. That figure was considerably lower, but high enough to unsettle the Atomic Energy Commission's Division of Biology and Medicine in Washington.

Faced with this damaging opinion, the Com-

mission (and Livermore officials) proposed that Tamplin separate his criticism of Sternglass into two portions. The attack on Sternglass' calculations was to be published in some popular journal. Tamplin's own estimates of cancer deaths were to be published in a more esoteric, less widely read scientific journal. Gofman and Tamplin had come to another conclusion, even more disturbing to the AEC than Tamplin's figure of 4000 infant and fetal deaths. On the basis of their studies, they believed that the federal standard for acceptable radiation exposures was ten times higher than it ought to be and that it should be cut back; failure to do so would result in 32,000 additional cancer and leukemia deaths, they said.

In October, 1969, they presented this data at a meeting of the Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers in San Francisco, attended by a few science writers. Gofman and Tamplin followed this presentation with another, more widely publicized appearance before a Senate committee on November 18, 1969.

The AEC has totally rejected the Gofman-Tamplin thesis that permissible radiation standards be lowered by at least a factor of ten. If such a decrease did go into effect, the AEC would be forced to curtail most of its nuclear power enterprises, especially the nuclear reactor program.

Gofman and Tamplin are convinced that the Atomic Energy Commission and the Lab are trying to censor them, harass them, and deprecate their scientific work. Of the censorship, there is no doubt: a paper entitled "Nuclear Reactors and the Public Health and Safety," which Tamplin was scheduled to give at a Boston meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, was so heavily edited by Dr. Roger Batzel, chief of the Laboratory's Division of Biology and Medicine, that it bore little resemblance to Tamplin's original manuscript. Typically, the fourteen-line abstract of the paper was reduced by Dr. Batzel to the sentence, "Over the past two years a number of serious objections have been raised concerning the safety of nuclear power reactors."

Although the paper was finally presented in close to its original form, Dr. Batzel's editing of the manuscript demonstrates the Laboratory's basic policy difference with Gofman and Tamplin. Dr. Batzel told me that the Lab doesn't disagree with their scientific findings, only with the policy judgments they make from the data and the manner in which they seek public support for their position. Specifically, he is against their calling for a moratorium on building additional nuclear reactors.

The fundamental difference separating the Lab officials from Gofman and Tamplin arose again when Gofman was invited to testify before the Senate Subcommittee on Air and Water Pollution, chaired by Senator Edmund Muskie. When the invitation became known to Dr. Michael May, the cur-

rent director of the Lab, he attempted to dissuade Gofman from appearing before the Committee on the grounds that Senator Muskie didn't understand nuclear energy problems and might use Gofman's testimony politically.

When Tamplin and Gofman have made public criticisms of the AEC, the Lab has refused to pay their travel expenses, and in addition, has docked Tamplin's vacation time, in one case even deducting from his vacation a Saturday and Sunday he spent at a seminar. However, when Dr. Edward Teller and Dr. Gerald Johnson went from the Lab to Alaska in order to describe the virtues of a Plowshare project, their travel expenses were paid and their vacation periods left untouched. When these scientists went to Pennsylvania in 1968 to assure worried citizens that another proposed Plowshare project was not hazardous, their expenses were paid and they did not suffer any loss of vacation time.

Dr. John Totter, head of the AEC's Division of Biology and Medicine, has said publicly of Gofman that he "was hired to make sure Plowshare could operate in a safe manner. He is now attacking Plowshare, and I see no reason that [we] should want to continue his services."

Gofman and Tamplin have found a foe as well in Joint Committee Chairman Holifield. The congressman used the floor of the House to say of them, "Undeterred by the rejection of their opinion by their scientific peers . . . they continue to do their own thing in the limelight of the mass media and public forums to exacerbate the public anxiety."

The two scientists argue that their scientific findings impel them to political action. In their book *'Population Control' Through Nuclear Pollution*, they conclude from their experience that groups of scientists and laymen must be established specifically for the critical examination of technological decisions taken by industry and government. "It is evident that we are urgently in need of a mechanism for effective criticism of present day science and technology. . . . The scientists and others who compose such critical groups must be activists in the best sense of the word. They must necessarily interact effectively with members of Congress, with activists from many fields, and with pressure groups in the country."

3.

The question of whether I was exacerbating the public anxiety troubled me when I returned to Nevada and Utah to talk with the people living in the area. I thought about it, too, as I sat and talked with the test-site pilots whom I had traced from the leads given me by Mrs. Wahler. But the issue was resolved for me when I read, late in the summer, the once "secret" and "confidential" reports on the safety precautions in effect during the 1951 and 1952 test series for the monitoring personnel.

Thus, the "secret" report on the 1951 tests, named Buster-Jangle, complains, in a minor key, that "instrument repair was at times unsatisfactory because there was not always a qualified man in charge." A more serious note is struck in the statement that the weapons tests "were crowded together with inadequate time for personnel to function efficiently" and that the radiation safety personnel "were somewhat confused as to whom they were actually responsible." In addition, "On innumerable occasions a decision on some point was needed from some person in authority and it would be found that the person had departed for Las Vegas or Los Alamos without leaving a responsible alternate."

But the real impact of the 1951 report is contained in the section dealing with the radiation exposures of the personnel involved in monitoring the tests.

Page 10 states that for personnel involved in the tests, "An exposure limit of 3-r was agreed on prior to the test. . . . The Division of Biology and Medicine agreed to an unpublicized exposure of 3.9-r, which was used to give the 3-r limit added flexibility where absolutely necessary." The report then goes on to state that 75 percent of the monitors exceeded the maximum exposure limit.

The "confidential" report on the 1952 series of tests indicates that the monitoring procedures may have been even worse than in 1951. "Each test brought a new group of operators inexperienced in the proper techniques," states the report, "and little use was made of the experience gained by members of the group on succeeding tests. Personnel were not assigned to the program until a few hours before it was necessary to dispatch them to their respective stations to perform duties in which they had been only briefly indoctrinated."

New equipment was also used in the 1952 monitoring. "The lack of trained personnel to operate and observe these units resulted in little knowledge gained," states the report. And when planes were used to bring samples back to the labs for analysis, "some samples contained activity greater than the counting limits of the counting equipment." Forecasts of fallout patterns were of little use in the 1952 series, especially since "airdrops are carried out even when wind forecasts are likely to be in error." Some communities were not included in the fallout prediction and so could not be notified when the fallout hit them unexpectedly, and sometimes even when the fallout was expected. "Unfortunately, the collection trays were lost," and so no adequate measurements could be made. In one test, a reduction was made in the number of samples collected and treated; the result, according to the report, was that "unfortunately, this procedure does not permit arrival times [of the fallout] to be obtained with great accuracy. . . ."

Five thousand soldiers were brought to the Nevada Test Site in 1951 to participate in one weap-

ons test. The AEC says no harm was done to them, but no long-term studies were made of the men. But in the light of the safety reports, how much confidence can one have in the AEC's assertion? That question may need an answer soon: the Veterans Administration has started to get claims from some of those men or their families, charging disability as a result of their exposure.

Just as no complete records exist for the military personnel, no accurate records exist for the amount of radioactive fallout to which the people of Kanab, Fredonia, Paragonah, Parawan, and Pleasant Grove have been exposed. It has been demonstrated, again and again, that it is impossible to predict accurately the drifting patterns of radioactive clouds. And as the reports of the 1951, 1952, and 1953 tests indicate, often such drifting was not monitored in any way for radioactive content.

Elmer Jackson, who was born in Fredonia, Arizona, and now lives in Kanab, Utah, a few miles away, knows lack of monitoring to be a fact. He was caught in a radioactive cloud, and burned by it: his doctor believes that the thyroid cancer Jackson later developed results from the experience.

Early in the morning of March 17, 1953, at 5:20 A.M., a 16-kiloton bomb was exploded from the top of a metal tower at the test site. On the basis of the pre-shot weather forecasts, mobile monitoring units had been sent into the communities in the area around the test site. The cloud bearing the particles of radioactive metal drifted further east than the Atomic Energy Commission had anticipated, into an area more than a hundred miles away from where any monitoring team was stationed:

"Suddenly the cloud seemed to move just a little, and it started going in a southerly direction, so I thought, 'Well, it won't come this way,' so I continued on out, about three miles out. I gathered up about fifty head of cattle that were in the area and started moving with them, when the wind changed and blew that cloud swiftly. It just came with a rush and engulfed me and the cattle in the valley, and within just minutes my eyes started burning, the water was running out of them, and my face started burning. . . ."

"I think it's taken at least ten years off my life, and I've suffered for ten or fifteen years as a result of those burns, so I'd like to go back to the days when we didn't have that kind of trouble."

Other men and women living in Fredonia and Kanab would also like to go back to the "days when we didn't have that kind of trouble." Maureen Tait's husband died of leukemia in 1965, leaving her with five children. Mr. Tait was a crane operator, who worked in areas where fallout has been recorded. Rosemary Mackelprang's husband, who was school superintendent for ten years in Fredonia, died of leukemia in 1964. He, too, was out of doors a great deal, collecting rocks. Before he died, his widow says, "He often wondered if maybe some of the rocks had radiation in them that could have caused the leu-

kemia. And we used to watch the atomic bombs go off and see the big flare, and we often wondered if maybe radiation carried out this far, if it had any effect on us. But the people from the bomb tests told us, 'You're so far away from everything, you don't have to worry.'

Jessie Mackelprang's son, Graham, was fourteen when he died, in 1955, of leukemia. The family was living in Kanab at the time, but went away to their ranch, also located in a fallout area, as often as possible. In the summers, Graham lived outside from early dawn till dark. Mrs. Mackelprang is convinced that the weapons tests "started the leukemia in this country, but what can we do about it? We're just helpless; we're just small people. We have no money to pay an investigator to try and find out if that was true and if the government does it, what's the people to do? They're higher than we, so we just sit here and take it."

The government *did* investigate the leukemia outbreak in Fredonia, although it has never told the people the results of the investigation. The inquiry began after Dr. Richard Riley, who had been treating the cases, discussed them with a leukemia specialist in Salt Lake City, who felt the number of cases represented an epidemic. Riley, who is a radiologist, told an AEC doctor that he was convinced the cancer and leukemia cases were the result of fallout radiation. A team of specialists from the U.S. Public Health Service Communicable Disease Center in Atlanta came into the area, took blood samples from everybody in Fredonia and from a sample of the Kanab population. In January, 1970, a report on the investigation appeared in *Hospital Practice*: the Public Health Service was not able to pinpoint the cause of the leukemia and could state no more than that the leukemia epidemic was not the result of chance.

Ample evidence exists of the direct and immediate effects of large doses of radiation of the order inflicted upon the population of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. But only now are some important data coming to light revealing the consequences of much lower doses of radiation: a recent report published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* points out that a small group of Marshall Islands people exposed to lower doses of radiation from unexpected fallout after a Pacific weapons test are just today developing thyroid disorders. And the report concludes that now is the critical period to begin analyzing these disorders. Twenty-eight Americans were also exposed to unanticipated fallout during the test. No long-term study has been made of them. When I asked why, the doctor in charge of the Marshall Islands study replied that it would have been too difficult to keep track of the men.

Clearly there is a need for studies on a mass scale over a long period of time. And after the possible relationship between iodine 131 in milk and thyroid cancer in young people appeared in the forefront of scientific consciousness, the U.S. Public Health Ser-

vice did begin a study, financed by the Atomic Energy Commission, of children's thyroids in St. George, Utah, where the heavy fallout of iodine 131 had taken place from the weapons-testing program.

Initially, the study indicated an increase in thyroid difficulties, but as the study progressed, through the high school years of the children, the data began to become very inconclusive. Now the young people involved have graduated from high school and the study is ending. But the teen-agers ought to be watched for many more years; if their expectancy of developing thyroid cancer has been increased, even slightly, because of weapons testing, they are owed a continuous appraisal of their health by the government.

The list of situations in which the Atomic Energy Commission may have endangered the public is extensive. More than one hundred uranium miners have died of lung cancer because of exposure to radioactivity in the mines. (Uranium is produced almost wholly for the AEC, although the mines are owned and operated by private companies.) The direct relationship between uranium mining and lung cancer was established many years ago in Europe and disputed by no one. The cancers are caused by radon gas which escapes into the mine's atmosphere when uranium is dug from the earth. The mines could be cleansed of the deadly radon, but at a cost so great that the mine owners are unwilling to pay it.

A revealing conflict over setting the proper standards for human exposure to radon developed a few years ago between Secretary of Labor M. Willard Wirtz and Congressman Holifield. Secretary Wirtz was convinced that the exposure standard set by the Federal Radiation Council was too high and so ordered that it be lowered to 30 percent of the Council's recommendations. His action brought forth a heated response from Congressman Holifield, who charged the Secretary with making his determination "on an emotional basis rather than on a scientific basis." In contrast to Congressman Holifield's view, Dr. Walter S. Snyder, associate director of the Health Physics Division at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory, testified, in 1967, at a Joint Committee hearing on the uranium mining problem, that "when human life is in the balance, it would seem that conservatism in safeguarding these lives has much to commend it."

Meanwhile, the uranium miners continue to die from lung cancer, and others are exposed to radon gas. It seeps from under the floors of many homes built in Colorado on tailings from the uranium mines. Admittedly, to move the people from their homes into new residences would be very expensive; the government insists the risks are very small and therefore no action need be taken.

The most controversial, and potentially, perhaps,

the most dangerous, of the AEC's current programs is its commitment to nuclear power reactors. Seventeen nuclear reactors are operating now, fifty-four are under construction, thirty-eight more are far along in the planning, and nine additional plants have been scheduled to be built. Within the next thirty years, the AEC expects to license 950 nuclear power installations, all dependent upon radioactive materials.

The proponents of nuclear reactors as a source of energy insist that the country faces a severe power crisis. In what the AEC sees as a dangerous diminution of conventional power sources, the agency sees itself as standing between the country and disaster: thus, it rejects any serious criticisms of its enthusiasm for building nuclear reactors. But serious criticism abounds.

"In principle, nuclear reactors are dangerous," Dr. Edward Teller, no foe of atomic energy, said in 1965 and again in 1970. "They are not dangerous because they may blow up. The explosion of a nuclear reactor is not likely to be as violent as an explosion of a chemical plant. But a powerful nuclear reactor which has functioned for some time has radioactivity stored in it greatly in excess of that released from a powerful nuclear bomb. There is one difference, and this difference makes the nuclear bomb look like a relatively safe instrument. In the case of an atmospheric nuclear explosion, the radioactivity ascends into the stratosphere. . . . A gently sleeping nuclear reactor can put its radioactive poison under a stable inversion layer and concentrate it onto a few hundred

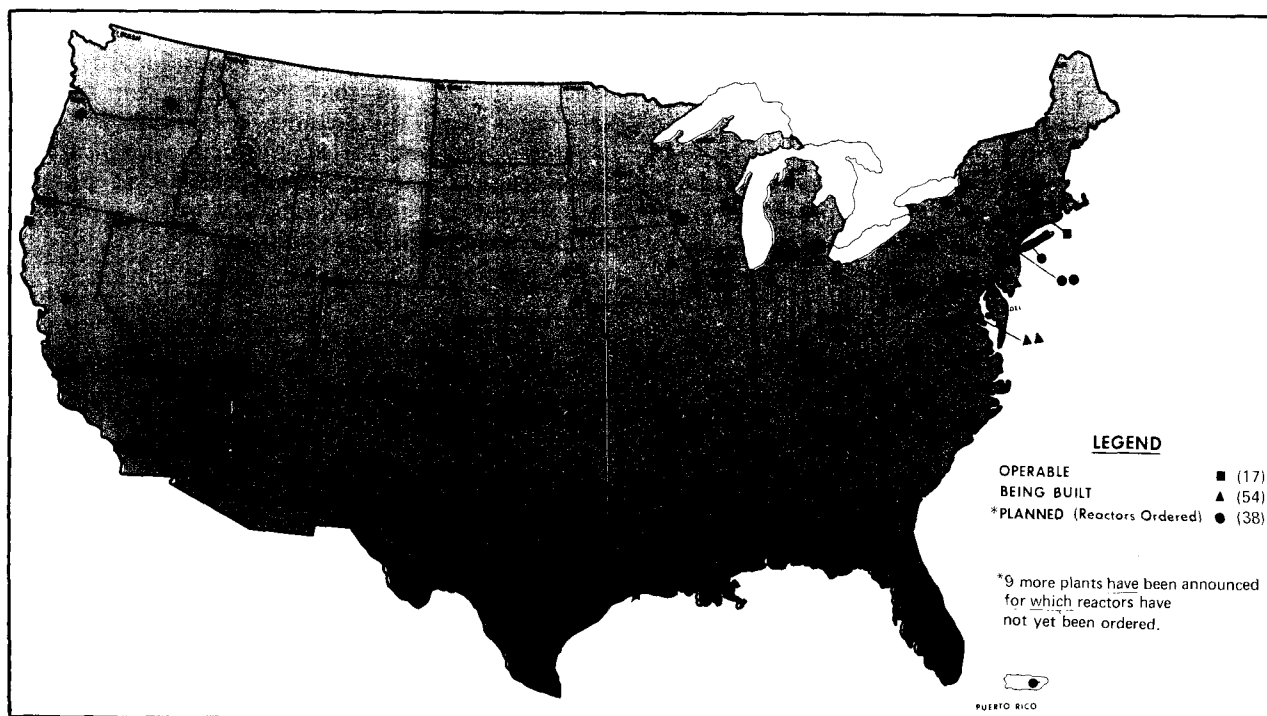
square miles in a truly deadly fashion. This is why we must be exceedingly careful in constructing nuclear reactors. By being careful and also by good luck, we have so far avoided all serious nuclear accidents. . . . Nuclear reactors do not belong on the surface of the earth. Nuclear reactors belong underground."

But reactors are being built above ground. The Enrico Fermi reactor at Lagoona Beach, Michigan, experienced difficulties from the moment it began test operations. The plant, an experimental one, had been built despite the objections of the Commission's Advisory Committee on Reactor Safeguards.

"There is insufficient information available at this time," warned the committee in 1956, to assure that the reactor could be operated "without public hazard." But Lewis Strauss, then Chairman of the AEC, suppressed that warning, which might never have been made public except for its disclosure by another AEC commissioner, Thomas Murray.

The AEC's decision to sanction the Fermi reactor created a tremendous controversy, but all efforts to halt the construction failed. Then, in October, 1966, while the plant was going through a series of operating tests, a serious accident occurred. A portion of the reactor's uranium fuel source overheated and melted; radiation was released within the plant, and the reactor was immediately shut down. For a month scientists debated how to investigate the accident, fearing that any disturbance of the uranium could set off a runaway chain reaction culminating in an

According to the Atomic Energy Commission, nuclear power plants now operating, under construction, or in advance planning will supply about 95 million kilowatts of electricity, or nearly a third of the present power output in the nation. By the end of the century, the AEC envisions 950 nuclear power plants in operation throughout the country.



explosion, an event that could have released enough radioactive gas (according to one study commissioned by the AEC) to kill as many as 133,000 people living in the Detroit area.

After the accident, an official of the company operating the reactor said, "It's one of those accidents the consequences [of which] are so terrible, the probability has to be very, very small." But that "very, very small" probability did become a reality.

The Fermi reactor is now being tested again after being shut down for four years.

Another freakish accident occurred at the Windscale reactor in England in 1957; a large quantity of radioactivity was released, so that all milk and produce in a four-hundred-square-mile area around the plant had to be confiscated. In 1961, an accident in an experimental reactor in Idaho killed three people. And not even the AEC's own reactors are free from such accidents: on November 19, 1969, the Oak Ridge Research Reactor had a failure which occurred, according to an official report, "amazingly, from seven failures or errors in each of three identical channels, a total of 21 failures. The seven common mode failures that contributed to system failure were unpredictable or, if predicted might have been considered to be adequately monitored."

But the public health problem inherent in the operation of nuclear reactors is not limited to the possibility of an accident. There remains the persistent issue of low-level radiation.

The usual AEC response to those who seek to reduce the permissible radiation standards is to insist that only infinitesimal amounts of radiation will be emitted from the normal operations of a reactor and that these emissions will be harmlessly diffused into the atmosphere, within a few miles of the reactor's perimeter.

But that argument ignores the fact that the reactor is only *one* part of a total operation each component of which involves its own separate dangers. Reactors require radioactive fuel rods which must be shipped into the plant and then out of the plant to be re-processed every few years; reactors produce radioactive wastes which must be stored or processed with all the attendant risks involved. Those two examples

alone set up whole series of other dangerous operations. When to these are added the risks of food supplies being contaminated directly, and the introduction of radioactive substances into the total ecological cycle, the possible consequences of hundreds of reactors are staggering.

Dr. Paul Tompkins, the executive director of the Federal Radiation Council, dealt with the heart of the matter from the AEC viewpoint when he said that accepting the Gofman-Tamplin recommendations "might well price society out of business. To reduce radiation exposure tenfold would cost billions; it might even cost more than the Vietnam War. To comply, you'd practically rebuild all nuclear installations and the factories that use any sort of X-ray equipment. We'd have to review radiation exposure from wristwatches, TV sets and radium dials. Plus, I'm not completely sure it is now technically possible to monitor down to such a tight level."

Is it possible that nuclear energy as the cure for the power crisis may be worse than the disease itself? The risk-benefit issue involved in that question needs to be debated thoroughly before the public can make a decision.

Unfortunately, in the atmosphere that now prevails within the Atomic Energy Commission, the agency's critics are characterized as "nuclear nuts" or "arch anti-nuclears" who make "doomsday forecasts" (to use the words of Howard Brown, a high-ranking AEC official). It seems unlikely that open debate will flourish—and that many actions crucial to the public safety will be taken—as long as the AEC continues in its dual role as proprietor and regulator of nuclear energy.

In May, 1957, Chet Holifield wrote the *Reporter* that he shared the "great concern about the moral and political issues" which had been raised in my article, "Clouds From Nevada." Recently Holifield refused to talk to me about "the moral and political issues." He believes that the public will "never" know enough about radiation, "because it's too complicated." However, the congressman assured a television audience, "that doesn't mean that precautions aren't being taken by those who know, to protect the person who does not know." □

THE GIRL FROM THE VILLAGE

by Alfred Kazin

One Saturday night late in 1943 I went down, without my wife, to a party in Greenwich Village at the apartment of a tall, thin, morose, avant-garde composer whose career was entirely “managed” by his brilliant, hunchbacked wife. Isa’s face, though perhaps a little too sharp, showed what considerable powers of charm and intelligence she had brought up against her misfortune, and she kept highly polished an alertness about other people’s secrets that made her fascinating if not always lovable. She was a girl who lived by “knowing” people, looking into people, looking after them. In her Village circle, she alone seemed a serene and stable entity to be relied on. You always knew where she was—she was in their apartment looking after Harold, copying his scores, presenting his songs to influential people in her exquisite thin voice. She was always watchful, elaborately controlled, so attentive that occasionally she became breathless in the concentration with which she looked at you.

Isa made a point, for Harold’s sake, of giving big parties at which she put together the up-and-coming friends of her age—we were in our mid-twenties—with distinguished names. She had mysteriously made herself important to all sorts of famous people, who gladly came to the parties at which the host sat stiffly and harshly apart, with a vaguely superior air of boredom about anything that did not relate to the new music. Meanwhile, his wife ran up and down their long, loftlike apartment, her unnaturally large, sharp triangle of a face glittering with sweat as she brought drinks and tottered in at regular intervals with great platters of food. I recognized at Isa’s—the parties were always “Isa’s,” never “Isa’s-and-Harold’s”—that one was there because one had become somebody and that one was a somebody because one now moved in the company of other somebodies. It was deeply flattering, especially when one could do nothing for Harold’s music, to meet Lennie and Aaron, Virgil and David, Delmore, up-and-coming Jews at Harvard like Oscar. I always felt at “Isa’s” that

her modest walk-up on Charlton Street represented a connection between New York Jews on the rise, established names in the arts, rakish out-of-towners in the Village, that no one but Isa could have made.

Even the women at Isa’s had this implicit flattery conferred on them. They had to be “interesting” to get in, and the more “interesting” they were, the more they seemed to wait on Isa for advice, were specially attentive to her opinion. Even in the afternoons, when there were no parties, the place was full of people who sometimes jostled each other as impatiently as if they were competing to see the same psychoanalyst or astrologer or fortune-teller. All Isa’s friends were a new type to me, the other side of Isa’s more obvious public relations on Saturday night. If, on party nights, you ran into E. E. Cummings proudly holding up his fine head above the motley crowd, in the afternoons you saw many young people on the floor, who with Isa—how jealous I was of their easy freedom!—never had to pretend, to lie, to conceal. They seemed to sit up like little kittens and tell her everything. I would see them in private corners with her, she sitting on one of the love seats, the boy on the floor with his arms around her doll-like knees. There were also those advanced artists—the composer John Cage, the dancer Merce Cunningham—who amazed me by their air of living for nothing but art, and in their tautly dedicated faces and bodies clearly expressed a loyalty to art alone, to a world all experiment and freedom, to a boldness and daring beyond speech. The “younger” people I met at Isa’s, people of my own age, impressed me by their boldness, seemed in one way or another to be experimentalists in life even more than in the arts.

This is drawn from Mr. Kazin’s new work in progress, a sequel to his memoir, *Starting Out in the Thirties*, published by the Atlantic Monthly Press. Mr. Kazin found early fame with *On Native Grounds* and has since stood in the front rank of American literary critics.

And to see them regularly at Isa's, acting as if they had never heard of the great war against Hitler or were even contemptuous of it, soon gave a strange menace and excitement to my own life, gave me a sense of losing myself, of drowning in a world of people who were beautiful, wild, unconsciously cruel in their lack of attachment.

As I walked from the subway to Isa's house that crisp early winter evening in 1943, along the still unfamiliar streets of the Village, I felt happy and released. That afternoon, working out my travels in the next few weeks to army camps around the country—I was then at *Fortune* doing a long article on the political education of American soldiers called "Why We Fight"—I had been buoyed up again by the imperial look over New York I had from my office high in Rockefeller Center, and I was now stimulated by the thought of a party in the Village. Like any other native of Brooklyn I was still a tourist in midtown, Rockefeller Center, Greenwich Village. I had never lived in the Village or anywhere near it, and any Saturday night when I happened to see the doorman outside El Chico on Grove Street in his grotesquely overlong cossack coat down to the sidewalk and the buttons about to pop across his big belly, I felt that the purple, red, and green lights flashing into the street were a promise of wickedness. In the crookedness of the streets leading past so many little nineteenth-century houses, I always had a sense of coming into my own, of enjoying some special intimacy with lower Fifth Avenue that made me think of—Henry Adams' Esther posing for the mural in the Church of the Ascension on Fifth and Tenth, Mark Twain in his old house at Eleventh, Dreiser and Millay in Washington Square, Willa Cather on Bank Street. I was strong for history, for the houses where other writers had lived; but lately the houses I saw in the Village looked like subtle retreats where, behind their beautiful wooden doors, I could make love. No one from Indiana ever felt the freedom of the Village as much as I did—I who had never lived in it, but who could never walk down Eighth Street without expecting that one of the many girls in ballet slippers would skip into my life.

So I came into Isa's party that night, up the narrow ancient flight of stairs on Charlton Street, in great anticipation and lightness of heart. It was a brilliantly big party, the first of the holiday season, and as I walked around the room, restless and excited, I saw an oddly contrasting man and young woman who were standing stiffly together in a corner as if they had been quarreling.

The girl's face astonished me. It is a pity that the word "smitten" is now such a joke, for looking at her, seeing her for the first time, I did feel that someone was "smiting" me, that I had been struck. The girl had the long oval face of the classic bal-

lerina, a high moon-white cliff of a forehead, already graying coal-black hair that was tied up behind her in a pony tail. But where the face and body of the classic ballerina seem always to be turned away in the shy contractions of the "swan" pose, this girl evenly and indifferently looked as if anyone could read his desires in her face. It was a face that staggered me by what it suggested of her capacity for giving pleasure. This was no shy, elusive, self-protecting "swan," arms all too beautifully flung up before her face. Every little nick in her skin seemed to breathe. And just as up to the end I could never be near her without feeling the subtle heat from her skin, so now, underneath the strangely gray streaks in the blazingly black hair and the wildly exaggerated brow, the long white oval face was luminous, mischievous, alive, its features subtly rearranging themselves from moment to moment.

She looked me over as I stared at her, then turned back with dreary patience to her companion, an immensely tall, thin, almost emaciated looking man with very thick spectacles, who, virtually crouching over her to make his point, seemed to be berating her. He aimed a finger at her with helpless fury. It was a look I was to see again on the faces of men who had been having, who were just ending, an affair with Mary Ellen. I knew instantly what had caused so much anger. There was nothing of cupidity in her face; nothing sly, coy, even flirtatious. It was merely that no man who was excited by her—and she never had a lover that I knew of who was not an intellectual, Jewish or European or both—could help feeling that the sensuousness which she imparted with every click of her tongue, with every commonplace talcum scent you caught from her body as she moved, was also being bestowed on the world at large. The men who regularly fell in with her probably also succumbed to the suggestion of something beautifully lawless and outrageous in the felt emphasis of her walk, in the wide cheekbones that stood out on her face with the same maddening intensity of effect that I would discover in the sweeping curve of her hip.

The man with her finally left, and I talked to her a little. She made not the slightest gesture of interest, but indifferently gave me her number when I asked for it. I talked about her to Isa after the party had emptied out. Isa, enjoying my sudden infatuation more than I did, laughed at me, said she had always known I would "crack"—"about time a critic was brought to judgment!"—and with a vague look of bitterness told me that the girl was a Californian, had grown up in Hollywood, was married to a young refugee philosopher at UCLA who was in the Army, and that she, Isa, had so often seen the same look on other men's faces that she now saw on mine, that she was tired of patching up all the marriages the girl had broken. "Don't admit it even if you do it," she said sourly; "Natasha won't be able to stand it." She stared at me. "And

neither will you." It was odd, I thought later, how everything that had not yet happened was already happening in her mind—and in my own. All my life I had lived for the future, had anticipated everything in terms of some overriding idea, and here we were, my fortune-teller Isa and I, counting the full cost of the affair before it had even begun! The anxious rationality of this was all too familiar to my nature. I had a sense of rushing toward my fate, for I was indeed to feel the tall man's outrage, and even to see it many times on the same bookish Jewish face. I was to feel it in strange, hot ways that drove me wild with the *unaccountability* of loving someone about whose many loves I knew, from the moment I saw her, too much. What with one thing and another, I was to get to know, usually through Mary Ellen herself, just how inconsistent she could be in ways that drove her intellectual lovers mad—not so much with jealousy as with the seeming meaninglessness that she created.

I knew it, somehow I knew it, from the first moment I saw her. It was to be all unsettling, without reason, forever and ever. The bottom could really fall out of things. Everything that one had tried so desperately long and hard to keep in order suddenly came apart, like the great carton of books I was carrying into our first apartment that went smash in my hands the day after I was married. Everything could fall apart in the sight of a young girl with very wide cheekbones standing at an overcrowded party in Greenwich Village.

I knew when I went home that night that something profound was happening to me. I felt exactly as one feels when one accidentally cuts oneself and knows before the blood begins to flow that a cut has been made.

The next morning I went as usual to my office. It was a brilliantly clear New York day, and usually it was impossible in that office, overlooking the heaped-up splendor of New York, to feel anything less than brilliant oneself. It was from working there that I knew why everything written in that building had to strike like a rapier, shine like steel. The metal desks glistened in the light, and brilliantly resourceful girls, "researchers" who were not allowed to write, walked back and forth on editorial errands to their "writers," their suavely clothed backsides gently swaying as they slid between the desks. On the desk of the managing editor, dozens of thick soft pencils stood upright freshly sharpened, and every morning, when the editors came in from Chappaqua and Westport with their English leather attaché cases, one heard hearty, gruff voices jollying the secretaries and saying bright and witty things to each other about country living. Down in the concourse, the chromium and steel glistened around the window glass of the shops that sold Indian jewelry from New Mexico, and where

even in the midst of the war old travel posters beckoned you to Quito and Rio. Comforting steam blew out of the hot towel urns in the barbershops decorated with comic prints of shaving scenes in the eighteenth century, and on the wings of light itself messages sped from the great cable center to every corner of the world. And I was part of it all, the Hollywood of the intellectuals, each writer in his place with his metal desk, his sharpened pencils, his researcher within call, his view of the city. Looking out my window at great New York, I knew that I had been brought to the top of the mountain and shown the kingdom of this world—there was nothing to do but to do it. Mild unlikely flakes of snow drifted through the air. Although Christmas was many weeks away, the people looked as if they had already been worked up to the holiday pitch. Long nervous lines were jerkily moving back and forth. The cleanness of the stone, the steely white brilliance of the cold New York spires around me made me dizzy. I was falling through the air, rushing to my doom. I went to the telephone and asked her to have lunch with me that afternoon.

An hour after lunch, we were walking around the reservoir in Central Park. In the clear, cold afternoon, the path was deserted. But from Central Park West on one side and Fifth Avenue on the other, thousands of windows gleaming in the cold winter sun seemed to be shooting off particles of light. Every window was a mirror, the sun was brightly cold; I knew that everyone could see us, that every window struck with light was magnifying our figures on the path. I was so excited, I hardly knew what I was saying; but as we came up to the old pump house on the reservoir, my heart was loud in my ears, and with the wind howling around us, I put my hand on her face. In front of those gray rough stones, in the freezing deserted park, we stopped to kiss, and as I looked at the slow subtle bones working in her face, her body casually poised on one leg like a bird about to take off, I knew that it was decided, that it had been decided for me a long time before. When I kissed her, I dropped into something long drawn out. Suddenly there was time, there would be time to do this right. The strange spaces in her face seemed to give out this curious throbbing stillness, as if time, spreading, kept at its center a vein that went quietly pulsing. The ripples in the reservoir went out wider—it was already like being in her, swimming far out in her with effortless strokes. It seemed to me that I was stitched to her. And I knew, more firmly than I had ever known anything, that I wanted it, I wanted her so badly that my heart was clanging in my ears like the wire fence around the reservoir shaking in the winter wind.

I had to be in Washington the next few days, interviewing in the Morale Services Division at the Pentagon before going on to army camps and naval stations, and to my surprise she came

right to my hotel room. It was the only new hotel that had been built in Washington during the war, and like our first lovemaking it was functional and on the spare side. I could see that the trip down was the adventure for her, an excursion from the Village. Though she was as easy in bed as I had expected, and had funny new words for everything, she was detached, and I was impressed mostly by my own sinfulness. I did not want to see her again. This was the price I would have to pay. Later that evening, when I saw her off at Union Station, her face looked lonely in the great crowd massing outside the gate to the New York train, and she kissed me good-bye with more affection than I had yet seen in her.

I was in the South and West for a week, hearing "This war is really a revolution." Returning to New York late on a Friday afternoon, I knew that I could not go home, that I had to see Mary. That first night I came to her room, I was shaking as I went down the steps at Morton Street and rang the bell. But when she opened the outside door and I saw her grin in the feeble light of the hall, I had the same sense of enchantment that I was to have, night after night now, in that dark little room in the basement amid her art magazine reproductions of Rouault Christs, her cats, the milk bottles on the windowsill, her Japanese prints, and that smell of plaster of paris in the bathroom. Among the burning dark faces of the Rouault Christs, there stood out on the walls those Japanese prints she loved, those spare lines which set the scene over and again as a few trees, a waterfall, a clump of bushes, a bearded philosopher dreamily surveying the scene from a corner. Bent to the rhythm of the flowing scene, everything expressed that confidence in the perfect ordering of life by art which at the beginning, in this room, astonished me most. The room was Mary Ellen's work of art. In that poky little basement, where she had hardly room to turn around in under the falling heaps of her books, the everlasting turn and scatter of her cats, she had somehow made her life, had framed her Japan, with its clear quiet lines, its grave and abstract waters.

In that room I began to live a dream made up of Mary Ellen. Just as there was all the voluptuousness I had always dreamed of when the cats came into bed with us and she grinned with delight, her sloe eyes widening, her cheekbones so white as to be almost luminescent in her grinning, stretched cheeks, so I could never watch her walking around the room with her dancer's stride, her body constantly shifting, stretching, her teeth clicking a harsh tuneless beat, without recognizing that for some reason I had been granted the perfection of my sensuous desires. My life had suddenly arranged itself like a dream, as easy, as soundless. And though I saw that it was not my dream alone she was

acting out but also her own, that we were assisting each other's fantasies in perfect solitude, I felt exactly as if I had been drugged by the smells of incense, of cat, of plaster in that dark, close underground room where every green candle made the room hot without making it lighter. I liked being drugged, and in the dream I watched her dancing around the room in her bare feet, while her hands played the air before her as if she were a priestess performing a rite.

And a priestess she was, the priestess who brought so many of us to the mystery of the bed. She made the delights of sex seem the well-practiced gestures of a temple ceremony. This ability to induce delight started from the rhythmical flexibility of her thin, almost emaciated dancer's body. Except for the sweeping single curve at her hip, her body did not look anything. Her extraordinary presence lay in the suggestion of her hands and lips, in the tiny perfected movements of her body—in her smiling confidence, pleasure, ease. Just as kissing her induced the sensation of falling, deepening, so being in her spread around us such a circle of peace, easiness, perfection, that I acquired a respect for us that I had never known with a woman. I was looking at the candlelight behind her head as I thrust my way ahead in her, and I had never felt anything so keen as the vibration that joined me to her, to the candlelight, to the golden helmet in a Rembrandt portrait that shone up from an open picture book on the floor. Making love in that little room had become one of the true privileges of the human condition. All that I had carried in silence and secrecy so long, all that I had held against the world—all this burst apart as her body, fully stirred, moving in one sinuous line, heaved up at me when she whispered my name.

Afterwards, she would talk about other men with entire naturalness whenever there came into her conversation certain ideas, poems, philosophic systems that she owed to her husband, Hans, the young philosophy instructor at UCLA, to the Russian-French political analyst she had been quarreling with the night I met her, to the elderly refugee art historian whom she had successfully persuaded not to leave his family for her. Her attachments seemed to consist of severe intellectual types. Although she gave herself to me as if no one had ever pleased her so much, I could see that the intellectual challenge from my predecessors was going to be sharp. The way into the temple was some scholarly specialty and distinction, some European knowledge, that would excite her. She cared nothing about a "distinguished" career, a man's "famous" book; she did not even read much. It was someone's interesting mind, in immediate action with her alone, that interested her. She would quote lines from Rilke in praise of absolute beauty that her husband had taught her—*du musst dein Leben ändern*, you must change your life!—and make points about the nature

of language that she gratefully owed to a philologist I had not connected with her until she started quoting him. She revealed to me so many of the new extensions in art history and psychoanalysis that she seemed the only link between several minds that were certainly indifferent to each other.

She had the most guileless way of talking about other men and the cultural treasures they had brought her. She even had a way of dreaming out loud about scholars whose lectures she had attended at Columbia, whom she had not met but who promised intense intellectual revelations of the kind that excited her most. She never showed jealousy herself and she seemed not to understand it in others; even the idea of possessiveness, of herself possessing anyone or anything, baffled her. *Grande amoureuse* as she was, Mary Ellen was peculiarly undemanding in everything relating to clothes, comforts, people, and so insanely available, so borrowable, that I was never surprised, in later years, to hear of some new lover she had taken, of some old lover I had missed, of a child she had had to abort because the man turned out to be insane, of her sleeping with one man on the eve of her marriage to someone else. She gave herself away, continually, in little gestures toward death. Her ambition was certainly never to displace anyone's wife, to have money, to live well; it was to have those "reality" talks with another that gave her face the look she had in orgasm; it was to be vibrantly in touch with another, and so feel that she was really alive. It was nothing for her to go to bed with a man; it was everything for her to give pleasure. By the directness with which she made love, she must have made many a man feel that she was grateful above all for the chance to give love.

There were certainly a great many men in her life and in her mind. After a time, she would give herself with the air of continuing a delightful conversation, but somewhat distractedly, as if she were not sure whom she was with. And worse than this, she could seem to matter so little to herself. Piercingly beautiful as she would always seem to me, she looked like what she was—a totally impoverished student excited by New York, who lived by tutoring a deaf-and-dumb child, was always amazed to go to a good restaurant, and went about all day long and every day in a wool skirt and schoolgirl blouse. She always dressed as indifferently as possible—I have never known a woman who made so little of clothes. Once, when we met at the Fifth Avenue Library, I still so happy in my love that I had dressed like a bridegroom, she looked at me with surprise, smiled, and borrowing some money, ran into a store and came out in a short red coat in which she delightedly pranced down the avenue. I never saw the coat again.

She overlooked everything except being the artist in touch with her surroundings. The more I came to know her that winter, the more I intimately asso-

ciated her with charcoal, pastels, Japanese picture books that folded out to make a continuous drawing from page to page, trailing ivy, poems in violet ink on yellow paper written in totally contrasting hand-writings, galleries of folk art, primitive art, costume design, cigarettes with "Russian" paper filters—and above all, the scattered, smudged, jagged pages of unfinished poems, unfinished fashion sketches, unfinished sonatas for the violin. There were times, lying with her in bed, when I felt that I was making love not to her but to her sacred objects.

But all this answered my deepest needs. If she woke me at three in the morning to read me a poem she had just begun; if she whisked me away from my work to the costume museum off Fifth Avenue to see a design that she admired, and then spent days on a fashion sketch that she soon forgot; if our conversations were full of God, of Whitehead and Spinoza, of Melville and Hawthorne, I felt that she was pressing me to go out further, still further. Everything I had done and written now seemed to me tame. The more I thought of the hopes and socialist dogmas that had once united Natasha and myself, the more I wanted to bury myself in Mary's arms in that smoky dark room, the more I admired Mary for the precariousness of her life, the more grateful I felt for the love she gave me. Those violet early mornings after making love, when we would go out for coffee, I had a sense that the world around me was shivery with joy. When I went back to my old apartment to get my things, Natasha's face—not angry, but calm, stolid, full of a compassionate contempt—redoubled my fury against the old idealistic life I had known so long, made me feel as if I could run through Fourteenth Street scattering the shoppers before me.

Looking around her room, Mary once said, *I will end in a closet*. It was this ability to face absolute nothing, the worst, that made me admire her so much. I wanted to get away from everything I had known, I wanted nothing but the risks Mary took in her life. Day after day I would watch her draw, dance, write, the straight mane of graying black hair flying off her back as if I could absorb from the air in which she moved some of the mad courage that astonished and excited me. I sensed in Mary not merely a woman I loved, but a dark punishing wisdom about a world in which everything had fallen to pieces, in which nothing was saved, and in which the endless comings and goings of people, like the great plume of smoke I kept seeing from all trains I took during the war, seemed to me the law of our time.

When I lost patience with some of her old friends who were always swarming over the apartment we had sublet on Barrow Street, and would jealously complain about her continued interest in people who reminded me of airless plants floating through

the room, she would earnestly explain that the irrational is the heart of life and chide me for trying to "keep the controls on," for lacking the metaphysical courage that I myself had expounded to her in my analysis of *Moby Dick*. In the midst of the war, the terrible seas, she had taken up her life on a raft. And though there was soon utter despair in my heart whenever I walked out of the apartment and looked up from the gritty backyard, a respect for Mary's acceptance of everything would fill me, and I would think of her white face the night she looked around her room—I will end in a closet.

None of us would ever end in a closet, I thought—not the gravely tall political analyst I had first met her with; none of the gravely important Jewish doctors of philosophy; not even her young husband, who, stopping in to see her before he went overseas, seemed as mad for her and as perplexed by her as I—none of us would end in a closet; we had too strong a sense of survival. But I knew from the moment I met her that not only would Mary end up in a closet, but that she might very well end by a knife. She gave herself so easily, so rapturously, more and more now so carelessly, that it seemed never to occur to her that her interest in ultimate "reality" might not be shared by everyone who wanted to go to bed with her. There was nothing in the outside world she wanted; not even the outside world. She was intoxicated by her own penitence loving of every new "experience" that turned up.

I was not wrong in what I had seen in her face that first night; to move in with her was a way of ending the affair. It was understood—it was in the air—it was part of the excitement of being with her: everything was provisional. It was not her "infidelity" that troubled me; it was her fanaticism. Like Sartre in his discovery of existentialism, she made it a fixed principle to stay loose. She wanted to bring life down to the ultimate in disconnectedness, to make the great refusal of everything that was life to most people, to be always free to move on. There was only a grandmother back in Los Angeles occasionally to report to; completely the orphan, she had taken herself as the only reliable measure of the society around her, and saw it as completely unstable. As she once said with a little shrug, "I'm not always in control."

One night I came back from a trip to find Ricardo, the Village philosopher, talking to her about God. Ricardo was small, eager, and at thirty still looked a street fighter stripped for action. His tousled hair, his shiny pointed chin made him look like a boy, and he was as combative as a boy. He was interested in everything, an authority on everything; he had already published, with small experimental presses in

the Village, some twenty books—social theory, fiction, poetry, his journals—but he was, above all, interested in the immediacies of human liberation, and becoming a lay analyst, encouraged middle-aged women to scream whenever they felt like it. Ricardo was famous for his bisexuality and his almost ingenuous candor about his long search for love; yet he somehow came out of each affair bearing a new theory of human nature. He was the nearest thing to an eighteenth-century *philosophe* any of us had ever seen; his interests were everything and everyone, and with people he meant to attract he showed a winning, speculative, experimental cast of mind that to Mary, with her love of any bold idea, was particularly fascinating. Yet with all his talk of sex as divine energy there was something about Ricardo that was so entirely impersonal and didactic that talking theory straight at Mary flattered her more than falling in love ever did.

Ricardo had that look of being a young, distracted, ink-stained revolutionary thinker in an eighteenth-century garret. His ability to subject anyone's experience to his friendly direct curiosity made him the favorite seer of many young intellectuals in the Village. There was the unmistakable feeling that he could try out any new idea on his body or on yours. Just as he had been a Socialist, a Single Taxer, a Communitarian, a Trotskyite, an Anarchist, a Freudian, a Reichian—and he had really lived each ideology in turn—so you saw the effort in his writings to force back the original experience. He made a point of writing carelessly, of dashing things off to give you the flavor of his talk itself—homely, slangy, metaphysical. He specialized in the short, sharp, jabbing personal note even when he wrote about housing projects; he wanted, he said, to make you feel the grunt, ache, stab, cramp of experience. When Trotsky was assassinated in 1940, Ricardo published an elegy that literally howled with grief; reading love scenes in his stories, you felt that what he really wanted was to bypass words altogether, to draw pictures, to make sounds. This was the theory. Ricardo drew every experience into himself like a gull snapping up a fish. I always had a sense of his eyes being harshly bright, his mouth open with excitement, his nose quivering. He talked by teaching; there was no subject he could not recast, nothing he was not positive about. He attacked every writer not limited to small experimental presses in the Village as "seriously dishonest," but of a disciple who has as yet written only four small stories, he said that he was the "second-best prose writer in New York." Ricardo was his own greatest myth. He described himself as "a man of letters in the classic, the old-fashioned sense—like Erasmus and Diderot."

At the moment, explaining to her his new idea of God, Ricardo seemed to be boring holes in Mary's skin. No one could ever build up ideas into such an atmosphere of violence as Ricardo could. His

imperative sense of himself as an intellectual destiny was now operating on her with such heat that I went sick looking at them both. He looked as animal as a cat, but the food this cat lived on was ideas. His sense of his own rightness was like a wall around him. He grew red with rage as he discussed someone else's idea of God, and his eyes dilated with hysteria as he refuted an article in the *Journal of Philosophy*. The more abstract and superfine his argument, the more angry and slashing his manner became. I saw that he could take a woman to bed on the upbeat of an argument about religion, and that he could make an opponent feel not that he had been corrected but that he had been stabbed.

Everything about Ricardo was endlessly fascinating to Mary, who also "lived ideas" with a kind of ecstasy. She lighted up with a strange awe as she listened to the diminutive Ricardo. They were Socrates and disciple, lovingly thinking together, heads over Pascal, Kierkegaard, Kafka.

It was only with Ricardo that she ever seemed surprised by anything. Even in the cascades of passion, or in the miseries that would occasionally seize her as she walked ceaselessly around the room, softly beating her hands together in despair, everything was expected. She had had so many lovers, she had passed through so many lives, she had holed up in so many rooms, that there was no new experience that she was not prepared to take on as coolly as a new lover. But with Ricardo there appeared a strange secret numbness in her that was like death. He was so essentially cold to women that there was nothing she could "do" for him, no place where she could touch him; they met and looked each other over like stray polar bears on the same Arctic floe, and when he was gone, she would sit all day in a low-slung canvas chair, unable to move, to wash, to change her clothes.

And then, so gradually that when it became the sick metallic taste of every day I could not really believe this was happening to me, the nausea began. The pictures of friends pasted up on the kitchen wall receded as if I were seeing them through a telescope; the dusty covers on the bed, an old grease stain on the wall, Mary's always unfinished sketches and poems lying about the apartment, the maddeningly shallow Russell Wright dishes all became horribly separate, bulking, intrusive, immovable objects like Mary herself, who could sit in her chair as if the decision she had made to sit down had cut off all ability to stand up. Nothing I looked at in that Barrow Street apartment seemed to have any relation to anything else; when I tried to write, the words would break off each other like dry twigs. There was suddenly no light, no habit, no naturalness to my day. I did not know who anyone was. I felt that I was living on a sand hill surrounded by vultures and gulls who were waiting to descend on it. It was now early 1944; the world was burning with war, and I was out of it, consumed with guilt. Every-

thing had indeed fallen apart. I had a sudden horror of myself, felt as bad to myself as any Nazi; the Jews burned every day in Europe were being consumed in a fire that somehow I had helped to light. In my daily fantasies I saved bearded old Jews from attack in the subway, and was again a *menschen*, a son of the people.

It was not only my old "reason," my sense of home, of belonging, that I missed; it was a *world*, the world in which invisible connections still existed. "You're so organic," Mary said to me wondering at my sudden joy when the chance came to go to England and work there with the great popular education movement in the armed forces. Things now improved with us as the time came for me to leave. One night, when I quoted Tolstoy to her—"God is the name of my desire"—she grew absolutely white, and repeated it over and over to herself. It was the most beautiful thing she had ever heard, the truest, the most consoling. I awoke to see her sitting cross-legged on the floor, reciting a Hindu chant that Ricardo had taught her; she made me think of a solitary Indian on a cliff, sending up smoke messages to the Great Spirit. In the great Arctic waste of our life, in the midst of the emptiness, she sat there, a girl in Greenwich Village, sending up her prayer.

After the war we would see each other at Isa's parties whenever I was back in New York. Once, returning from England, I was seized by a longing to see Mary in what someone told me was a new apartment. I rang her bell, went upstairs, knocked at the door. When I told her I was there, she seemed a little hesitant about admitting me, and there seemed to be some scurrying about. As she opened the door, a man ran into the bathroom. Mary was sitting on a trunk, surrounded by two disorderly hills of luggage, books, and pictures; her cats were running around the bare floor of the apartment, and her easels, her great sketchbooks, her plants, were on the floor. Obviously she had just moved in with someone; but at the moment all was confusion, and the man himself—a Jewish intellectual whose name and work I knew well—had for some reason barricaded himself from me in the bathroom. I sat with Mary and talked, as we had always talked, about art, Rilke, Yeats, Melville. The man in the bathroom called out in a rough voice, "For God's sake get me some paper!" Mary quietly went in and brought him what he needed. As she looked at the piles of luggage, sketches, pictures, she said ruminatively, "Every once in a while I seem to see the possibilities of order in it." We both laughed, and I stood up to take my leave. Suddenly she said in a small voice, "You know, you changed my life." I stared at her. It was the most surprising thing I had ever had from her. Changed *her* life! She had taken the phrase, the litany, the accusation, straight out of my heart. With this she had burned me forever. She had burned me. □

WHAT DO SPECIAL ASSISTANTS SPECIALIZE IN?

A view from the White House basement

by Will Sparks

His title seems to be Special Assistant to the President, or maybe Consultant. But don't be impressed. . . . Everybody in the place, and it is a big place, seemed to be a Special Assistant to the President except the towel man.
—Milton Mayer in *The Progressive*

No one knows exactly when government assistants first became "special," and there is reason to believe that the title has begun to depreciate. Special assistants may be semantic descendants of the "special prosecutors" and "special investigators" of the 1920s and 30s, appointed to help local police departments find the still or horse parlor someone had secretly installed in the courthouse basement.

Until recently, the title was used mainly to describe a political appointee slipped into the organization chart somewhere between the Boss and the career civil service. Early in President Nixon's Administration, however, the White House let it be known that plain "Assistant to the President" would henceforth be the senior title.

During President Johnson's Administration, the Chief Clerk of the White House became Executive Assistant to the President, and people who used to be "secretaries" to members of Congress have long since become "administrative assistants," no doubt to distinguish them from the lady "stenographers," who insisted on being called "secretaries."

So there are assistants, staff assistants, special assistants, special consultants, and various other brands of supernumeraries. (For some months, I dealt frequently with one unfortunate gentleman whose true and legal title was Special Assistant to the President of the United States for the Peaceful Reconstruction of Vietnam.) But for the moment, at least, "special" assistant retains a certain aura which makes it the most useful title for purposes of introduction to the genre.

Let us assume, therefore, that you are about to become a special assistant to a Cabinet officer. Your existence will soon be a daily affront to a good many people. But your title, whether you wear it humbly or with average arrogance, will be a source of reassurance to the same people that you are a temporary phenomenon. Unless you are an especially virulent specimen, you can probably be tolerated until your "principal" (Washington's euphemism for "boss") loses the bureaucratic fight and resigns or gets fired.

To you, the adjective "special" is a mark of distinction attesting your close relationship with the Chief (another euphemism) and marking you as a member of the oleiferous elite which floats upon the dull waters of the career civil service. To those looking up from the depths, that same badge is assurance that the tide will eventually float you away.

By whatever title you are known, you will be expected, if not exactly to waste your fragrance on the desert air, at least to bloom unseen. This, of course, you will not do—assuming that you have any real aptitude for the profession which you are about to enter. You have been briefly touched by the finger of power; your business is to convert this opportunity into the more negotiable commodity of personal fame. This, after the captains and the kings depart, just may be translatable into real wealth.

There are rules to this game, as to any other, and you have precious little time in which to learn them. You must absorb them during the brief period while you are still educable. That is, while you are not yet or only very recently a special assistant and can therefore accept the notion that there is still something you do not know.

The true special assistant is a specialist in nothing. Please read that again. It does not mean what you think it does. Being a specialist in nothing is not really the same as knowing nothing, or having no

usable skill. There are millions carrying impeccable credentials for the latter conditions of whom the world will never hear. *Specializing* in nothing, if done properly, can lead to fame and fortune. But it requires technique.

The specialist in nothing is popularly known as a "generalist"—a word which has come to describe those in any profession who have risen above the intellectual limitations of their craft. The man who fails to so rise will be viewed by his superiors as a piece of dough which is all lump and no leaven, useful when kneaded but not something to be served at state banquets. Great engineers get to be presidents of automobile companies only after proving that they are no longer mere engineers; physicists get to be chairmen of physics departments by becoming more than mere scientists; economists achieve executive status by learning to speak English. Lawyers—and if you are a Washington special assistant, the odds are overwhelming that this is your profession—must overcome the handicap laid on them by Professor Morris Cohen's observation that "the law sharpens the mind by narrowing it."

You can accomplish this most effectively by turning your colleague's own professional expertise against him. Practice lines like:

That's an exceedingly well developed proposal, George, but I'm afraid the Secretary won't buy it. He wants more than just a *legal* solution,

and

That's procedurally very ingenious, Larry. But I'm afraid the Secretary is going to want much more substantive content on this one.

Variations for the other professions are obvious. If you are an economist among economists, you might say:

The Secretary is not interested in models on this one, fellows. He wants a pragmatic, on-line proposal.

For the scientist, of whatever discipline, the standard, all-purpose conference opener is:

Gentlemen, I have assured the Secretary that we will *try* not to be parochial about this.

Note that there is a common thread running through all these remarks. Each makes clear that as special assistant *you* are the authority on what the Secretary thinks. This is your real field of specialization. You must convince the entire staff of the truth of that proposition—without, however, letting the Secretary himself get wind of it. "Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices,"

Will Sparks served in the Johnson Administration as an Assistant to the Secretary of Defense and, subsequently, as an Assistant to the President. Mr. Sparks's forthcoming book, *Who Talked to the President Last?*, will be published by Norton.

said Jonathan Swift, "so climbing is performed in the same posture as creeping."

In the Secretary's mind, you are basically a high-priced male secretary. He views you as a convenience and an expeditor—someone through whom he can issue instructions to a dozen people at once: "Tell Smith I want a report on that California situation by Friday . . . tell Jones I need a rundown on the appropriations bill not later than noon Friday . . . tell Doakes I'd like to know what the hell is holding up the nonfunctional buttonhole study . . ." and so forth.

It does not really require a *magna cum laude* graduate of Harvard Law School to perform this function, but your education should enable you to take advantage of the situation in which you fortuitously find yourself. Everything depends on how you relay the Secretary's instructions.

You can, for example, write a memorandum like the following:

To: Assistant Secretary for Uniform Standards
From: The Special Assistant
Subject: Naval Uniforms

The Secretary is extremely concerned about what, if anything, the Navy intends to do about the nonfunctional buttonholes in the uniforms of enlisted seamen. He would appreciate a report on this matter by the close of business Friday.

You can write such a memo if you intend to remain an obscure and powerless junior member of the establishment for the rest of your career. But if you intend to get anyplace, your memorandum will read:

To: Assistant Secretary for Uniform Standards
From: The Special Assistant
Subject: Naval Uniforms

The Secretary has asked me to look into the Navy's interminable delay in deciding what to do about the nonfunctional buttonholes in sailors' uniforms. I see no reason to hold a meeting about this. But it would be appreciated if a status report on this problem could be submitted to my office not later than the close of business on Thursday.

By these methods you will soon have everybody in the department, including those who theoretically outrank you, reporting to the Secretary through *you*. Initially, some unusually stalwart appointee who appears in the organization table immediately below the Secretary's box, who has been confirmed by the Congress, and who is twice your age may object to "taking orders from kids" and complain. Your defense is simple. You confess failure.

"I've been expecting that, Mr. Secretary. Apparently, Smith and I have the wrong chemistry. He just plain doesn't like me. He's been making it abundantly clear that unless he gets his instructions directly from you, he's going to ignore them."

This will elicit from the Secretary the observation that there is no room in the government for prima donnas, and certainly not in *his* department. He will then make clear to Smith that he is no

better than any of the other assistant secretaries and that—damn it—we're all here to do a job, not to waste our time on protocol and injured feelings.

So much for Assistant Secretary Smith. But be careful. You may be unlucky enough to encounter an operator who knows how to fight back. He does this by ignoring you. He doesn't return your phone calls. He doesn't respond to your memos—and if asked about one, at lunch perhaps, blandly denies having seen it. Or your memos may come back to you with a little rubber-stamped line at the bottom of the page which says, "Asst. Secretary Jones Has Seen."

If this should happen, you, in turn, must ignore Jones. Do not try to fight. Jones is a pro, and at this stage in your career, out of your class.

It is important to remember this, but don't let it worry you: the odds against encountering any such person in the federal bureaucracy are on the order of 10,000 to one, odds which the theory of probability tells us we can safely ignore. But do keep it in mind. Remember, in the higher echelons of government, people who think they can afford to ignore you usually can.

CLIMBING THE PYRAMIDS

The purpose of power, as every special assistant knows, is the acquisition of more power. To use effectively the leverage inherent in your position you need a clear insight into the true distribution of power in government hierarchies. The easiest way is to view the government and each department within it as a series of pyramids built upon pyramids. Let us take as our example the Department of Defense.

Within DOD (as it is usually known to its friends) we find the Department of the Army, the Department of the Air Force, and the Navy Department. Within the Navy Department (for reasons I was never able to discover, the Navy dislikes the word "of") we also find the Marine Corps, which is a formidable pyramid in its own right.

Now, each of these departments is its own little pyramid—the technical definition of which is "a solid whose base surface is a straight-sided figure and whose side surfaces are triangles having the side lines of the base as their base lines and their vertices meeting in one point called the apex or summit." This, in case the thought never occurred to you, is why the most glamorous of international meetings are called "summit" meetings. It also explains the nature of your power as a special assistant. Within, say, the Department of the Army, an officer in the field may have to walk the entire base of the pyramid to communicate with the appropriate officer of another branch of the service. Indeed, regulations may *forbid* him to make that journey; he may be required to launch his thoughts vertically

toward the apex of the pyramid, wait for them to be sent back down again toward the other side of the pyramid's base, returned to the apex and, finally, back down to himself. But the apex of this particular pyramid is the Secretary of the Army. What may be for a famous, much-honored major general the equivalent of a trip around the world is for the Secretary's special assistant merely a stroll across the hall. This is, indeed, the true source of your power.

Resting upon these pyramids, however, is another pyramid known as the Office of the Secretary of Defense. At the base of *this* pyramid are the various Assistant Secretaries—the Assistant Secretary for Manpower, the Assistant Secretary for Installations and Logistics, the Assistant Secretary for Administration, etc. They are spread out along the E ring in the Pentagon, and, again, what may be for one of them a half-mile walk is for the Secretary's special assistant merely a step across the hall.

This geography, incidentally, creates a continuous hassle over office space. The Secretary of Defense is located in Room 3 E 880; that is, Room 880, on the third floor, in ring E. Because of the pyramidal power structure we've been discussing, few Pentagon officials volunteer for offices in, say, Room 100 on the fifth floor in ring A. Everyone wants to be next door to the Secretary. As it happens, there is a way in which this could be accomplished.

The Pentagon is basically a five-story building with offices on each floor strung out along five parallel corridors numbered A, B, C, D, and E. Think of it as a pond into which you have just dropped a stone. The ripple nearest the center is ring A; the one farthest out is ring E.

In the middle of all this, at the precise point where you dropped the stone, is an area of grass and shrubs surrounding a large wooden hot-dog stand. One need not be a geometrician to see that this hot-dog stand is equidistant from more points in the Pentagon than any other—and is therefore the logical place to put the Secretary of Defense. My failure to get him relocated, in spite of conclusive demonstrations that it is the optimum solution to the status problems of Pentagon officials, is merely one more example of how hard it is to impose a creative idea on the federal bureaucracy.

There is, of course, still another pyramid which rests upon all the departments of the government, known as the White House. If you are a special assistant to a member of the Cabinet, your role is to protect him against White House special assistants, and even against the President, until such time as you succeed in becoming a special assistant to the President yourself.

There is no firm formula for making this last, most important transition. A good way to begin is to persuade your Secretary that he needs a "single focal point of communication with the White House" and that this focal point should be you.

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No Scotch appeared to have that sense of proportion so necessary for it to wear well, year after year.

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We found it by blending 45 of Scotland's lightest whiskies.

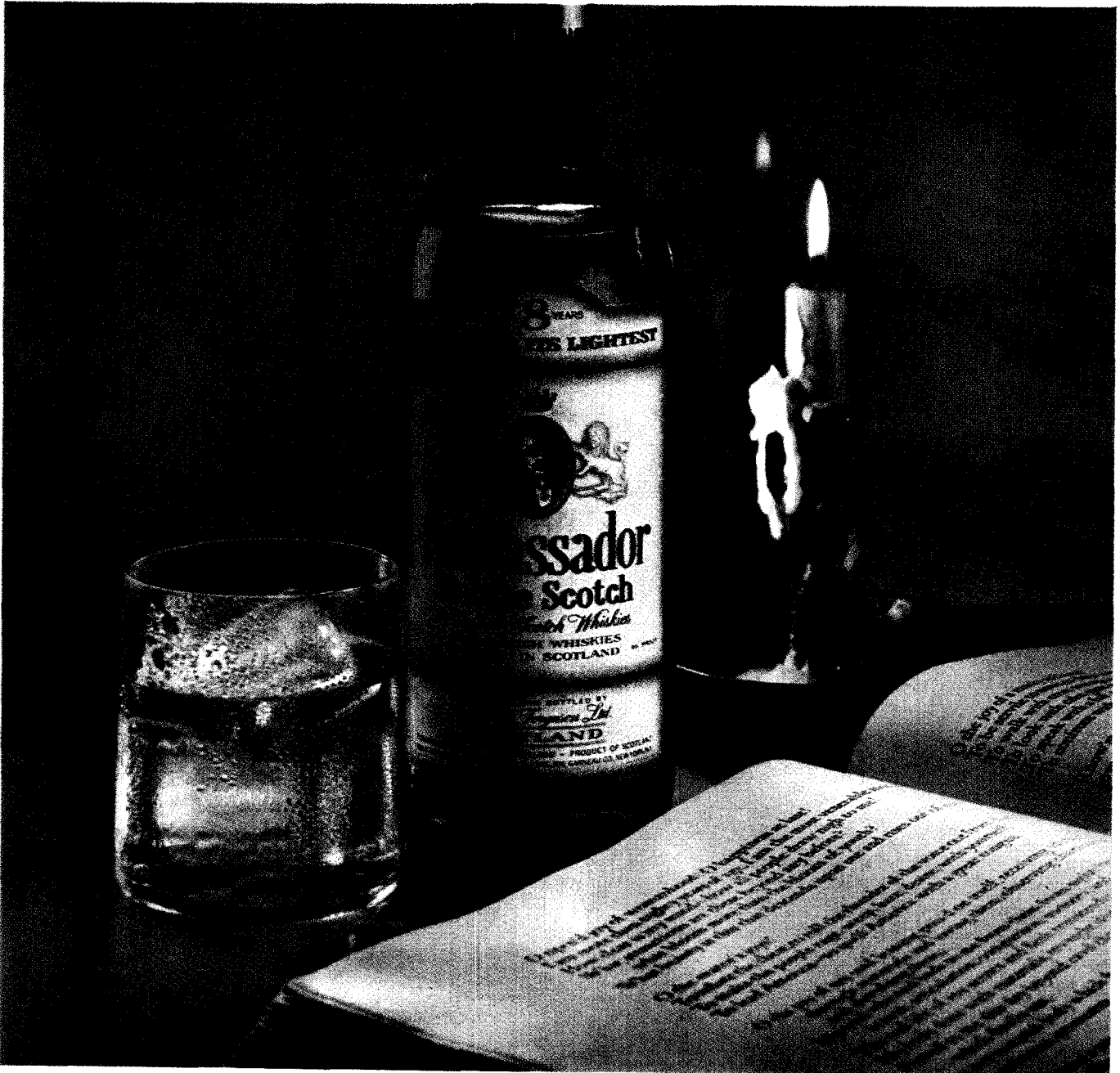
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MEMORANDUM

To: The Secretary
From: The Special Assistant

Subject: White House Communications

At the last staff meeting you protested (quite rightly, in my opinion) about the continuing confusion in our day-to-day communications with members of the White House staff. I thoroughly concur with your instructions that an information memo be filed with you by any member of the staff who has spoken to a W.H. aide. There is considerable question in my mind, however, whether this will be sufficient to achieve the desired orderly procedure.

Therefore, I suggest the following: All direct W.H. telephone lines will be removed except those in your own office, so that members of the W.H. staff wishing to contact this Department will automatically reach this office. Most such calls, of course, concern routine matters with which you need not become involved. If you approve, I will undertake to screen all such contacts, referring to you those which are of Secretarial significance and passing on to other members of the Department requests properly concerning their duties.

The advantage to such an arrangement is that it gives us an on-going log of all W.H. contacts at the time they occur and also of the follow-up, since all actions taken will have to be reported back to the W.H. through my office. I believe this will eliminate most, if not all, of the confusion and complaints we have been getting from the President.

—APPROVED
—DISAPPROVED

If you can get your Secretary's initials in the approved box of this memo, you are on your way to the White House. Your name will embellish every memo the President sees from your Department, other than those from the Secretary himself. His curiosity will be aroused. And, since Presidents are invariably shorthanded for good executive assistants, you may count on hearing from him.

**WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU GET TO
THE WHITE HOUSE**

The late humorist Will Cuppy once urged us to count among our blessings the fact that it is no longer necessary for anybody to rise at 5 A.M. to go watch Louis XIV put on his pants. He obviously knew nothing about the White House. To be the first man the President sees when he wakes up in the morning and/or the last he sees before closing his eyes at night is the mark of final success in Washington, surpassed only by actually being President oneself, if then. Since the President normally sleeps in his own bedroom (the Secret Service leaves him little choice), the man who spoke to the Presi-

dent last is most likely to be the one who has just come from "the family quarters."

What transpires in the bedroom, what is actually said to you by the President, is of no real importance.

One special assistant was once praised by his President in a news conference with these words: "He was late for work this morning for the first time. He got in after the sun had been up and had to go pull the curtain, with the sun shining in my eyes. He is usually there early."

In Washington, a man can dine out on that kind of encomium for months. Far more important is the fact that you are free for the rest of the day to begin conversations with "The President told me in the bedroom this morning . . ." Most senior White House assistants consider this well worth getting up early for.

In answer to the question, "How do I get into the President's bedroom?" I cannot honestly advise the reader because I never made it. I did, however, once stand outside the President's bedroom door while the game was played, and was impressed.

A few of us had just finished a late working lunch in the President's private dining room, after which it was his intention to take a nap. (I would be equally suspicious of any President who failed to work through lunch and one who failed to nap afterwards; after all, your average President has gone to a great deal of trouble to earn the privilege of working at home, and this is certainly one of the major fringe benefits.) Our business was clearly finished when the President rose from the table, but since we had not specifically been dismissed, we (I believe there were five of us) strolled with the President from the dining room to the door of his bedroom. En route, a very senior member of the staff, whom I shall call SA#1, contrived to open a new line of conversation which, as he had correctly calculated, made it necessary for him to accompany the President through the open door to the bedroom.

This left four of us outside, two, including myself, much too new to the game even to realize that a game was in progress, much less join it. The gambit was, however, instantly clear to SA#2. As I recall the event, he seemed to be literally teetering on the balls of his feet, like an athlete waiting for the starter's gun, but this is probably an exaggeration of memory. Certainly he was engaged in the emotional equivalent of such action. During the micro-second it took him to reach a decision, I would suppose some such thought as this must have flickered across his mind:

"This conversation has absolutely nothing to do with me. . . . If I go in there and the President asks me what the hell I want, it could be embarrassing. . . . On the other hand, if I don't go in, I'll have to listen to that conniving little s.o.b. tell lies for the rest of the afternoon about what the Boss said to him. . . ."

He opted for the immediate risk rather than the longer-term certainty and plunged through the door. Meanwhile, SA#3 had also been assessing the situation and was already leaning forward. But he was too slow, and SA#2 was by far the shrewder player. As SA#2 moved through the doorway he reached aside with the fingertips of his right hand and, with a barely perceptible flick of the wrist, gently closed the door to the President's bedroom in the face of his charging colleague.

It will not, I'm sure, surprise the reader to learn that SA#2 survived long after #1 and #3 had vanished into the pages of history—if, indeed, they are to be found even there.

In the White House, like the Pentagon, proximity to power is essential; and here, unlike the Pentagon, the problem cannot be resolved by moving the Chief to a hot-dog stand.

The operative rule is: *A closet in the West Wing is better than a three-room suite anyplace else.* In my time there was a junior assistant who did moderately well by rejecting all offers of luxurious accommodations in either the Executive Office Building or the East Wing and settling, when all else failed, for a portion of the ladies' room in the West Basement.

Former Congressman Brooks Hays, who shared the East Wing of the White House with Arthur Schlesinger during the Kennedy years ("I think the President keeps me there in case Arthur ever gets any really *hard* questions"), used to tell friends who asked whether he was close to the President: "Politically and philosophically, yes. Geographically, I am somewhat like the lady back in my old congressional district who was pointed out to me as being nearly a hundred years old. I went up to her and asked, 'Did you see Halley's Comet?'"

"'Only from a distance,' she said, 'only from a distance.'"

The moral is, get as close to the top of the bureaucratic pyramid as possible, but remember: the base of the White House still rests on top of all the other pyramids of power. The lowliest member of the White House staff, so long as his name is listed on the White House switchboard, has all the power he needs to impress his whims on the rest of the government, the country, and possibly even the world. A call from the White House is not a call from the East Wing, the West Wing, or the EOB: it is a call from the White House. (Except to very senior career civil servants, which is one reason why you should never presume to call one. Stick to the Cabinet secretaries and *their* special assistants—nearly all of them will be long gone from the government before they really understand the game.)

Call your Cabinet officers directly, and preferably late at night. If the Secretary is not in his office, tell

the White House operator to reach him at home.

"Mr. Secretary, this is Julien Sorel, at the White House. I'm glad to find you still in the office."

"I'm not still in the office, Mr. Sorel, I'm at home. In bed. With my wife. But what can I do for you?"

"I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Secretary. I guess the President just assumed that you, of all people, would still be working. At any rate, just before the President went to bed he asked me to tell you that he would like to see that residual fuel oil report first thing in the morning."

"Just a minute, young man. You may not be aware of it, but I have a specific understanding with the President that I'm to get my marching instructions from him and nobody else."

"I understand that, Mr. Secretary. After all, you are a member of the Cabinet. All I can tell you is that when the President was putting on his pajamas a few minutes ago, he *did* ask me to call you, and he *did* say he'd like to have that report first thing in the morning. He's probably asleep by now, but if you'd like me to awaken him . . ."

"Look . . . Julien . . . I haven't had any sleep for eighteen hours. I'll get him the damned report. But do you think it *has* to be first thing in the morning? How about sometime in the afternoon?"

"Mr. Secretary—Bob—I'm reasonably sure I can stall him until lunch. If the question comes up, I'll tell him the messenger is en route."

"Julien, thank you—and I won't forget this."

With this dialogue, you have won the first round of Who Talked to the President Last. You have established your position within the Pyramid Club.

But—be careful. Winning the game against mere Cabinet officers is a far cry from outmaneuvering your colleagues on the White House staff. As remarked earlier, it is the difference between checkers and chess. Every practitioner will have to make his own clinical decisions, based on the situations he encounters—which will differ in significant detail from one Administration to another. President Nixon, for example, is maintaining a private study in the EOB which may mean that in *this* Administration the EOB is not necessarily Siberia. Some future President may enjoy the view from the East Wing, and that, again, will change the details. The fundamentals will remain.

Your greatest temptation will be to overplay your hand. This, in fact, is what ultimately happened to my colleague who talked his way into the President's bedroom after that lunch. Power went to his head. He became so confident that he left standing instructions with his secretary to tell all callers with whom he did not wish to speak: "I'm sorry, sir, but he's with the President." This eventually created an opportunity for another and wiser assistant to respond, "I don't know who *his* President is, but *my* President is standing right here—and would like very much to talk to him." □

HOW 114 WASHING MACHINES CAME TO THE CROW RESERVATION

by Earl Shorris

On the reservation surrounding the Custer Battlefield National Monument lives Roger Stops, soldier, truck driver, entrepreneur, and, like most contemplative men, a troublemaker.

The Custer Battlefield National Monument is one of the clearest indications of America's attitude toward Indians. There, on a round hill rising up from the Little Bighorn River, are the headstones marking the graves of the men who died in the battle. It is a small park, surrounded by the broken foothill land of the Crow Reservation. It is grassland, unkempt, barely useful for grazing, rising to mountains where great herds of elk still roam. On the highest hill in the immediate area, the place where the egomaniacal general was killed or committed suicide, is a graceful stone monument to Custer. Below it, the National Parks Department operates a small building housing artifacts and selling souvenirs, and below that, in the only stand of pines for miles around, are the rows of headstones.

It was probably the worst defeat the U.S. Army ever suffered, and it was the result of Custer's arrogance and stupidity matched against the brilliant tactics of Crazy Horse, Gall, and Two Moons. Popular history suggests that the odds in the fight were 400 cavalymen to 3000 or more Indian warriors. It is doubtful that there were so many Indians, for the Sioux and Cheyenne traveled with their families and their herds of horses. Such an encampment would have covered miles, and the problem of grazing the horses would have been insurmountable. However large the Indian force may have been, it was so inferior in terms of firepower that, had Custer been a moderately good tactician, he would have defeated the Indians or at least held them off until the next day when a larger force under orders from General Terry was due to meet him.

But Custer was a poor soldier as well as a fool. According to all accounts of the battle, he and five companies of cavalry were driven back from the river early in the battle by four Cheyenne. It was a humiliating defeat for the cavalry, and a great victory for the Indians, who were making a stand to keep the territory that had already been guaranteed them in several treaties.

Crow and Arikara scouts died along with Custer. The number of Sioux and Cheyenne who were killed in the battle is unknown, but the wailing of the mourners after the battle was said to have been terrible. Yet, there is no monument upon that hill to the Indians, patriots or traitors, who died there. It is as if Custer and his troops were killed by animals or invading aliens, or died of a plague.

Thousands of tourists visit the battlefield every year, passing through the Crow Reservation to get there. They come away, most of them, thinking that it was the Crow who defeated Custer, because the land is surrounded by the Crow Reservation. Perhaps that is the reason why they do not stop in the little reservation town called Crow Agency. Perhaps they are too angry at the people who "massacred" Custer. Some of them think the Crow are hostile and consider their trip across the reservation an adventure. Whatever the reason, they do not detour on their way to the battlefield, and Roger Stops is not rich. His nameless café is empty, and his laundromat is crumbling. The entrepreneur is behind in his payments, thinking of new schemes.

In midwinter, Crow Agency is a grim town. Dogs gather on the sidewalk, skidding on the thick gray ice. People come in to buy groceries, do their laundry, or pick up mail. Kids buy soda pop. The gas station closes at dark. There are no recreation facilities except a pool table in the café owned by a Mexican. A white woman walks across the snow-covered town square to the post office and general store. She wears a beautiful buckskin jacket. The Indians wear mackinaws and quilted jackets made of cheap synthetic fabrics. The clapboard buildings,

with the exception of the federal buildings and the church, are in need of paint. The weather stains everything; houses, cars, walkways are all dimmed as if seen through unevenly smoked glass.

By 6 o'clock on Saturday night the town is closed except for the two cafés and the laundromat. There is nothing to do but go to Hardin, and there is nothing to do in Hardin but get drunk. The occupations of Indians—making clothing and weapons, education through prayer and storytelling—and the diurnal rhythm of life have disappeared, but the occupations of Western leisure have not yet appeared. The choices of the evening are drunkenness, the peyote church, or boredom. Crow Agency, like so many other reservation towns, is held in limbo, knowing both poverties, dreaming of both riches.

The emptiness during the process of acculturation, the torpor of a managed life, and the resultant loss of will are perhaps the worst problems of reservation Indians, but they are not problems to which the Bureau of Indian Affairs addresses itself. The symptoms—alcoholism and suicide beginning at the age of twelve or fourteen years, the school dropout, the unwed mother, venereal disease—are a great concern, but the causes are ignored.

Yet, many of the people have been to the cities; and, like Roger Stops, who has soldiered in Europe and Asia and crossed America a hundred times in the cab of a truck, they have returned to the reservation, driving up out of the boxed valley at Billings, winding around the rocky grade, past scrub trees and a sudden pine, through the anachronism of Hardin, onto the winding road that suddenly breaks into a freeway, and home to Crow Agency or Lodge Grass, Fort Smith, Yellowtail, Pryor, or some nameless place in the Bighorn country, home to captivity to be free. If they are Cheyenne, they turn left at the Custer Battlefield and go east to Busby and Lane Deer. The boredom of the reservation is better than the loneliness of the city; poor land is better than a tenement; and what man would not rather be pitiable than comic? There is gossip at home, the ongoing saga of the extended family. A man can talk of his ancestors and question the acculturation of his children when he is at home; the city is a clock surrounded by asphalt and concrete, a crowded cage.

The problems of the Indian are the weights and measures of Roger Stops. He fills saucers with cigarette butts while contemplating them. During the day, he stands behind the counter of his café, drinking coffee, playing with his granddaughter, talking to her in Crow; sometimes he cooks a hamburger or sells bottles of soda pop or shouts to his wife or tells a kid that the jukebox is broken because he is not yet ready to hear it; the whole of his day is pocked with the problems of washing machines: change is needed, the rinse cycle has failed, a ma-

chine has spun itself into collapse, and then there are the dryers and children who make too much noise. Through it all, he smokes and schemes and practices the arts of exegesis and nostalgia on everything that touches his life. If only he had a little capital, enough for this machine, which is certain to . . .

His name is not Stops, but Stops-at-Pretty-Places; and it isn't Roger, not his Indian name; he is really Likes-to-Go-on-the-Warpath. He is a member of the Greasy Mouth clan on both sides, which is unusual for a Crow or any Indian, for it defies the function of the clan system. His wife is Mandan and Hidatsa, both of which are Siouan-speaking people, as are the Crow, but since Roger and his wife cannot easily speak to each other, the language in the home is almost always English. So Roger Stops speaks English to his wife and most of his customers, and Crow to his children and his friends.

He is a man of great bulk, more than six feet tall, wide at the shoulders and deep through the chest; after fifty-one years, his belly has begun to dominate: his shirt separates from his trousers when he stretches; he leaves his dapper brown shoes untied. On the Crow, Roger Stops is something of a celebrity because his brother died in combat in France during World War II. Roger believes that he survived Korea as well as World War II because the old men who gathered around to name him Likes-to-Go-on-the-Warpath said he would be safe in combat.

He achieved the rank of master sergeant, fighting without being injured, except for his teeth, which were knocked out by a comrade who jumped into his trench feet first. He tells of the incident by way of apologizing for having no teeth now.

After the Korean War, he decided to stay in the Army until he was able to retire, but he became ill. The army doctors diagnosed his illness as cancer of the stomach, operated on him to remove the cancer, then discharged him as incurable. He returned to the reservation to die, his body shriveled and weak at 146 pounds. "I came back here and took sweat baths and prayed," he said, "and I cured myself in the Indian way." He keeps a medicine bundle in his house, but he hesitates when asked about it, saying that he is afraid it will only make white men laugh. "The things in a medicine bundle are things we see in visions," he said; "they have the power of God in them. They don't look like much, a stone or a feather or a piece of fur; whites wouldn't understand."

He is a deacon in the Baptist Church, but he never goes to church. He is an Indian, and that is the way he and all Indians really believe, he says, proving his point with an anecdote: "They had a Pentacostal revival across the river [Little Bighorn], and they had an Indian woman over there. She was screaming and shouting the way they do, telling all the Indians to come and be saved. The next day,

she went around asking people to join. She came into my office and told me about it, what it had done for her. I told her she was spouting off like a dog doing what it was told, and I asked her if she was really an Indian. She told me she was an Indian and that she believed.

"So I asked her if she'd swear on the Bible she'd never committed adultery. She put her hand on the Bible and swore. Then I took down the bayonet from the wall, and I asked her to point the knife to the sun and say she never committed adultery and then lick the knife. And she said, 'You're trying to get me killed.'

"Oh, she'd swear on a stack of Bibles, but not in the Indian way."

It is a triumph for him, Christianity outwitted by a Crow. He calls himself a "dumb savage," saying that he never really went to school, that he preferred to stay outside and play with his "bow and arrows." It is a bitterness befitting a man conceived by Dostoevsky, and in the night, when the café is empty, Roger Stops retreats to his Underground in a laundromat. He locks himself into a storeroom, sitting on a high stool behind a discarded display counter or reclining on a couch of raw board and rags, filling the room with smoke, sweetly stale, suspended on the steam that pours from the washing machines and dryers, and reading Indian history or law.

The room is further decorated with a single shelf of books, a typewriter on a high stand, and a calendar. Outside, the washing machines and dryers roar and grind, and children shout over them, playing, aware though unconcerned that Stops is in his office reading Felix Cohen's book on Indian law, battling the Bureau of Indian Affairs with bookmarks and underlining. It is a room adjacent to Hell, and in it, contemplative and powerless, Stops turns the pages with enormous and slow hands, seeking the little victories that allow him another day. It is a terrible battle he fights, matching the little victories of language and wit against the realities of his life that crowd his memory.

"My grandfather was a full blood, a chief, but my father went to Haskell and learned to be a Christian. I remember my grandfather riding an old roan with his felt hat turned up in the front and wearing his braids. We had a farm; my father worked it. One time, my grandfather said to him, 'Hitch up a team and get a sack of spuds and a hind quarter of that beef hanging down by the creek and half the coal and some of the wood you cut, and bring them over to that man's house. He's sick and his family's hungry and cold.'

"There was a big blizzard then, and my father didn't want to do it. 'Oh, shit,' he said. But my

grandfather told him, 'Don't mumble at me. Go do it now.'

"My father used to get drunk and raise hell with the old man, and my grandfather would just sit there and listen and never say anything. Then, the next morning, he would tell him quietly, like he told me, 'You don't eat unless everybody eats, and you don't get warm until all the people are warm. That's our way.'

"But my father, he went on in his way, being a good Christian, until my mother died. Then one day he went up to her grave and cried like an Indian. We do that, we cry and moan, asking the one who's gone to take pity on us. We don't cry for them. We cry for ourselves. Then my father came into the café, and I fixed him a steak, and he said to me, 'Roger, did I do right? I don't think I lived a good way, and now it's too late to do anything about it.'

"'You done the best you know how,' I told him. 'You thought you were doin' good. That's the best you can do.'"

The declared purpose of Roger Stops's reading, scheming, and contemplation is "to help my people," but there would seem to be another purpose: the saving of himself. He works hard, two or three hours a day, on a Crow language project, thinking back on the old words, collecting them from his friends and customers, learning the structure and development of his own language, pleased to understand that the Crow words for dog and horse are actually "my horse" and "my real horse," and that they are linguistic proof of the history of domesticated animals among the Crow. He plans to translate the Bible into Crow, though he is not a Christian. There is no payment for the work, and it takes a subtle mind to understand how such an effort can be of help to his people. Though there is little doubt that Roger Stops is capable of such subtle thinking, it is also clear that the intellectual stimulation is a requisite of his own sanity, the lonely joy that sustains him through another day of overdue payments and lost customers.

He is bitter about the café owned by the Mexican, quick to point out that the Mexican's café is on deeded land rather than tribal land, and that the Mexican is not a Crow or married to a Crow. But the Mexican has the business. Stops does not know why, though he thinks it may have to do with the money owed to him. "I have eight thousand dollars on the books," he says, relating the debts to his business, explaining that people who owe him money do not feel comfortable in his café. But it is more than that: when he ran for tribal office, he got only two hundred votes, a poor showing, but better than his running mate, Henry Old Coyote, who got only thirty-six votes.

Like most contemplative men Roger Stops is a troublemaker. The lonely hours of books and mind give rise to a private vision, the synecdochic meta-

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phor is made, and anything that disputes the metaphor must be opposed. There is a strength in it, the power of will, but it also contributes to further loneliness, fewer customers, fewer cronies who will brave the roar of the laundromat to knock on his office door and pass an hour in conversation.

In the privacy of his office, Stops has rethought some of the history of his tribe. He does not see the Crow and the Sioux in times past as bitter enemies. Rather, he envisions a purely ritualistic competition between the tribes, one in which honor was of supreme importance. "They used to camp together," he says. "They'd say to each other, 'This man says he took two of your horses and counted coup on one of your warriors around the time of first buffalo calves; is that true?' They compared notes, checked out each other's stories. It wasn't war."

He will not admit that the Indians were conquered. "The land was taken from them in a businesslike way," he says, "by legal treaties. The government granted them certain privileges in return for the land." He pauses over the statement to reflect on his choice of words. "Privileges? I guess I'm just used to thinking of government that way." It is a strange view of history, but it is not entirely fanciful. The Crows never fought the whites, realizing from the beginning that such a war was hopeless. And if surrender to an invader can be considered as something other than conquest, it is no less practical a view of history than that of Injun Charley: the conquered are no less in need of comfort than the conquerors. "It was strictly business," he says. "The Indians only wanted to save their people. If we had known what they wanted, we would have given it to them." The neighboring Sioux could easily have answered that question for the Crow; they called the white man He-Takes-Everything. Stops knows that, knows the word and the history, but he is concerned with saving face for his ancestors; if there is to be a resurrection, there must be a nadir, the descent cannot be infinite.

Brooding and hopelessness are the occupations of Indians; the managed life allows little else: an Indian cannot plan his future, the BIA does that; he cannot decide what to do with his land, his crops, or his herd, the BIA has rules for that; he cannot even enjoy the prerogatives of power within his own tribe, the BIA superintendent has veto power. He is neither a free man nor a captive; weeping and dreaming have the same value in his life.

Roger Stops, soldier, truck driver, and entrepreneur, rejects the psychology of the managed life in his businesses and in his attitude toward the BIA. But he cannot escape the reality of it: when he argued with a BIA official, the official was not unpleasant to him, nor did he do anything that could be considered a direct reprisal. Instead, the federal government quite suddenly purchased 114 washing machines and distributed them to the Crows. "I used

to make \$35 to \$37 a day in the laundromat," said Stops, "good money. Now I can't meet my payments. I don't know what to do. The whole tribe is watching me, waiting to see if I make it."

He refuses to pay his water bill, citing an obscure passage in a treaty as his authority. It may cut back on his expenses for a while, but 114 free washing machines is more than he can cope with. He is thinking of turning his laundromat into a recreation center for the young people on the reservation, something beyond the occasional movies shown by the churches and the pinball machines and jukebox that now serve that purpose. The problem is that such a place couldn't support itself.

Then what will he do? A bar? Liquor will soon be made legal on Indian reservations. "No," he says, "I'd never serve liquor, even if it was legal. We can't handle it. I can't handle it myself. I found that out in the Army, where I thought it was a privilege to be able to belly up to the bar. No, I wouldn't serve liquor here. Now the kids can stay home with their mothers while their fathers go to Hardin. If I opened up a bar here, the kids wouldn't have their mothers either."

So he schemes. He has a plan to make money from selling a photographic gimmick to tourists. As a start on the scheme he has built a darkroom in his laundromat. "You wouldn't think a dumb savage could learn that all by himself," he said. He smiles proudly and runs his hands through his hair, like huge combs. It is a gesture of concern encroaching on the pride. Everywhere he turns there are restraining enemies. "I fight the BIA in my own way," he says. "I don't join any of those organizations. But it's hard to fight them, because they can always get you, like the guy with the washing machines. I made trouble for him, so he ruined my business. You can't go to the tribal council and complain because the chairman is in on it. At the tribal fair not one Indian had a concession. I wanted to run a concession, but they asked me for a payoff, and I told them I wouldn't do it."

Even when the federal government seems to be helping, the Indians are, in his view, somehow made to suffer. "I knew a guy in Los Angeles," he says, "who wanted to get into a relocation program. He went to the Bureau, and they told him he had to go back to the reservation to apply for relocation in Los Angeles. He didn't go; he couldn't." And then there is the new Boy Scout camp. The tribe donated one hundred sixty acres of land, and an Office of Economic Opportunity Community Action Program supplied the money to build a fine camp on the land. Stops describes the camp proudly, giving details of the construction and operation. Then he shakes his head: "The first year it was for Indian kids. Now they say the OEO rules prohibit discrimination because of race. The camp has to be opened up to white kids from Billings. By next summer there won't be room for any Indian kids

up there. Another hundred and sixty acres is gone."

When there are visitors to his smoky office, they come with serio-comic deference. Stops once participated in a land-leasing negotiation which raised the rate per acre from ten cents to sixty cents. He once helped to get surplus commodities distributed on the reservation, about which he says, "Our people didn't feel like it was charity. They took it as a victory over the white man. They outsmarted him." Those are his successes; there have also been failures. He is a sorcerer of dubious powers, poring over his ragged books, marking the possibilities, making war on the white man with his own logic.

George Mad Bear, tidy in his windbreaker and cowboy hat in contrast to the thorough dishabille of Stops, takes his wife to the laundromat, visiting in the small office for the duration of one complete washing-machine cycle. He and Stops discuss their victory over the state of Montana. Mad Bear had been notified by the state that he had to pay back taxes and interest for three years during which he was employed by the federal government on the reservation. The Legal Services office on the reservation told him they could not take his case, because his income was too high for him to qualify under the OEO rules. The lawyer, however, did give him some advice: he told Mad Bear to pay the taxes and the penalties, although he admitted that he had no specific information on the subject.

Mad Bear had no knowledge of the law, but he did not understand why he had been singled out to pay state taxes. He took the problem to Roger Stops, who consulted his books and determined that

an Indian employed by the federal government and living on a reservation was not obliged to pay taxes to the state of Montana. They wrote a letter to their U.S. representative, who confirmed the opinion. A few weeks later, Mad Bear walked by the Legal Services office. The young lawyer called out to him, "George, about those state taxes, you don't have to pay them. I got the information." Mad Bear said, "Yes, I know. I had them send it to you."

The dissident sorcerer is not the only one who knows, but he is an Indian, he is the one who cares. Where else can those who are governed without their consent turn for help? The enemy of power is surrounded by washing machines and soda pop bottles. His hair is grown long, reaching for his collar. He has no connections among the college students who conduct sit-ins and make rage in the newspapers. His fingernails are thick and rimmed with black. He does not tie his shoes. He is toothless, and fat has begun to round away the character of his face. But he is an ally against the BIA, the OEO, and the officials of the tribe. He can say with them, "They tried to destroy us for five hundred years, and now we're destroying ourselves." Dreams of freedom and self-determination are symbolized in his dissent.

Roger Stops understands his position in the tribe. It is not what he expects of himself, but it is all he can do. "This is the only culture I know," he said. "Everything I do is trying to achieve a higher state in the Indian way. But I was brought up in war, and now I fry hamburgers for a living. I'm degraded in the eyes of my people." □

MR. FIDDLER

lived in a redbrick house
subdued to maroon. Two pale white pillars
like dying graces framed his door.
In Mr. Fiddler's backyard it was always afternoon.
Under the broken nests of lilac bushes
the pale green fire of new grass
flickered, went out.
The trees above embraced each other
in a kind of despair. Blackbirds there
would bluster a bit, but always flew.

The leaves
(always the leaves from last fall)
lay in cordovan leather layers
over the ragged shades of the flower beds,
from which, occasionally,
in the wrong season,
something small and lavender would give up the ghost.

by Robert Siegel

INTIMACY

A story by Ralph Maloney

The xeroxed map was wrong; the boy was right. When they reached the fork where an arrow on the scoutmaster's rude drawing pointed left, Harry started left. Brian cried out in a loud panic, exactly as his mother gave driving directions. "Straight ahead! Straight ahead!" He was very nervous. It was enough to arrive in a funny-looking car with a father who was not private property, whom people could see on television. But to get to the camp-out last, with presumably a scouting civilization erected and waiting for them, and with no excuse for being late but the folly of getting lost, was all too much. Harry could smell the nerves on him. "We hiked it last winter," Brian said, less loudly.

They stopped. Harry smoothed the map on his knee. "Here we are," he said, pointing, "and here's where Charlie Citizen says turn left."

"The camp is straight ahead," Brian said. "We hiked it."

"Tell you what," Harry said. "Maybe he took you a long way around on the hike, for the exercise, you know?" Brian nodded, not believing at all, but agreeable. "Maybe this is a shortcut. We'll try it for five minutes. If it all looks silly or impossible, we'll come back and go your way."

"OK," Brian said.

"Well, Jesus Christ, kid, I didn't draw this map." Harry put the car in gear and turned left. "I mean if I drew the map it would have naked ladies in the margins, right?" Harry always doodled nudes, on the telephone pad, on scripts.

"Right!" Brian said, and he laughed. Naked ladies made him laugh. He was that age.

They drove on the scoutmaster's route until the road petered out, narrowed to a track beside a swamp. They asked directions of a man gardening at the edge of the swamp, a man so purely Greek of feature that Harry was surprised he spoke English. He directed them back to the main road, Brian's route. "You were right all the time, kid," Harry said. He did not add that the scoutmaster was an

overpowering jerk because Brian deeply admired the man. He formed odd loyalties, Brian did, but they were strong loyalties, and he would not have them stepped on.

They arrived at the camp-out site among the first half dozen of some thirty father-son groups expected. "We're early!" Brian cried, shrill as a girl, delighted to be safe from ridicule on that score. As they were unloading the camping gear from the back seat and the trunk, Harry said, "I wish you wouldn't . . ." and stopped. They climbed a muddy rise toward a monster cookout pavilion, all cement and fireplaces. "Wouldn't what, Dad?" Brian said.

I wish you weren't prettier than the prettiest girl in all your schools. I wish you wouldn't be embarrassed because a Citroën is not a Ford station wagon. I wish you were not so vulnerable to ridicule.

"Wouldn't what, Dad?"

They entered the pavilion. "What I was going to say, I guess, is I wish you wouldn't let things bother you like this, wouldn't let . . ."

"Like what?"

"Well, like you were afraid we'd be late and everybody would make fun of you because I got lost."

"I wasn't afraid," Brian said.

"I don't mean exactly afraid. That's not quite the word."

"I wasn't."

"OK."

The scoutmaster, Hyatt, a great stone block of a man, greeted them. His baritone boomed and hammered off the cement floor and the vast, low ceiling. "Everybody put your gear here. (He was addressing only Harry and Brian.) We'll all camp in the shelter. Looks like rain. Hello, Brian."

"Hello, Mister Hyatt," Brian said shyly.

Harry shrugged the pack higher on his back so the tent roll cushioned his neck. "We have a tent. I think we'll make our camp up on the hill. Come on, kid." He was jealous of Hyatt. They went out



of the pavilion and across a clearing with a bonfire stacked in it and up a path, Harry leading. It was a steep climb on a rough path, and Harry was soon winded. "Hey," Brian said, as a sort of beginning. Harry's knee hurt anyway, and he stopped. "What's on your mind?"

"I wish you wouldn't be so tough on Mister Hyatt."

"Tough on him? I didn't *mention* his goddamned map. Wait till the other fathers get through with him."

Brian climbed on past, head down, watching the trail. "You were pretty rude."

"Well, he's a horse's ass! Everybody sleep on the concrete! Christ!" But the boy's choice of word hit him where he felt jealousy. Rude. Harry started climbing again. "But he likes you and you like him, so he can't be all bad. I'll mind my manners." They camped high on the hill, fifty feet above the last fireplace. Harry pleased himself and apparently interested his son recalling camp facts he had learned in the Army. They put their tent up as an open shelter with one flap straight out and the other closed to the wind. Brian blew up the air mattresses while Harry dug a shallow ditch uphill of the tent in case of rain, all the while explaining the why and

how. They put the air mattresses under the tent and spread their sleeping bags on them. They built a fire against a big rock, above which the trees opened to form a natural flue. Harry pointed out the flue, and Brian, looking up, said "Tough." They collected flat rocks and put them around the fire for safety and to heat, so they could be cooked on later. Then Harry led Brian along a logging road in a search for a running stream. "We can drink from it and wash mess kits in it, and we won't have to drag water up from down below." There was no stream, although there were old stream beds that Harry pointed out.

After a mile mostly downhill on the logging road, Harry turned them around. His knee hurt. "Be nothing but still water down from here. Ponds and puddles. They're not clean. Looks like we'll have to haul water up the hill."

"I'll bring it up," Brian said. "I don't mind." They started back uphill. Harry's knee ached, but he did not favor it. The love of a beautiful woman is supposed to cure everything, but having a son who is a hell of a nice kid cures a lot, too.

Back at camp they had ham-baloney sandwiches and Cokes. Brian decided to try out his sleeping bag, just for size, and was asleep before he had the bag zipped. He had been too excited to sleep much the night before, and the morning had been a time of terrible anxiety for him. Harry liked very much to think that Brian had at last relaxed when he saw his father knew about, could cope with, woods and fire and water. While the boy slept, Harry took the *Times* from the knapsack hanging on a tree and read the reviews and the sports pages and watched his son sleep. The boy was a beauty, and he was very bright, and he had been blessed with his mother's courage. He was marked exceptional at birth, but he wanted so to be ordinary. *It will all fit together when you're about nineteen*, Harry told him, *but you got a lousy seven, eight years ahead of you. Good luck.*

He woke Brian in midafternoon, so the boy would not sleep himself out. They played catch on the road, then gathered a great heap of deadwood for the fire. They were sitting with their backs against the same tree, splitting a Coke and watching the sun go orange on the next ridge, when Hyatt's voice boomed in the forest. "All Webeloes! A meeting! On the double!" Brian jumped up as though stung. "Webeloes! Meeting! On the double!" Hyatt boomed again. "I'd like to go right now," Brian said, actually pale with urgency.

"OK. Go right now," Harry said.

"You'll be all right?"

"I'll be fine, handsome. You get on down."

Brian ran down the steep trail in breakneck

double strides. Other boys joined him on the trail, running the same heedless downhill way. Harry walked back to the tent, feeling and recognizing and discarding a jealousy of Hyatt's power, and he was hit by a tremendous thirst.

On the drive up to the camp-out, Harry had seen, out of a corner of his eye that would not close, a roadhouse. He remembered with the touring alcoholic's keen precision where the roadhouse was and how long it had taken to get from there to the camp. He stood now and took stock. He had money, forty dollars he had brought along "in case we have car trouble." (In case we have car trouble near a liquor store.) He had also to consider his honest intent, fortified by a private and therefore sacred vow, to stay dry, as dry as the boy, for this single, simple overnight in the woods. And he considered the howling in his belly and bloodstream, in the hollow hours of the day, for his customary swift sundown overdose of alcohol. He eased down the trail to a turning, not yet committed and quivering with indecision. All the boys were gathered in the pavilion. Beyond the pavilion was the parking lot, where Harry's car, certainly by design, blocked traffic. He had the gift of unconscious foresight. There were forces now in motion he could not control. He *had* to go down and move the car. He continued down the trail with a stately tread he had learned doing Lear in Canada, but with electricity in his knees. He made a wide circle around the pavilion, down to the car, and got in the front seat and shut the door softly. The starter made a great racket in the stillness, and Harry looked up and saw Brian watching him from the fringe of the group of boys. Harry in dumb show indicated he was only reparking the car. Brian looked away. "It's blocking traffic," Harry said aloud to the window, "I'll be right back." He drove off.

Harry had three martinis at the roadhouse, as fast as his stomach would accept them, and drove back toward camp. At the crossroads, in the gathering dark, he saw the Greek gardener of the morning smiling and pointing to the right. Perhaps the man had had so many visitors during the day he had given up gardening and become a signpost. Harry waved and drove on. He parked the car solemnly at the very rear of the lot, shut off the engine, and broke a spectacular sweat. In all, he had been gone less than forty minutes.

At camp, Brian had a big fire going, much too high to cook over, and he had mess kits and utensils spread about him and hamburger in aluminum foil in his hand, and no place to go but up. Forlorn. Harry plunged into the making of dinner with skill and great cheerful energy. He taught Brian to cook on the open fire, and they ate hamburgers and beans until they stalled. There were dishes to be done

This is the eighth *Atlantic* story by Ralph Maloney, a New Englander and a Harvard graduate.

then, and pleading his aching knee, Harry sent Brian downhill with a tangle of mess gear in either hand and a flashlight clipped to his belt. To do his part, or seem to be doing his part, Harry hung both sleeping bags before the fire. Almost suddenly Brian was back, the mess kits, astonishingly, immaculate. "Mister Hyatt helped me. He's going to light the bonfire now. We're going to sing and everything and tell ghost stories. Will you come down?"

What sweet urgency. "Sure," Harry said. "Let me get my flashlight." There was a great leaping bloom of yellow fire in the valley, followed by a dull explosion. At the tree, getting his flashlight from the knapsack, Harry felt a blaze on his cheek like a great sudden shame. "Napalm," he said. They started downhill in the glare of the new fire. There were shrill screams below, then cheering and young laughter. Brian surged toward the noise and stopped at the turning. "All the fathers are in Mister Marcucci's tent," he said. "I'll walk on down with you anyway," Harry said. He was thinking that the only water came from a frail solitary spigot, that his car was parked now so deep in the lot he'd never get it out, that he and Brian were too high on the hill if the wind changed. And he was thinking that if fifty thousand acres of forest went up in flames in the night and he, Harry Hall the actor, were found charred and spastic in his sleeping bag, he would be blamed for smoking in bed and Hyatt, with his homemade napalm eruption, would be awarded perhaps the Carnegie Medal for alertly pissing on the pavilion roof.

When they got to the clearing where the great fire was, Harry discovered that the shrill noise came from boys who had lost their eyebrows or lashes or forelocks in the explosion. Hyatt, with stout baritone laughter, was incorporating his judgment error into the camping mystique. "It'll all grow in again boys," he called manfully. "Not like mine!"

Fire has been exactly described as greedy, and this fire reached, reached, for the trees in the dark beyond. Harry gently pushed Brian down on a log far from the blaze. "Horse's ass," he said.

"Don't say anything to him, will you?"

"No. I'll go up to Marcucci's tent with the other fathers. Have a good time. I'll see you back at camp."

"Good night," Brian said absently. He surrendered his perfect profile agape to the fire and the Webeloe-camp-out-singalong-ghost-story camaraderie he had been promised.

The Marcucci camp offered more comforts than most standard housing. Marino was on his sixth boy-scout son and had camping equipment sufficient to a Corps headquarters. A yellow tarpaulin secured to four trees roofed a central area, with pup tents around it and a vigorous fire beyond. Men sat or stood, drinking from beer cans or plastic cups. Harry knew them all from Little League, scouts,

PTA, swim team, adult basketball, and related suburban frolics. They truly didn't like him because their wives truly did, and because he was an actor and didn't *do* anything. Yet they greeted Harry with a fireside grudging gruffness that said, flako or otherwise, he was another daddy and welcome. "A drink, Harry," Marino Marcucci said, holding up a bottle in a striped ditty bag.

"No, thanks," Harry said. "I thought maybe I wouldn't drink until my kid did. Just today, anyway."

A big red-headed lieutenant of police named Sullivan laughed in his face. "We saw you scoot down the mountain in that Citroën. You came back up smilin'."

Harry laughed, too. "You got me. All right, Marino, I'd love a drink." Marcucci filled a green cup with whiskey. Harry saluted the gathering and drank. He sat on the floor, and the conversation went back to what it had been, which was lousy.

"They're movin' up this way," an accountant named Auser said. "It's a shame, too. Everything they touch turns to shit."

"We got total war goin' on uptown," Sullivan said. "Cops go out in threes, always in cars. Pretty soon we'll be sending them out in squads with tommy guns. There's a fire alarm, we hafta empty out a precinct to cover the firemen. Snipers with rifles. Bricks and bottles from the roofs. They're fuckin' animals."

It went on like that. Harry sipped his drink but otherwise kept his mouth shut. He felt physically small, as he often did in the company of men, except when he was working. However, man talk has its mystique, and there are rules, and one's turn to speak revolves like the bidding in bridge. Harry passed two or three times, drinking whiskey to stop feeling small, until he felt Sullivan staring at him.

"Don't look at me," Harry said. "I've been in show business since I was eight years old. Negroes taught me to dance, juggle, get on and off, half of what I know." It was a simple enough thing to say, but Harry found that it drew on his courage to say it.

"You're lucky," Sullivan said, nodding mysteriously. "You don't have to live with it. You don't see what we all see." He waved his beer can to include the other men, the workers, men who *did* things. "You're lucky."

The concept, commonly held, that what an actor earns and builds for himself is due to good looks and dumb luck infuriated Harry Hall. And, of course, there was whiskey in him. "Lucky because I was doin' three a day when you were playing ring-a-lievo? What the hell is lucky about that?" Harry stood. "Marino, give me another little taste, will you?" Marcucci came forward with the striped ditty bag and poured only a taste into Harry's cup.

"Belafonte, Poitier, Sammy Davis, Junior!" Sullivan said. "What the hell do you know about Har-

lem or who's moving in up here next month, next year?"

"Hey, Red," Harry said, calling from his diaphragm to kill any quaver. "Who'd you hate before niggers? Who you gonna hate next? You got any plans? What if they work and learn and fit in and make it? Who you gonna hate then, Red?" He saw clearly that Sullivan would hate Harry Hall next, and had already started.

"That's enough. Not in my tent," Marino said.

"I don't worry about it," Sullivan said. His eye was hard on Harry, his hand with a cigarette in it steady before his face. "It won't happen in my time or my kids' time or their kids' time. You can fall out of a tree any day, but it takes a hundred years to walk like a man."

"OK," Harry said. "I'll see you around." He drank off his drink and handed the cup to Marcucci. "Thanks, Marino. Next year I'll bring up whiskey and you can come drink with me."

"All right, Harry. I'll remember that."

Nobody asked him to stay. Harry walked rapidly off in the dark, out of earshot. He didn't want to hear what Red Sullivan had to say next. Down the hill boys shrieked in mischief, and Hyatt's voice boomed. Harry turned on his flashlight and started up the path. Above him on the path there was another body with a flashlight before it. While Harry's heart did not leap up, it gave a small jump. "Who's there?" Brian said, scared in the dark.

"Cyrano de Bergerac."

"Hey, Dad," Brian said. "I thought you were still at Marcucci's."

They went on up the path together. "Didn't work out," Harry said. "How come you left the bonfire?"

"Didn't work out either," Brian said. "Mister Hyatt told a corny ghost story, scared nobody, then we all sang 'Workin' On the Railroad' over and over because it was the only song the man with the ukulele knew the chords to."

"You should have played."

"Come on."

"I know." At the camp, Harry put the want-ad section of the *Times* on the coals of their fire and laid deadwood on top. A blaze jumped up at once. Harry held Brian's sleeping bag open to the heat until it steamed with some forgotten moisture, then he closed it and put it on the boy's mattress. Brian took off his sneakers and got in. "Wow! Hot," he said. "You know, Dad, can I tell you something?"

That meant solemn time. "Sure." Harry held his own sleeping bag open to the fire.

"The thing is it was all right down there. Everybody was having a good time. I was having a pretty good time, too. I guess. But I really wasn't. The kids were running around and goosing each other and screaming. Mister Hyatt couldn't get them to

settle down and have a real, you know, camping party."

"That's too bad," Harry said, beginning to like Hyatt a little, in spite of the jealousy. "That's a shame."

"Then all the kids started to sneak off to raid each other's camps. They were all around, screaming in the dark. That's why I came up here. To guard our camp."

"Good man." Harry spread his sleeping bag on the mattress and knelt on it.

"Boy, I'm tired," Brian said.

"Been a long day. Go to sleep." There was no need to say it. Brian fell asleep like a ball rolling off a table. Harry watched him. A beauty. His mother wanted him to model, do commercials, put the money in trust for his education, his marriage. Harry wanted him to have a childhood. But his extraordinary looks, and people and events, seemed to conspire against a childhood for Brian. Perhaps some of us are not meant to have childhoods. I wasn't. Christ wasn't. Maybe childhood was another dumb mystique, another lie.

With a pang like being skewered on a ragged stick Harry wanted to get in with the boy and hold him as he did in bed when Brian had flu or a bad dream. To smell his cleanliness before it was gone, to feel the fragile, warm back buckled to his body. To hold, to hold him, one more time, while he was still a child.

Harry got into his sleeping bag and zipped it up. Then he reached and zipped Brian's bag shut. He kept his fingers in the great plastic loop at the top of the zipper and lay back and waited for sleep. □

A DOOR

This is a place where a door might be
here where I am standing
in the light outside all the walls

there would be a shadow here
all day long
and a door into it
where now there is me

and somebody would come and knock
on this air
long after I have gone
and there in front of me a life
would open

by W. S. Merwin

VEGA. IT DOESN'T STAND ALONE.

One big difference between Chevy's new little car and other new little cars is that Chevy's new little car is actually two new little cars.

Also a new little wagon.

Also a new little truck.

What that means is, if you don't happen to be the 2-door sedan type, you can still find happiness in a Vega.

For example, you could go with our hatchback coupe, the sporty little blue job in the picture below. Sporty, but also very handy. The whole back end opens up and the back seat folds down so you can use about half the car for cargo if the occasion ever arises. And it probably will.

Then there's the Vega Kammback

wagon. It has a personality all its own. It also has: bucket seats, a fully carpeted interior, our peppy overhead cam engine, front disc brakes, 3-on-the-floor, power ventilation, all standard.

The Vega panel truck has one seat and 68.7 cubic feet of loadspace inside of it. Which is quite a lot of loadspace for a truck that's only about 14 feet long.

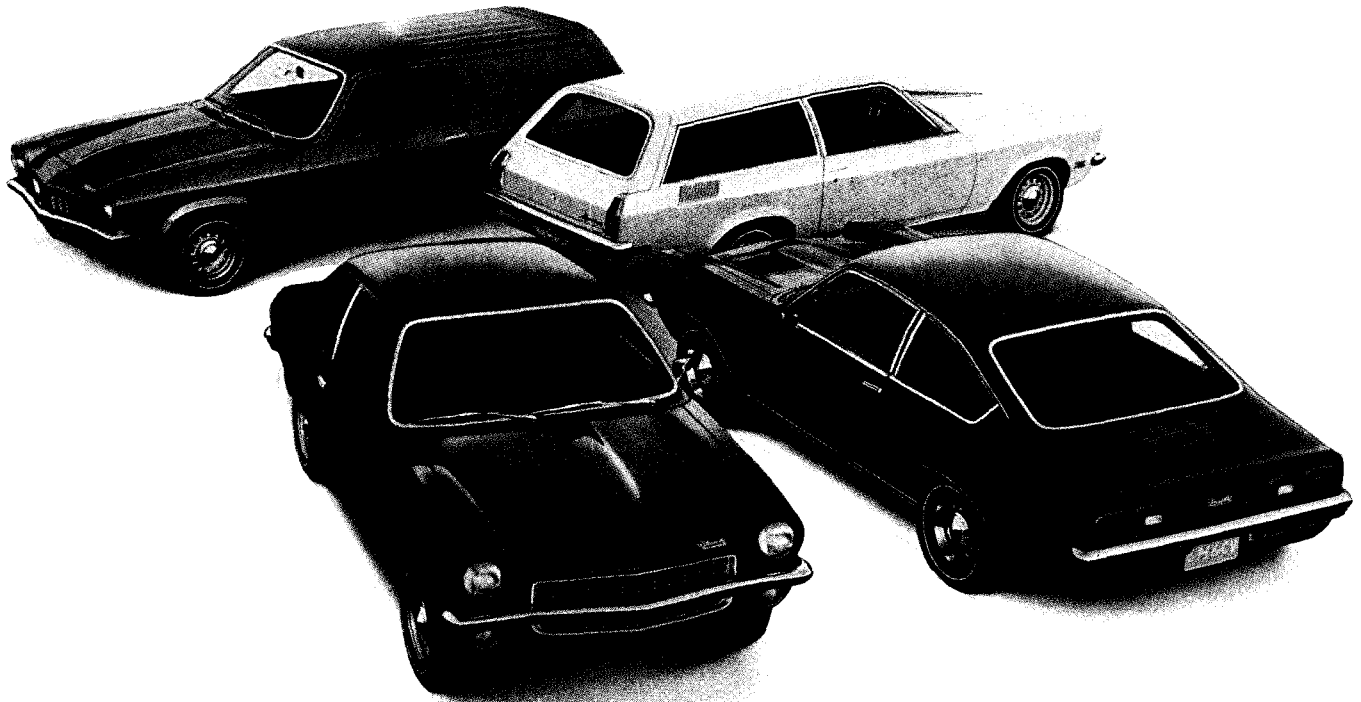
Once you've looked around at other little cars, we think you'll find it's no problem choosing between a Vega and something else.

What's tough is choosing between a Vega and a Vega.

And a Vega.

And a Vega.

Your Chevrolet dealer can help.



DOLL

(unrhymed, unrefrained double Ballade)

by Menke Katz

Sappho, how strange to meet you in toytown,
in the contest of dolls with names of old,
wondrous poets. Here is Homer, a blind
doll laughing with a Homeric laughter;
Alcman, the doll in love with four dactyls.
Hail Sappho, winner of the doll parade!

Sappho, Miss Toytown, child-god, did you know,
children like dolls tire of too much beauty?
Now in your decline, you languish at a
child's feet, with bruised roses on your cheeks, with
a scarred mouth, molded to kiss the "dust of
Timas," the bride who died in your poem.

Your hair torn, the braids knotted like a noose.
Mad combs gnash at me with their broken teeth.
June budding on my street sighs over you,
as through the blossoms of a child's grave.
I vow by the gods and little fishes,
to heal your every sore, until death dies.

My gay garret is your doll hospital.
I bathe, comb, adorn you: with poke bonnets,
a gown with folds falling in a cascade,
gemmed shoes, fit for the dance of an elf-queen,
earrings to ravish the charm of legends,
a key to open the locked song of rocks.

We share our destiny: mine, the shade, yours —
the light of solitude. Only sorrow is mine.
My fate is to grumble against the winds;
yours, to smile to the end of misery.
I touch you like the forbidden apple
on the highest bough which no one can reach.

It is late, you played with every wonder,
heard your poems carved on the "one girl" bed.
Time to sleep, you close your doll eyelids,
like Aphrodite listening to your ode.
May you dream you are a live prankful child
of Manhattan, O Sappho, my tenth muse.

ENVOY

Sappho, traveling thousands of years through
the steep miles of centuries you arrived
at the beginning, breaking out of each
time-bound bolt, you are free of the ages,
you are now superhuman as a doll,
a little girl who knows life beyond life.

THE RICHARD M. NIXON LIBRARY

Some modest proposals

by Edward Sorel

Death follows life. Winter follows fall. Libraries follow Presidents. Richard M. Nixon will have his library just as his predecessors have had theirs. It is foolish to argue with the inevitable, and the city council of Whittier, California, would be the last to try. For it is in Whittier that past, present, and future Nixonia is slated to reside. City Manager N. Keith Abbott has found the "perfect site"—a hillside plot near Whittier College, Mr. Nixon's alma mater—and he has authorized several architects to prepare drawings to show the President.

Now, before these plans go any further, before any more architects are called in, before friends of the President start putting the touch on West Coast fat cats to "start the ball rolling," before the bulldozers show up, I should like to make one thing perfectly clear: Whittier is not the place to build the Nixon Library.

More to the point, California is not the right state. It was, after all, the scene of Nixon's most humiliating defeat. Now, can anyone, after the events of 1962, suggest that any town in California is "the perfect site"? Would it not be more fitting to build this edifice in an area where our President has triumphed? Placing the Nixon Library in California is about as appropriate as placing Napoleon's tomb near Waterloo or the Johnson Library in Woodstock.

One alternative to Whittier is Bay Biscayne. Floridians have always been strong supporters of the President, and the Elysian climate there is certain to attract many visitors to a repository of Nixonia. Bebe Rebozo, a native of that area and a close friend of the President's, is reported to be very keen on having the library there. Rumor has it that he has, in fact, already spoken to the Presi-

dent about the possibility of building the library as the central feature of an enclosed, air-conditioned shopping mall.

But the logical site for the Nixon Library is neither Whittier nor Bay Biscayne. It is Wall Street.

THE RICHARD M. NIXON LIBRARY AND MISSILE SITE

Since any edifice dedicated to Mr. Nixon would be a prime target for an enemy attack, it must be protected. The Library itself will be unique on two counts: (1) it will be run by a private corporation with authority to franchise other Nixon Libraries throughout the country; (2) it will be made entirely of plastic.



It was to Wall Street that Mr. Nixon came after his shattering defeat of 1962, and it was there that he recovered his physical and emotional health. There, mid the canyons of cold steel and glass, locked into Musaked elevators and whisked away in dark, impersonal limousines, the plucky Californian worked hard and long under flickering fluorescents until he had achieved those legal and financial victories that were to prepare him for the presidency. On Wall Street the Nixon Library would become, like the Statue of Liberty, a landmark that the foreign visitor or returning American could look for as he sailed into New York Harbor.

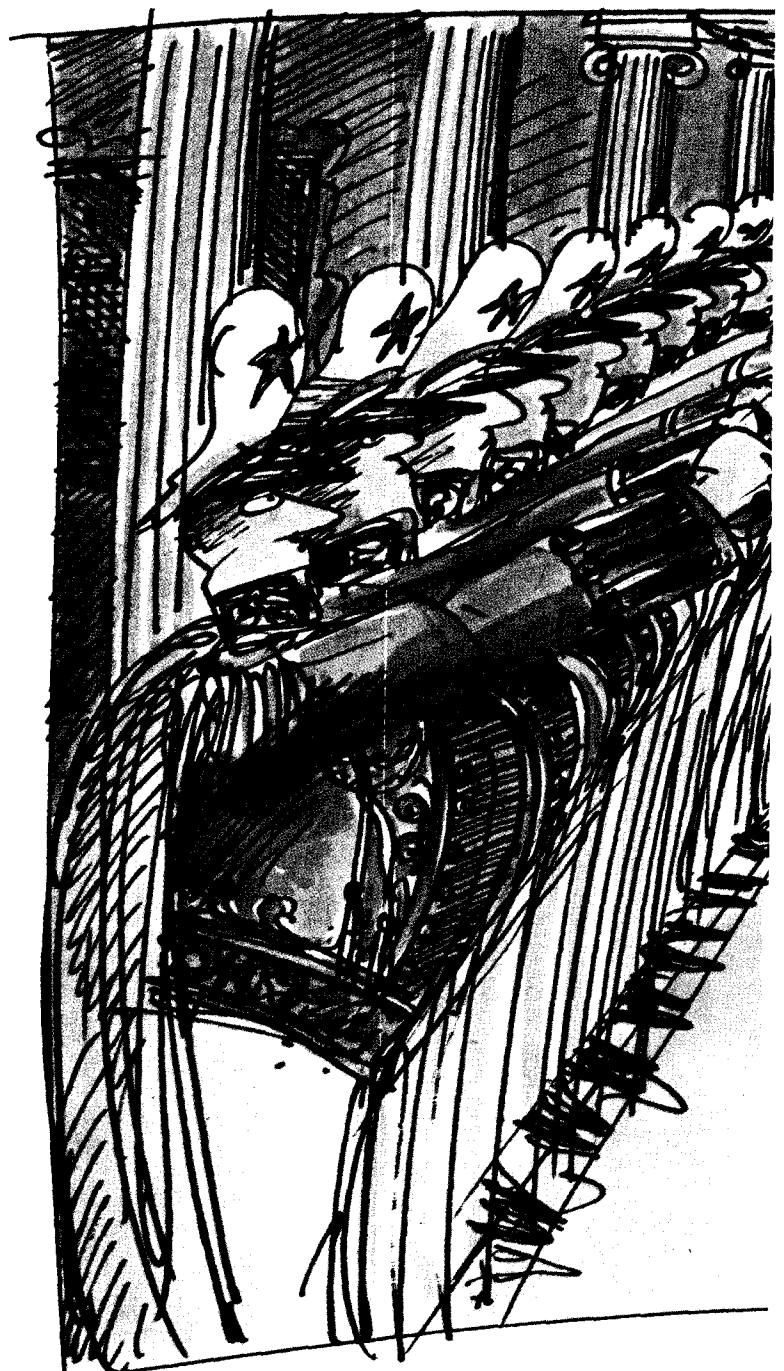
As for the library itself, it should be—or should strive to be—that which so few presidential libraries are: a true and honest reflection of the man it celebrates. For this reason I suggest that the entire building and management of the library be turned over to the private sector. There is no reason why the Nixon Library should not realize a healthy profit. The time has come for presidential libraries to drop their tax-deductible status, pull themselves up by their own bootstraps, and take their rightful place in the free-enterprise community of man.

My plans for the Nixon Library attempt to do just that. I respectfully submit them for the President's consideration.



THE OATH OF ENTRANCE

Although we all believe that intelligent, nonviolent dissent is healthy in a democracy, we must nevertheless protect the Library against vandalism from radical-liberals. I therefore suggest that all visitors be required to affirm their loyalty to God and country before purchasing tickets. If possible, admission should be kept within the President's price guidelines. Corporation executives, with or without their parents, will be admitted at half price.



THE MAIN HALL

Reflecting Mr. Nixon's concern with "the little fellow," the Library will greet all visitors with a salute of crossed swords from the Library's guards. Their uniforms, of course, will be designed by the President himself.

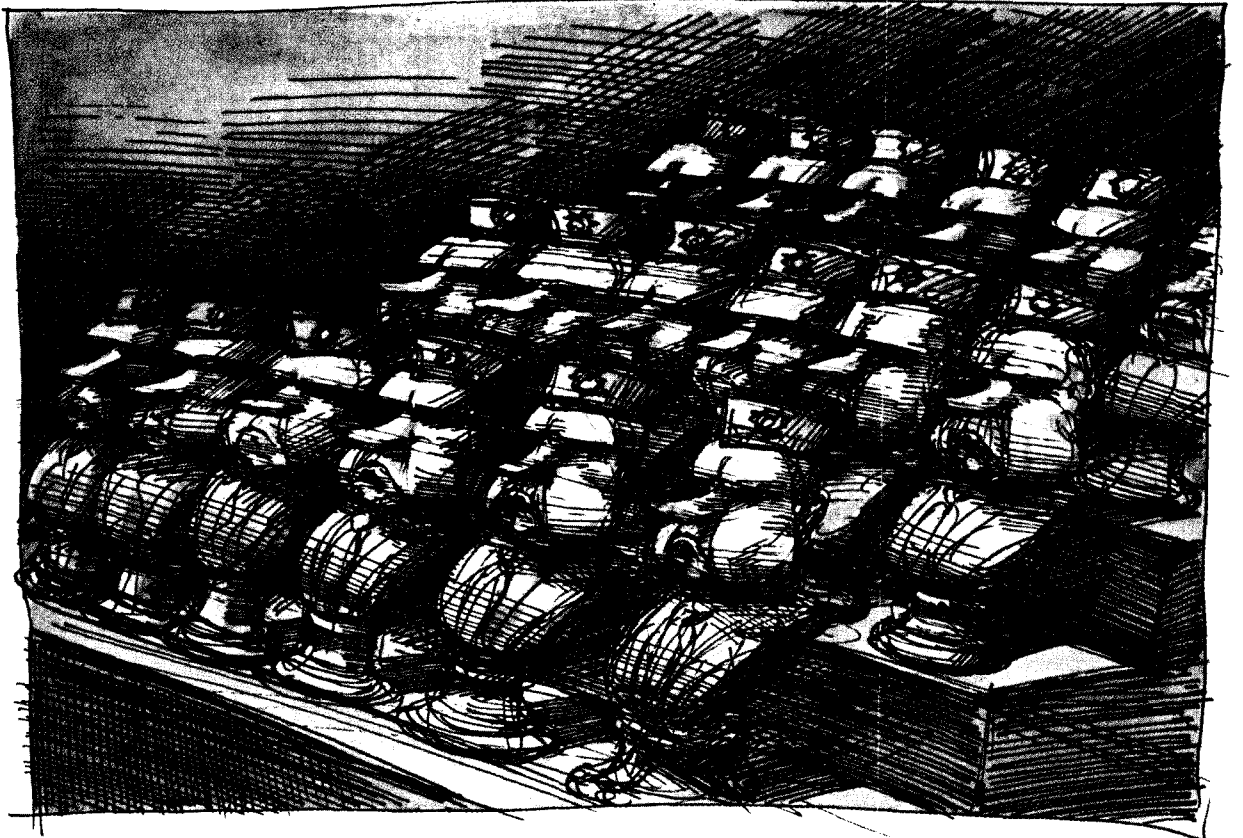


FRIENDSHIP PATIO

Overlooking an accurate replica of the Burning Tree golf course, with the New York skyline in the distance, Friendship Patio offers Library visitors a moment of quiet reflection. Patterned after ancient Roman terraces, it will pay homage to President Nixon's distinguished friends, with marble busts of Jackie Gleason, Billy Graham, Murray Chotiner, Bob Hope, and Bebe Rebozo.

MEMORABILIA

In the East Wing visitors will thrill to the sight of the Nixons' first color television set, the last collar and leash worn by Checkers, Mrs. Nixon's famous cloth coat, Tricia's bronzed first shoes, a plastic replica of the pumpkin that figured in the Hiss case, and some of the eighty-two American Legion caps worn by Mr. Nixon during the 1968 campaign.



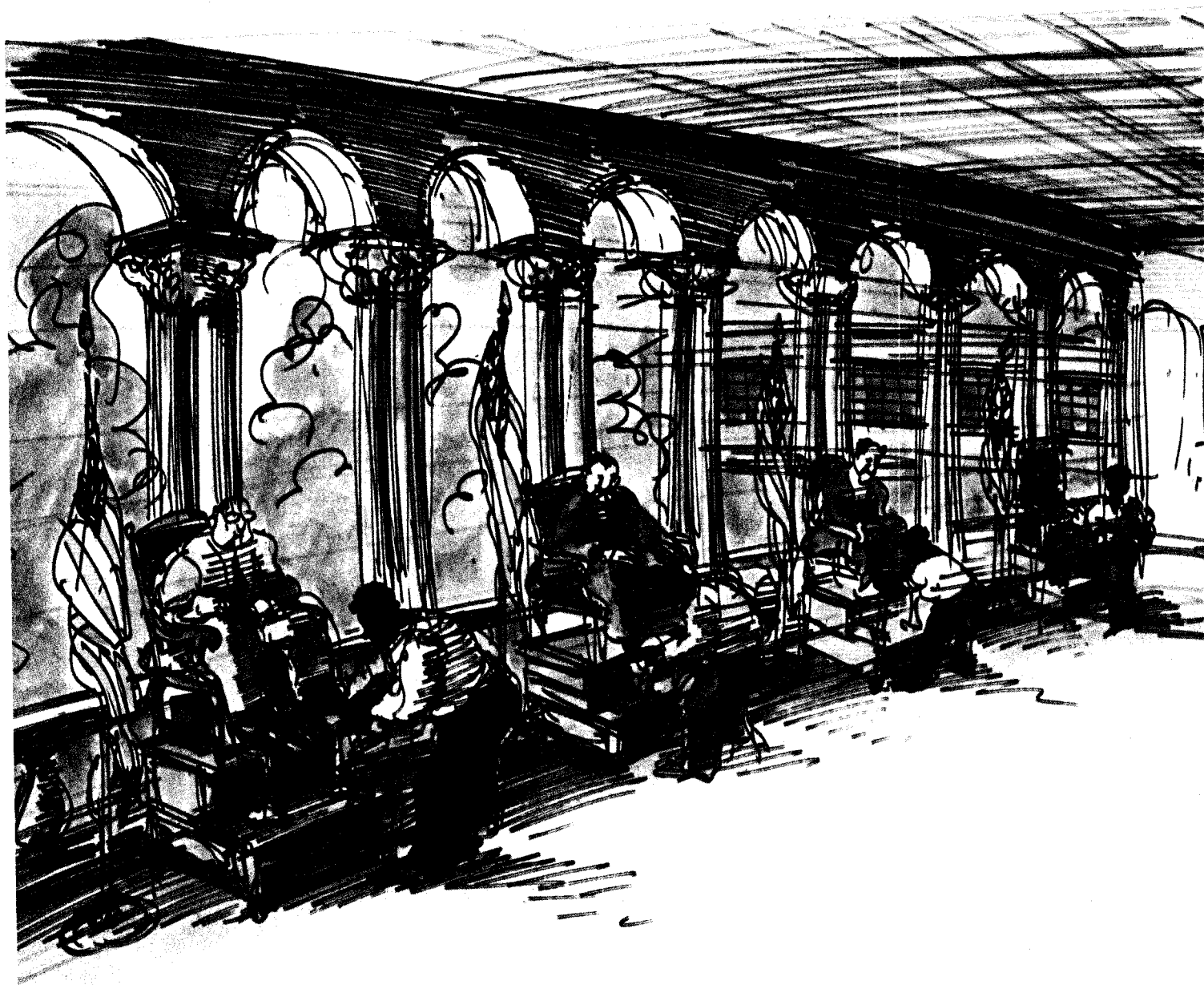


READING ROOM

Display cases in the West Wing will house letters from Premier Papadopoulos, President Thieu, Vice President Ky, Generalissimo Franco, President Duvalier, President Chiang Kai-shek, and other leaders of the free world.

THE HALL OF FREE ENTERPRISE

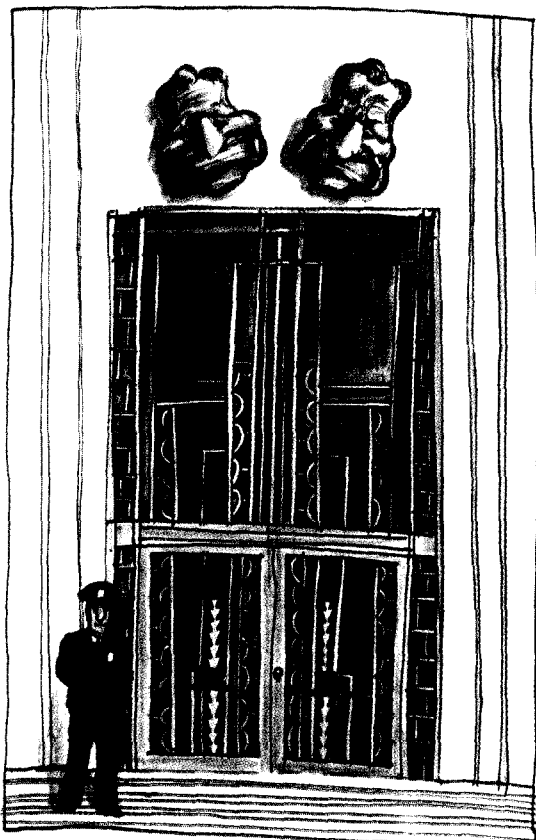
This charming promenade, near the Annenberg Gardens, serves as a reminder of President Nixon's unswerving faith in our economic system and his imaginative program to promote "Black Capitalism." Here one will find courteous and charming Afro-Americans who, with the aid of federal funds, have set up their own businesses.





THE ANNENBERG GARDENS

North of the Library is an ideal setting for promenades and statues. The allegorical sculpture above depicts the President removing his Wall Street homburg and donning his war helmet in preparation for his inauguration.



ROCKEFELLER HALL

The Library's auditorium, generously donated by New York's governor, will have regular showings of Patton, Chisum, The Sound of Music, and other favorites of the President. The film library will be under the supervision of Miss Tricia Nixon, and there will be no showings of movies with an X, R, or GP rating.

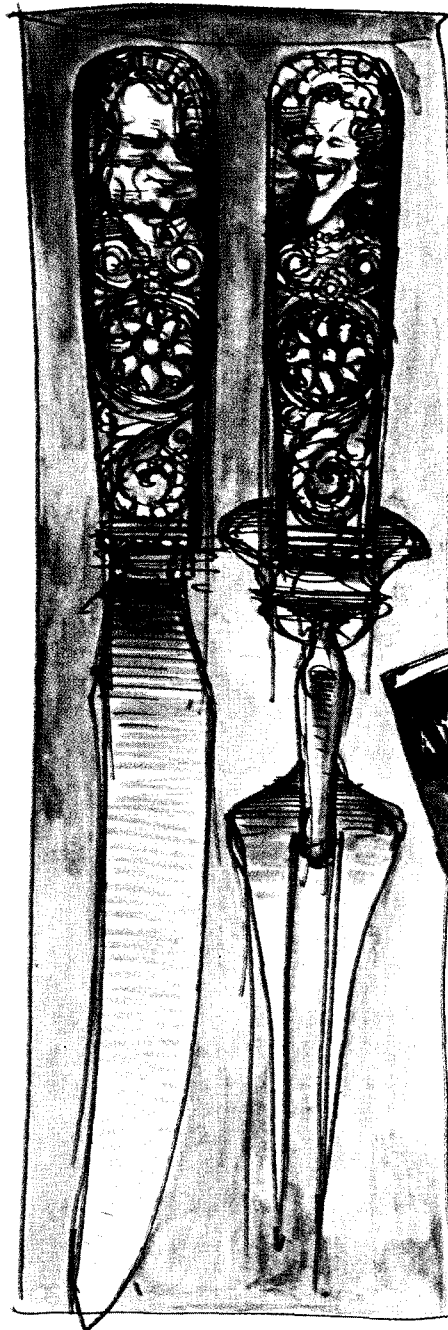
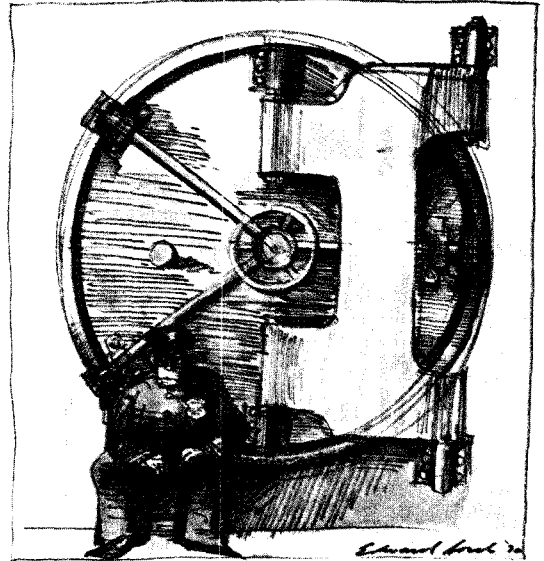
THE PRESIDENT'S VAULT

Visitors will certainly want to visit the maximum security vault on the ground floor. The giant safe, designed especially for the library by Krupp, holds the secret details of President Nixon's plans for ending the war in Vietnam and winning the peace, controlling inflation, and bringing us together. The

President has donated these documents to the Library with the understanding that they will not be available to the public until 1992.

MEMENTOS

Before leaving, the entire family is certain to want a souvenir. For their convenience gift shops are located near each exit. Mother may purchase a Pat 'n' Dick© carving set or a David 'n' Julie© ash-tray, while Junior will want one of the books from the President Nixon Self-Help Library©. Dad is sure to cherish one of the handsome busts of our President. They're ideal for office or den and made of genuine plaster de Paris.



THE WAXWINGS

A story by Leslie Norris

Alwyn would have gone a fortnight ago, on his birthday, if he could have got away. All that day, despite the presents and the birthday cards and the afternoon party, he had been conscious of an enormous weightlessness behind his ribs, an almost irresistible awareness of freedom. On any other Saturday he would have gone, full pelt up the street, across the wide road where you had to be careful, then fast over the river bridge. He would have gone past Mr. Rampling's sawmills, past Mr. Rampling's house, which was the last house in town, past the laundry. Then the hills began. But that Saturday he was seven years old, and the petty responsibilities of his celebrations, the excitement of his little brothers, his friends visiting with parcels of toy boats and model aircraft, all had kept him firmly at home, locked in the center of the five short streets grown suddenly so irksome.

Then last Saturday his Uncle Ernie had come to see him. Uncle Ernie was so amusing, so inventive in his jokes, so daring in the games he improvised that the boy had no time to think of his escape. All afternoon he had played football in the garden, furiously and full of laughing, admiring his uncle's outrageous skill. After tea Uncle Ernie had drawn two dogs on a piece of cardboard and cut them out. One was Fred and one was Bert. He had been Bert, a black dog, and they had gone for a walk together all around the dining table. Fred, who was really Uncle Ernie, had said such mad and funny things that the game had to stop from time to time for Alwyn to get his breath back. He wouldn't have wanted to get away last Saturday.

Once he had gone alone to the High Street, where he wasn't allowed on his own. This was because of the traffic and some other reason he couldn't remember. His mother had suddenly discovered that she had no milk in the house, and she had sent him to the Italian shop in the High Street. It had been a Sunday and everything was unnaturally still and quiet, the tall shops sleeping fast behind the fawn blinds that covered their windows. It had been a generous man in the Italian shop. He had dipped his gleaming scoop twice into an urn of milk, and then added an extra splash to the boy's white jug.

"That's a pint," he had said, "and a little drop more for you."

Every day the milk came to the house in pint bottles, early in the morning, and he had never carried it in a jug for such a long way before. It lurched and slopped up to the rim of the jug as if it had some malevolent life of its own, often leaping clear of the lip to spray itself in tiny, blue-white showers on the stones. The boy carried the jug very carefully in both hands, walking with small gliding steps so that the milk didn't have to jump up and down. George Evans saw him and jeered at him, so he put the jug down gingerly in a doorway and chased George Evans up the road, but he didn't catch him. The milk was quite safe when he got back to it, and he carried it home safely too. That was the farthest he had been on his own.

But today was different. He was walking calmly and deliberately up his street, and he was going to make it. He walked as quickly as he could without anybody noticing he was hurrying, and he was listening meticulously in case his mother should call him. Once he got as far as Mrs. Morgan's door he would not turn back whatever happened. His senses were screwed so tightly that his mother's voice, thin and distant, but unmistakably clear, sounded suddenly in the deepest coils of his ears. "Alwyn," it called; but it was only inside his head that made the sound. He looked back for a second. The front door of his house was blandly shut and his mother busy somewhere inside. Relieved, he lost his caution and ran.

He didn't stop until he was over the bridge and halfway down the fairground. It wasn't a proper fairground except for two weeks in the summer and at Christmas, and now it was quite empty except for some huge logs waiting to go to the sawmills. As he looked, the front gate of Mr. Rampling's garden opened, and a boy on a delivery bike wobbled out, kicking the gate shut behind him. It was Archie Baverstock, a big boy from school and a butcher's boy on Saturdays. Archie's face was round and serious, and he wore a striped apron. He looked down from his bike at Alwyn.

"Hello, young 'un," he said tolerantly, "You're out of bounds, aren't you?"

The boy felt an immense gratitude to Archie. He had never heard anything so precise and evocative in his life before, and he grinned his delight at the

older boy. "Yes, I am, Archie," he called, "I'm out of bounds."

But Archie did not turn his head. Moving with slow, unthinking circles of his legs, his heels on the pedals, his toes turned out, he entered cautiously into the stream of traffic on the road at the end of the fairground.

Alwyn hurried on toward the sawmills. He could hear already the petulant rasp of the saw as it ate into the wood, he could smell the moist, absorbent scent of the sawdust as it whirled in smoky falls from the whining teeth. There would be sawdust everywhere, on the ledges, whitening the forearms and eyebrows of the sawyers, in drifts on the ground, with wet brown patches underneath leaking places in the roof. It was fine in the sawmills, but he wasn't going there. He stopped only to drink from the brass tap that stood on a long pipe coming straight out of the ground. On a journey as long as his might be, you never knew where the next drink was coming from.

Once past the laundry he was on the narrow road, just wide enough for one vehicle, that led up into the hills. He looked at it speculatively. Up to now it had been remembered ground, but from here on it would be all exploration. He took a deep breath and went for the hills.

For perhaps a mile it was gentle gradient, cutting into the side of the mountain and running south, climbing so imperceptibly that the boy was astonished to see the roofs of the town unfold themselves below him. He saw Mr. Rampling's house as finely detailed as a doll's, he saw the long gray roof of the laundry with little jets of steam pulsing out of its pipes, and far away he could see, he thought, the roofs of his own street. But he wasn't sure. The town lay flat and strange under his eyes.

Then he turned into the steep of the track, leading to a thin mist of wood high up, and beyond that, the bare ridge of the summit at which he was aimed. He climbed now with a steady certainty, feeling his legs push away at the gravel, his lungs laboring a little. Here and there paths led off to the small hill farms, their houses painted white, their suspicious collies barking as he passed the gates.

A stream was running alongside the road now, a narrow stream with occasional music only, too swift and shallow for fish. But as he met the small shrubs at the entrance to the wood, the water had filled enough of a depression to make a pool. A young man squatted near the pool, on his hunkers, as colliers sat. His suit was blue and shiny, and his cap lay on the grass at his side. Standing up to its hocks in the water was a brindle greyhound, so still that its reflection shivered only in the moving water. Alwyn was as unmoving as the dog, but the young man knew he was there.

"This stream, now," he said. "Did you know it has some remarkable qualities?"

Alwyn walked over and sat near the young man.

"No," he said. "What do you mean, remarkable qualities?"

The young man looked at him thoughtfully.

"It heals," he said. "If, for example, you had sprained your ankle—although that would be unlikely for someone as young and limber as you are—but if you had, all you would need to do is to hold your feet in the curative waters of this pool."

"Is that what your dog is doing?" asked Alwyn.

The young man nodded.

"Goliath," he said, "is suffering from a slight muscular strain, or perhaps he has injured a fetlock. Whatever it is, you may be sure that he is cured now. You might care to put that to the test. Here is Goliath's lead—we'll fasten it to his collar, thus, and you will take him at a fast trot up the road until you hear me whistle. Observe the perfection of his action, and only half an hour ago I had almost to carry him here."

Alwyn arose at once. An opportunity to take this marvelous silent dog for a walk was not one to throw away. He took the leather strip and trotted up the lane. Docile and graceful, the long dog went with him. He was not a bit lame, and when they were whistled back Alwyn wheeled around in his tracks and Goliath paced elegantly with him.

The young man was stretched comfortably, about to light a cigarette. He told Alwyn that his name was Terence O'Neil, and that Goliath was his father's dog.

"If it were my dog," he said, waving his cigarette expansively, "I should give him at once to you, because I have never seen so immediate an affinity between boy and dog. And Goliath is not a dog who gives his affection lightly, no, anything but."

Alwyn looked at Goliath. To own this dog would be an unthinkable honor. He sighed.

"In any case," he said, "I shouldn't think my parents would let me keep him."

Terence nodded with understanding.

"I'll tell you what," he said, "I'll let you take him again, exactly as you did last time. I wouldn't let anyone else do this, since exercising a greyhound is a very exacting business. Go more slowly this time."

And he took out a newspaper from his pocket, a pencil from another, and began to underline certain names of horses on the racing page. He was generous enough to allow Alwyn to take Goliath for several more walks, but at last, after a quick glance at his watch, he thanked Alwyn with ceremony, took the lead, and walked rapidly away. The boy watched him go, and then he turned uphill.

Now he was in the thin cover of the hawthorn wood, the dark red berries shining like beads on the short, leafless trees. It was much steeper too, and occasionally he pushed with his hands on his thighs,

Known in the *Atlantic* chiefly for his poetry, Leslie Norris is now working in prose as well. He lives and writes near Chichester, in Sussex, England.

to help him climb. He couldn't see the top of the mountain any longer, but he knew that once clear of the trees, the bare line of the summit would not be far away.

Then the birds came. Ripping in hundreds through the dry twigs of the hawthorns, they tore and devoured the scarlet berries with ferocious, brittle energy. They were so brilliant that the boy cried his delight aloud, holding out his arms to them. Their voices were weak and high, whispering and trilling unceasingly as they flew, but their colors, oh, the colors. Their heads held crests of chestnut, a black stripe ran dramatically through each eye, their bodies were tinged with pink, the incredible tails, short and thick, were tipped with a band of yellow as bright as summer. But it was their wings, carrying them boldly through the trees as they ate like locusts, that the boy saw most clearly. Strongly barred with black and white, the secondary feathers looked dipped in vermilion sealing wax, as hard and shining as sealing wax. He thought they were like hundreds of candles sparkling through the trees. First there were a few birds, then a flying cloud of them going through for as long as a minute, then the stragglers, at last only the echo of their thin, persistent voices. Alwyn turned to watch them vanish through the wood, his eye led down the path and on to the town lying still and far under him.

He knew it was time to return. Nothing left on the mountain could equal that visitation of the waxwings, the glittering birds that had flown from Scandinavia, from the cold hunger of Russia. They had flown in their packs over the snow-pocked rollers of the North Sea almost into his fingers, and they blazed in his illuminated mind as he jogged downhill through the dying afternoon.

He saw the chimneys of the town begin to push the heavy smoke into the sky as people warmed their houses for the evening. It was late. He wondered if there had been a search party out for him. He was very hungry.

Turning into his own street, he slowed to an aching walk. His mother was outside the house, waiting for him. She was angry, and her voice was high and shrill. He stayed some distance away, watching her, measuring the extent of her anger.

"Where have you been?" she called. "What have you been doing?"

Already a quick relief was replacing her temper. She had watched for some time his growing independence and had half expected something like this, some exploration into his own identity. Now she saw with compassion the small boy standing before her, his face bewildered and frustrated by his inability to express the significance of his journey, the marvelous vision of the waxwings. She saw the puzzled tears form in his eyes.

"Oh, Mam," he said, "my boots is hurting."

She put her arm around his shoulders, and smiling, led him indoors. □

A FALL BELOW ZERO IN NEW ENGLAND WINTER

by Jon Swan

None of that No No (please)
shout from the woods rush
through the fields attack
on the door or whoop at
the window where the face
of the savage is a face of mud
Red No None of that (please)
The glee of March a good
two months off

What we have here
is another kind of weather
entirely It arrives

it arrives like a puritan
It wears no ornaments
It is all buttoned up
It does not once raise its voice
but expects I believe obedience
It is rigid and blue-eyed as ice

Far back in those eyes though
burns a fire I fear for witches
Also perhaps for those caught
simply chatting with witches
over the yew bush under the moon
or under the quilts of the Sabbath
If it is banked now is it because
now is the time for conversion

O forefatherweather I feel the squeeze
There's not a sound around
this house on a hill yet
the walls all crack They tick
in the night like a clock
running down as our outdoor
breath comes inside out
in a puff like a ghost
and I fear we shall
grow slowly
holly



Dan Sarazin,
photographed by Karsh in Ottawa



With sinewy hand, practised eye and dedicated heart, Dan Sarazin expresses his Algonquin heritage. Each canoe he builds is an art treasure: birch bark stitched with spruce roots, stretched tight over cedar ribs, sealed with bear grease and spruce gum — traditional materials found close at hand at Golden Lake Indian Reserve, in Ontario. Cultural patterns persist in all the peoples who live in this land's nostalgic solitudes. In the true North, man is still the stranger, outnumbered by moose, deer, beaver and bear. And the promise for the visitor to this part of Ontario is an intriguingly *different* vacation experience. Explore its history, its quarter million lakes, its unique Precambrian geological curiosities. Observe the Canadian Shield's massive indifference to man's puny scratchings and burrowings — for all that it yields a billion dollars in gold and silver, uranium, copper, nickel, iron and lead. A Great Ontario Adventure Vacation, such as few of your friends have ever enjoyed, offers unique satisfactions. We'll describe them for you when you write:
Dan Sarazin (Chief White Eagle),
c/o Department of Tourism
and Information,
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JAZZ MEETS ROCK

by Albert Goldman

Listen to what may be bringing
the generations together again: jazz

About the time I started listening to rock in the mid-sixties, I stopped listening to jazz. I was fed up with the bad vibes, the arrogance, hostility, and craziness of the jazz scene. Guys getting knifed to death at the pimp bar in Birdland. The tone of that day was set by Miles Davis. He consummated its contempt. Every black musician modeled himself after Miles, working behind shades, turning his back on the audience, walking off the stand when he wasn't soloing, and receiving the press with all sorts of booby traps, ranging from put-ons and lies to outright threats of violence.

Some of the musicians, like Bud Powell or Charlie Mingus, were simply crazy. Bud was an electroshock zombie who had been brought back to New York from Paris by Oscar Goodstein, the owner of Birdland. He could barely get his hands together to play his old stuff. The last time I saw him work, he had a couple of scared-looking kids on bass and drums. Somebody asked him, "Who are those two little twerps?" "I dunno," mumbled Bud. "We never been introduced."

Mingus was another story. A huge man mountain, always smoldering with paranoia and weight pills, he sometimes erupted with terrifying violence. One night in the Village, he spotted a man walking into the club with two old sabers tucked under his arm. Divining instantly that this elderly antique dealer was an assassin, Charlie lunged wildly toward the man's table and seized one of his swords. Tearing the curved blade out of the sheath and brandishing it maniacally, he sent hundreds of customers screaming and scrambling for their lives.

Miles Davis was a soulman, a sound, a black bogey. But his power was largely the power of the press. "Miles could spit in his horn and it would get five stars in *Down Beat*," quipped one

A & R man. Actually, the spitting was more likely to be aimed at the audience. Putting down the house was one of the classic mannerisms of the bebop musician.

What Miles did possess in superlative degree were the arts of mime. He was jazz's Marcel Marceau. With a single gesture he could establish an attitude; with a single note, precipitate a deep mood. Listening to him was like watching Balinese shadow puppets. Everything was a dark profile, a tenebrous outline, a stylized stretch and dip that closed into itself with ritualistic finality.

What Miles lacked most conspicuously was the compositional talent of a great improviser like Charlie Parker. An editor not a writer, an abstracter not an expatiater, a man who spent his whole life trying to sound the ultimate blue note, Miles could not move off the pedestal he had fashioned for his pose. His solution to the problem of what to play was to enlist the services of the arranger Gil Evans, who contrived for him elaborate and beautiful settings based on paraphrases of *Porgy and Bess* and various Spanish materials. The albums were brilliantly scored and breathtakingly executed by jazz studio bands. They carried the art of arranging for jazz orchestra to unrivaled heights. But they also raised the question of how far you could go into concerto treatments of semiclassical stuff without losing the whole sense of jazz as a hot, existential, get-it-off music.

This was precisely the question raised by the work of the Modern Jazz Quartet in the same period. The MJQ spearheaded a movement called "Third Stream" which sought to fuse jazz and classical music in loose, suite-like compositions with fancy names like "Milano," "Versailles," "Vendome," and "Concorde." Though the members of the MJQ were all first-rate jazz musicians, the tendency of their work under the direction of composer-pianist John Lewis was away from jazz toward the Frenchified art music that has always been the black jazzman's idea of "class."

Since the days of Duke Ellington, jazz musicians have made themselves look foolish every time they have ventured in the direction of classic beauty. Their Affected Elegancies, the Modern Jazz Quartet, were the culmination of a wretched tradition.

If jazz was not to borrow from the classics or the contemporary avant-garde, where was it to go in the course of its greatly accelerated development? This was the problem posed by bop. When Charles (Bird) Parker and the boppers were youngsters, jazz was only half musicalized. In the thirties,

pure music patterns mingled on equal terms with material that was anthropomorphic. Drawls, shouts, growls, and squeals—the whole rich rhetoric of Negro speech—issued from horns stopped with mutes or fanned with toilet plungers to make them mimic the sounds of human voices. Even when the illiterate stammer of Cootie Williams went out of style and a certain citified casualness and sophistication came in with swing, the great soloists like Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins continued to speak through their horns. With them it was “sweet talk,” the burbling, lisping, attitudinizing speech of city men, but

still, the listener could say to the jazzman, “I can hear ya’ talkin’!”

All that died when Bird and Dizzy Gillespie began to machine-gun their way down Fifty-second Street. Overnight, jazz was kicked up on a plane of abstraction comparable with that of art music. Bird was a Bartók who sublimated a potent folk essence without losing any of its pungency. He raised jazzmen’s sights and made them aspire higher than ever before. When the war ended, hundreds of musicians enrolled in music schools under the GI Bill. There they discovered affinities between Bird’s linear designs and the writing of J. S. Bach; they also found the source of Bird’s “advanced” chords

in the harmony of the French Impressionists. For the first time in the history of jazz, most players could read music and approach expressive problems with a trained musician’s resources. The time seemed ripe for a great leap forward.

Sad to say, nothing of the kind happened. In fact by the time of Charlie Parker’s death in 1955, the bop synthesis had been destroyed. Jazz was either regressing toward its roots or whoring after strange European and Oriental gods.

It took me many years to figure out how bop could have killed jazz when bop was obviously the greatest thing that ever happened to jazz. Eventually I realized bop was a terminal product, that Charlie Parker had taken jazz to the end of the line. Though Parker was hailed as a revolutionary and his music treated as the jazz of the future, the truth was precisely the opposite: bop had simply one-upped the jazz of the swing era, leaving its materials, techniques, and conventions essentially unchanged. Even in his most daring forays, the great Yardbird had remained firmly locked within the circular walls of theme-and-variation form. Round and round he had gone, pouring out brilliant ideas, tossing off dazzling phrases, suggesting rhythms, harmonies, and counterpoints that no one else had ever dreamed of in his little world. But all his creative brilliance had been poured into one of the narrowest and most constrictive of musical forms. When Bird got through with jazz, he had exhausted its traditional resources: nobody could play faster, think more ingeniously, or further sophisticate jazz rhythm.

Jazz fell into a state of crisis trying to find a new direction in which to grow. Part of the hang-up of the fifties was simply the struggle to break out of this bind; that accounted for the experiments with classical music and the alliances between improvising soloists and structurally sophisticated arranger-composers. The other basic problem was the bleaching out of the jazz essence, a process which had begun with Parker’s radical musicalization of jazz. Bird and Diz never had to worry about “soul.” They were steeped to the lips in jazz essence. Their epigones, however, were men of a different stamp. Instead of abstracting their music from the black experience, they abstracted it from the playing of the bop abstracters. The result was a Whiteification of jazz leading eventually to the spectral sophistication of Paul Desmond of the Dave Brubeck band.

Loss of the black essence not only meant a weakening of jazz’s emotive force; it meant a loss of homogeneity and purity in the jazz idiom. Jazz is an art of taste. Everything the musician hears must be tested against a mental touchstone, a black Kaaba that dictates this *is* or this *is not* jazz. Lots of things that were not jazz originally have been brought into alignment with jazz tradition, but many more have been rejected. By the early fifties, it was becoming harder and harder to know what would work as jazz. Men were toying with Afro-Cuban, Arabic-Spanish,



Miles Davis

Mr. Goldman is the pop music critic for *Life* magazine and an associate professor at Columbia University, where he teaches a course in contemporary culture, including jazz. This article has been adapted from a part of his forthcoming book on pop culture, *Freakshow*.

and other folk essences. They were attracted by Impressionism and atonalism. They were into remote periods like the Baroque. How could anyone speak convincingly in such a polyglot tongue?

The answer came in the mid-fifties with the funky, hard-bop regression. Musicians like Horace Silver, Bud Powell, Thelonius Monk, and Charlie Mingus began to play music that was strongly flavored with traditional blues and gospel sounds. All these men were black, and their embrace of the Negro roots was given a political or social interpretation. Fundamentally, however, their motives were musical; they were simply getting back to basics.

At first the soul sounds were more decorative than functional. After an old-fashioned cotton-field "shout," the players would start to run changes in the conventional figuration of bebop. This meant that the so-called hard-bop school was really further from coining a new style than the despised soft boppers of the West Coast. Gerry Mulligan, Shorty Rogers, and that gang had at least got their thing together; the heavy swingers in the New York clubs were just reheating what had been cooked in the previous decade—with a little country seasoning. Yet they reminded jazz of its roots and suggested its future. Within a few years you could see soul glimmering on the horizon.

By 1959, jazz was desperately in need of its next Messiah. The art was split right down the middle, one half effete artistry, the other funk and gospel. Some big man was needed who could pull these pieces together in a genuinely contemporary style. It is testimony to the incredible vitality of jazz that even at this late date when so many expressive resources had been exhausted and so many jazzmen were up against the wall that jazz did bring forth one more genius and make one final effort to adapt itself to contemporary sensibility.

Ornette Coleman was cast in the classic mold of the jazz hero. He came out of the Southwest like a black Parsifal, innocent of everything save his mission to find the black grail. Appearing at a time when the breakdown in jazz tradition plus the crisis of Negro history had focused keen attention on the black essence, Ornette proved himself the ultimate soulman. He had actually worked for many years right down in the dirt of the Texas rhythm-and-blues scene, honking a tenor horn and lying flat on the floor with feet and instrument pointing skyward like a trussed hog. He was as much a shouter as any big mama in a sancti-

fied church. He had an almost Russian sense of suffering, especially the suffering of an abandoned female, like the one portrayed in his greatest composition, "Lonely Woman."

No mere primitive, Ornette was an avant-garde composer and theorist with novel ideas about pitch, time, and timbre. He said that pitch was relative to musical motion, meaning one thing when you were going up a scale and something different when you were descending. Subsequent scientific analyses of the playing of symphony violinists proved that he was correct. Ornette was a believer in total improvisatory freedom. Jazzmen had always prided themselves on being free (a value especially precious to the descendants of slaves); but they had all worked in straitjackets compared to Ornette, who advocated absolute freedom, whether for a soloist or a whole group of musicians playing together. It was the amorphous, anarchic, undisciplined character of his playing that prompted the scandal of his first stand at the Five Spot. Many musicians accused him of "jiving"—faking—an odd word for a man who killed you with sincerity.

Basically, Ornette's aesthetic was that of abstract expressionism. Instead of parodying or paraphrasing the pop tunes of the day—as did the boppers with "How High the Moon?" or "What Is This Thing Called Love?"—Ornette carved powerful new shapes from the raw stone of his musical imagination. He played odd numbers of bars, odd numbers of beats, and sometimes wandered off the chord patterns implicit in his expositions. Like the country blues men of his native Southwest, he played by instinct and created sophisticated effects by naïvely following the promptings of his soul.

Gathering a circle of brilliant disciples around him, he established a style called "The New Thing." No more precise label could be stuck on a music that refused to commit itself to any rule or tradition save that implicit in the word "freedom." "Soul" would have been a much better title, because Ornette was closer to James Brown and Ray Charles than he was to Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie. He had the soulman's faith in publicly stripping himself bare. He had the soulman's piercing cry of agony.

Though Ornette gave his pieces pious titles like "Peace," "Congeniality," or "Focus on Sanity," the content of his music was often nightmarish. His world was bleak, cold, desolate, full of frightening violence and the lonely presence of death. When Ornette talked about his life back home in Texas, where he had been a protohippie with thick matted



Charlie Parker

hair and bushy biblical beard, he recounted scenes of humiliation and ostracism.

The greatest of all Ornette's statements was a remarkable concert he staged in December of 1962 at Town Hall. After programming a very bad string quartet of his own composition, and a series of jazz compositions in which he soloed on one emotional note, Ornette capped the evening with a bizarre performance entailing a frightened-looking rhythm and blues group out of some Uptown bar, an incredibly fast and complicated black drummer, and a virtuoso white bass player of symphonic caliber. Setting these forces in motion and jamming along with them on alto, he produced one of the most cacophonous up- roars in the history of music. As the notes came pouring off the stage, all you could do was try to listen first to one, then to another of these simultaneously sounding groups and soloists. The effect was not the saints at Pentecost. It was Babel. When it was over, everyone was asking, "What the hell was that all about?"

Not until several years later, when I stumbled upon an interview with Coleman in a jazz book, did I grasp the meaning of that strange symphony. Coleman's crazy composition was actually an allegory of his soul. The rhythm and blues band represented the past, all the years he had played with such groups in Texas. The white bass virtuoso was the future, that world of classical string music from which the Negro had always been excluded and toward which he might now aspire. The drummer was the present, the still vital, still developing core of the jazz tradition. The possibilities suggested by this grouping were four: the regression to earlier, simpler forms like rhythm and blues; total assimilation of the values and capacities of the white world exemplified by the bassist; continued maintenance of the black tradition at its point of maximum development, as symbolized by the drummer; or—what must have been Coleman's ideal—a triumphant synthesis of past, present, and future.

What resulted, of course, was a fifth possibility—*failure* due to radical incoherence. Though Coleman had hurled himself courageously into the battle to weld together these disparate voices, he had been at a loss to know how to compose or direct them. As the uproar mounted that afternoon, his only recourse was to lift his anguished voice in what sounded like a scream of pain.

During the heavy rock years, from 1966 to 1969, I hardly thought about jazz. I was trying to swallow the ocean of new sounds

rolling in with rock. I had one close friend who was a devout jazz fan—Robert Gold, the author of *A Jazz Lexicon*—and sometimes he would drag me down to a jazz club where we heard the same old stuff the guys had been playing for years. It was an embarrassing scene. Jazz had lost its audience and was talking to itself.

Then one afternoon, about two years ago, I got into a conversation about jazz and the younger generation, "My boy Tony wants to be a jazz drummer," said a friend. "He complains that you never write anything about jazz." "Wow! That's a strange kid," I said. "I thought they all regarded jazz as a dirty word. What does your son think I should write about?" "He's crazy about this drummer Elvin Jones," my friend said, "but he's never seen him and nobody can find him. Tony thinks he's in Japan."

"Japan!" (What fantasies these kids have, I thought.) "I know who Elvin Jones is," I said. "He worked with John Coltrane for many years. He probably toured in the Orient, but I can't imagine him living there. I wouldn't be surprised if he were living in New York." A couple of calls later, I discovered that I was right. Jones was living five minutes away from me on the West Side and was scheduled to play a date in New York that weekend.

My memories of Jones were not all that happy.

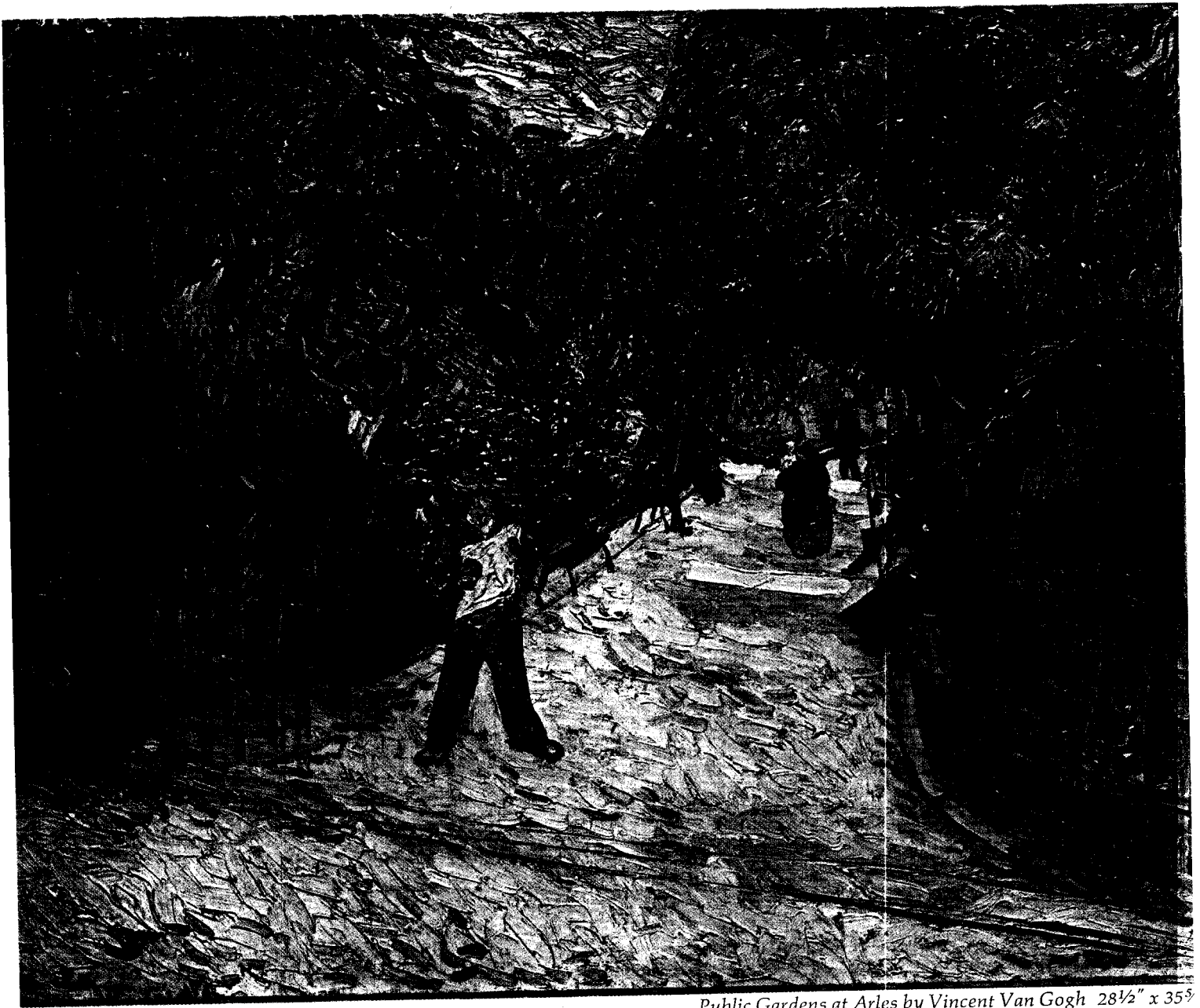
He was jazz's last superdrummer, an artist of extraordinary power and fluency who impressed many of us as being too damned *loud*. You got an unpleasant feeling that he was not so much supporting Trane as burying him and his little piercing soprano sax. Especially during the last years, when Trane had got deep into *The New Thing* and would go on for a quarter hour at a crack honking and squealing and clawing at some invisible but palpable prison wall, the incongruity between the



Ornette Coleman

the raving freedom of his totally liberated drummer was distressing to a listener of conventional sympathies. That was long ago, however, and Elvin was a leader now, so with an odd mixture of excitement and misgiving, I went down to the joint where he was playing, a place in the West Forties called Danny's Backroom.

Danny's turned out to be a crummy brownstone with a bar up front and a drinking-listening room in the back. The hatcheck girl was a big, tall, voluptuous blonde with everything hanging out. I handed her my coat and hat, eyed the whole show, fore and aft, took the ticket, and said "Thank you." In a deep, masculine voice, she replied, "You're welcome," giving me a long, moist look. Suddenly it hit me—this must be a transvestite joint! I began to cast suspicious glances at people going to the



Public Gardens at Arles by Vincent Van Gogh 28½" x 35½"

One of the 204 plates in the new
book describing one of America's
great art collections.

DUNCAN PHILLIPS
AND HIS COLLECTION
MARJORIE PHILLIPS

ladies' room. Was everybody here in drag? Were they all into something I was out of?

The back room was Howard Johnson motel modern with a thin coating of evil. The dim lighting gave the place the atmosphere of a sunken bar and grill. All around me were young hippies with beards and jeans, nursing the obligatory beer but passing joints from hand to hand. It didn't look like a jazz crowd or a rock crowd. It was more like a séance. Up on the stand was Elvin doing his thing. I had forgotten how he looked—or maybe I never really saw him when I concentrated on Trane. He was a striking figure crouched behind his set of beautifully polished walnut and chrome drums, his small, bullet-shaped head raised with the eyes closed, like a blind man staring at the sun, his forehead beaded with perspiration and the smoke of a mouth-socketed cigarette curling up his face in gray swirls. He seemed to be straining away from his arms, incredible blacksmith's arms with big, protuberant veins, and his hands, huge, splayed hands that could cut through a drum head with a flick of the wrist. He looked as though he were in a trance, and the sound that was pouring out of those drums made it seem as though he were summoning up a hurricane or directing a typhoon across the South Seas. I had forgotten the incredible energy level attained by the greatest jazz musicians. I wasn't accustomed to those fast-as-thought tempos, the crowding profusion of ideas.

Nothing in jazz is harder to describe than the playing of the greatest drummers. A late-model percussionist like Elvin Jones has the mental processes of a computer. He has developed a revolutionary technique that allows each of the four playing limbs almost total independence of action. Doing effortlessly with one hand what was traditionally done with two, Elvin constructs patterns of polyrhythmic complexity that are hard to hear and impossible to remember. Nobody could do them justice in the zippy prose of the slick weeklies. "Goddamn!" I thought, "how did I get suckered into this mission impossible?"

When the seven-hour set finally ended, Elvin wavered over to my table, stalking on stiff, skinny shanks and flashing a big toothy grin. He had a fascinating face, with very dark skin, flaring cheekbones, a crude, leonine nose, and eyes that opened so wide you could see white all around the pupil. He was drenched with sweat and dying for a drink. He ordered a vodka and beer in a voice that rasped tightly as if there were a peg in his throat. As we began to talk, I marveled at the emotional transparency of his face. One minute his grin was like a sunburst, the next his face was clouded over and an air of menace was coming from his smoldering cigarette.

Musicians are supposed to be inarticulate, but black jazzmen generally talk their heads off. Elvin was no exception. He was a great talker with a

vocabulary that was peppered with impatiently inflected obscenities and pungent proverbial phrases. "Why, he thinks he's the greatest thing that ever shit over two heels!" "Why, he was as happy as a sissy at the Y!" "Why, tryin' to get him out of there was like coaxin' a hounddog offena' garbage truck!" His basic note was that of a man who couldn't understand why things weren't better managed in this ridiculous world.

The next day I went up to his apartment in the West Eighties, off Central Park. His Japanese wife, Keiko, met me at the door, and Elvin asked me to slip off my shoes in the house. He was strolling around barefoot with a careless rolling gait. He had a little room-and-a-half, with a mattress on the floor, a tiny table for eating, and a kitchen in the wall. The place was plastered with pictures and awards and plaques and statues commemorating his achievements. At forty-three he was widely acknowledged as the world's greatest jazz drummer. Yet he had nothing to show for it except this little pad which, they told me, was the first apartment they had had, the early years of their marriage having passed uncomfortably in a Greenwich Village hotel room. The only reason he had this apartment was that one of his sidemen, Joe Farrell, owned the building (left to him by his father-in-law), and the apartment was dirt cheap.

Jazzmen have never been prosperous, but in the old days it was often their own fault. They made money and blew it supporting their habits. When Charlie Parker was making the huge sum of \$900 a week at Birdland, he had a runner who plied back and forth between the club and Dewey Square in Harlem scoring dope for him. Elvin had once been into drugs, too, but now he was straight. He drank beer all afternoon out of a jelly jar clinking with ice cubes, and bobbed his head with a shy grin saying grace before dinner. Though he always made his gigs and took care of business, he was just as poor as any old junkie. He did enjoy one great luxury. He didn't have to get up at eight in the morning to go to the studio and record jingles and make a whore of himself. He played only jazz and was resigned to never having a nickel.

That first afternoon in his pad he really won my heart. Here was a guy who had more talent than any ten amateurs, and the only thing he owned was a set of drums, which he had gotten free. The other quality that appealed to me was his amiability. Jazz fans of my generation were brought up to regard jazzmen with a mixture of awe and dread. Now, this guy was obviously pretty tough; he was a notorious brawler who had once crowned a French nightclub owner with his bass drum and then wrapped up the bartender and the rest of the club. He wasn't pulling any punches in his personal relationships either. He said just what he thought about everybody.

But you felt a strain of beautiful disinterestedness in his personality. He was in command of his life and he knew his own worth.

Finally, we got down to cases. I had come up with a gimmick to rationalize an article about him. He was going to do a jury on the leading rock drummers, some of whom regarded him as the grand old master of the skins. He had a little phonograph of the sort you'd give your twelve-year-old daughter if she were deaf.

I put *Santana* on the table and waited for his reaction. Elvin was a heavy listener. It was work for him, just like playing drums. He lowered his head, sweat beaded from his brow. Zeus was checking out the pygmies. "Fiery"—that was his word for the Frisco kids, but I could tell he thought their music was electric wallpaper. Then he was listening to Keith Moon going full-blast during the "Under-ture" to *Tommy*. "See there, where the tempo started to die, how he picked it up! The man is a drummer. Everything they play, he *contains* it." That was interesting. Now the big test. Ginger Baker in an enormously long solo on Blind Faith's "Do What You Like." This was the drum break that brought down houses from coast to coast and convinced millions of kids that Ginger was a genius. Jones liked the opening; then he began to cloud over and his head withdrew between his shoulders like a turtle's. After what seemed an hour of ominous silence, he raised his head and rasped, "Nothin' happenin'. Cat's got delusions of grandeur with no grounds. Know what, Al? They should make him an astronaut and lose his ass!" I thought, "How can I print *that*?" I wrote up what he said, and a few weeks later the piece ran—without changes.

Then the fun began. About a week later, the phone rings and it's my agent, or rather one of his girls calling me. She's all excited, a Hollywood producer is calling, something about Elvin Jones on the Coast. What happened was that they were just about to start shooting a film called *Zaccariah*, a rock, shlock, cowboy musical turn-of-the-century thing starring Ginger Baker, when the drummer OD'd and had to be replaced.

I discovered later that they had called a thousand different people and asked them if they wanted to do this movie. James Brown, Jimi Hendrix, Little Richard, *et al.*, baby. I don't know why they tried so many blacks, but apparently the only thing you can substitute for Ginger Baker is a black man. Anyway, they hadn't gotten too far with it; most people were already committed. Finally one day

they were sitting in their office, uptight, and they saw this article about a guy who was a drummer. It was all like a repeat of Lenny Bruce's routine about the talent scouts who have to find a "dictator type" and come up with Adolf Hitler.

The Coast was nervous. They had a million questions: Is this guy on dope? Does he hate whites? Does he really look the way he looks in that picture? "Oh, he's incredible-looking," I said, "and he has

this sexy way of moving, and he's a genius." So they sent a lawyer with a contract and flew Elvin out to Mexico with his wife, his drums, and his Zildjian cymbals. (A Zildjian cymbal is a big hunk of Turkish brass with a hole punched through the center. Elvin Jones's way of testing the cymbal is to stick it on his thumb and then give it a clonk with his thumb while he holds it next to his ear. One day at the factory, he told me, he went through a couple hundred cymbals. His ears didn't stop ringing for a week.)

When Elvin got out to Mexico, he found that

he was playing the part of a tough, mean gambler. He wore a blood-red shirt with a silver vest, rode a horse up onto the front porch of a bordello, played a long sweaty drum solo, and in one scene was challenged to fight by another tough. The director saw great dramatic possibilities in this scene. He said to the other actor, "Ad lib something about Elvin's color. Say, 'Come out of there you black bastard, or something like that.'" So the white actor did the line, and Elvin pulled his gun, came up to him, gave him one of his death-ray looks—and the actor had a nervous breakdown! Broke into tears, refused to continue, had to be replaced.

When Elvin came back to New York, I hardly recognized him. He came into my apartment wearing a thickly fringed Daniel Boone jacket of expensive suede. Putting his arms around my waist, he lifted me straight up in the air and gave me a big kiss, the way you would a baby. Making the movie had really given him a charge. For one brief moment it looked as though he might really take off. There was talk of another film, of a tour, of renaming Danny's "Elvin's."

Within a few weeks, the old jazz luck started to drag him down. The movie was just talk, the concert tour failed to materialize, and Danny's was closed for unknown reasons, its liquor license revoked. Elvin didn't bat an eye. He was accustomed to wipe-outs. They were just part of his job. He went to work organizing a new group, which played very successfully in all the old joints.



Elvin Jones

During the same winter that I met Elvin Jones, I began going down to the Half Note, a legendary jazz club on Hudson Street near the Holland Tunnel in the dockside, warehouse district of Manhattan. The Note looks as though somebody had broken a little piece off the old Fifty-second Street and dropped it on the way to Jersey. The outside is a 1940s streamlined, plate-glass window, a cupola awning, and a corny neon sign with four skinny half notes on it. When you get up close, you see a hand-lettered bill in the window. By now it could be printed because it always announces the same guy, Zoot Sims. Zoot's been playing at the Half Note for twelve years.

If you hit the Note on a bad winter night, you feel like you've stepped into the ultimate loser's bar. It's somber, shadowy, Saroyanesque, and it's virtually empty, with a neighborhood drunk slumped across the bar, a couple of bird-dog regulars in a corner, and maybe two bronzed Texas loudmouths shouting at the band, "Let's dance!" If you hit the club on a good night, when it's doing business and the vibes are right, you see it as the supreme setting for jazz. Glowing red walls tiled with nostalgic album covers, oilcloth-covered tables crowned with flickering candles, a whole maze of seating, serving, and playing areas focused comfortably on the musicians, who stand above the bar in the classic situation, where they can shower music down on the patrons who lean and drink or those who sit and eat the good, wholesome, gutsy Italian food. What more could anyone ask from a room designed for listening to jazz?

When I first started going down to the Note in February, 1970, the club was clearly dying. Apart from a few devotees, there was no one who would brave the dark streets down there at the end of the world just to hear a couple of jazz licks. The proprietors were into the Shylocks for thousands of dollars. The piano was way out of tune. They had nights when they did \$40 business. Hatcheck girls used to make that.

Zoot Sims seemed to embody the mood of the club. The last of the great swingers had gained weight over the years. He looked now like a youthful Lionel Barrymore with bushy brows and a burgeoning bay window. Zoot's note, once bright and pealing, was full and deep and tinged with sadness. As his superbly modeled phrases emerged from the dusky light of a bossa nova, you realized that he had become a master of musical chiaroscuro. He had also become a clockwork figure on that tiny stage. As soon as he finished playing, he would retire to the stage steps and stand there impassively, a carved statue in a niche, one hand resting on the crook of his grounded horn while the other negligently held a half-empty glass of whiskey.

The Canterino Brothers, Mike and Sonny, who had operated this club for years, with their father, Frank, and their mother, Jean, and Mike's wife,

Judy, were a classic Italian-American family. You had the feeling that the whole world could perish tomorrow, and they would build it up again like Noah after the Flood. They were like the owners of family-operated bistros in Paris; you were their guests, and they offered you the hospitality of the house. Unlike the high-strung proprietor of the typical jazz club or the spaced-out young operator of the typical discotheque, these were people who exuded human feelings and a sense of human concern.

By the spring of 1970, I was deeply involved again with jazz. I could see that my own drift back to the jazz clubs was being paralleled by an unexpected resurgence of interest in the music by the rock world. Ever since Blood, Sweat & Tears struck gold with their plastic Bop 'n' Basie, rock bands had been dropping chunks of jazz into their arrangements. Similarly, the purveyors of hot buttered soul were feeding ever-increasing amounts of jazz improvisation into their ethnic mulch. Soul-jazz was just like the Memphis Sound before it: a skillfully contrived synthetic that distilled the most potent aromas of blues, funk, gospel, and jazz into an attar of blackness. In New York it came pouring out of an excellent radio station, WLIB, "The Black Experience in Sound," masterminded by a disc jockey named Del Shields. Black broadcasters had an audience that was almost as ignorant of jazz as were white listeners. But in the ghetto there was a feeling that jazz ought to be heard and studied because it was part of the black heritage.

Neither jazz-rock nor soul-jazz is the pure, uncut stuff of mainline jazz; both belong to what an earlier, more idealistic age would have called "commercial" music. Yet their value to pure jazz cannot be exaggerated. Without broad popular styles, like those developed by the big bands of the thirties and forties, jazz is doomed to dry up and die. Pop jazz provides good-paying, on-the-job training for young musicians who may someday elect to starve with the masters. It entices young people onto the jazz scene and allows their listening

tastes to develop

at a nor-

mal

pace.

Most

important, the

pop

styles

feed the

master jazzmen

with fresh folk mate-

rials which they can

parody and paraphrase up to the taxing altitude of their most sophisticated selves.

Obviously, there can be no revival of the jazz scene of earlier years; most promoters and record-makers are reluctant to use even the good old four-



Zoot Sims

letter word. What is happening now is the return of jazz *in disguise*. Everybody on the crashing pop scene is picking up on jazz licks, jazz voicings, and (in the studio, where they don't show) veteran jazz hands. Laura Nyro slips Zoot Sims into one record and arranges to make another with Miles Davis. Astute operators like Herbie Mann and Les McCann develop pop styles that sell hundreds of thousands of albums and boost them way up on the charts. Rock critics even begin to hail jazz as the savior of the beat!

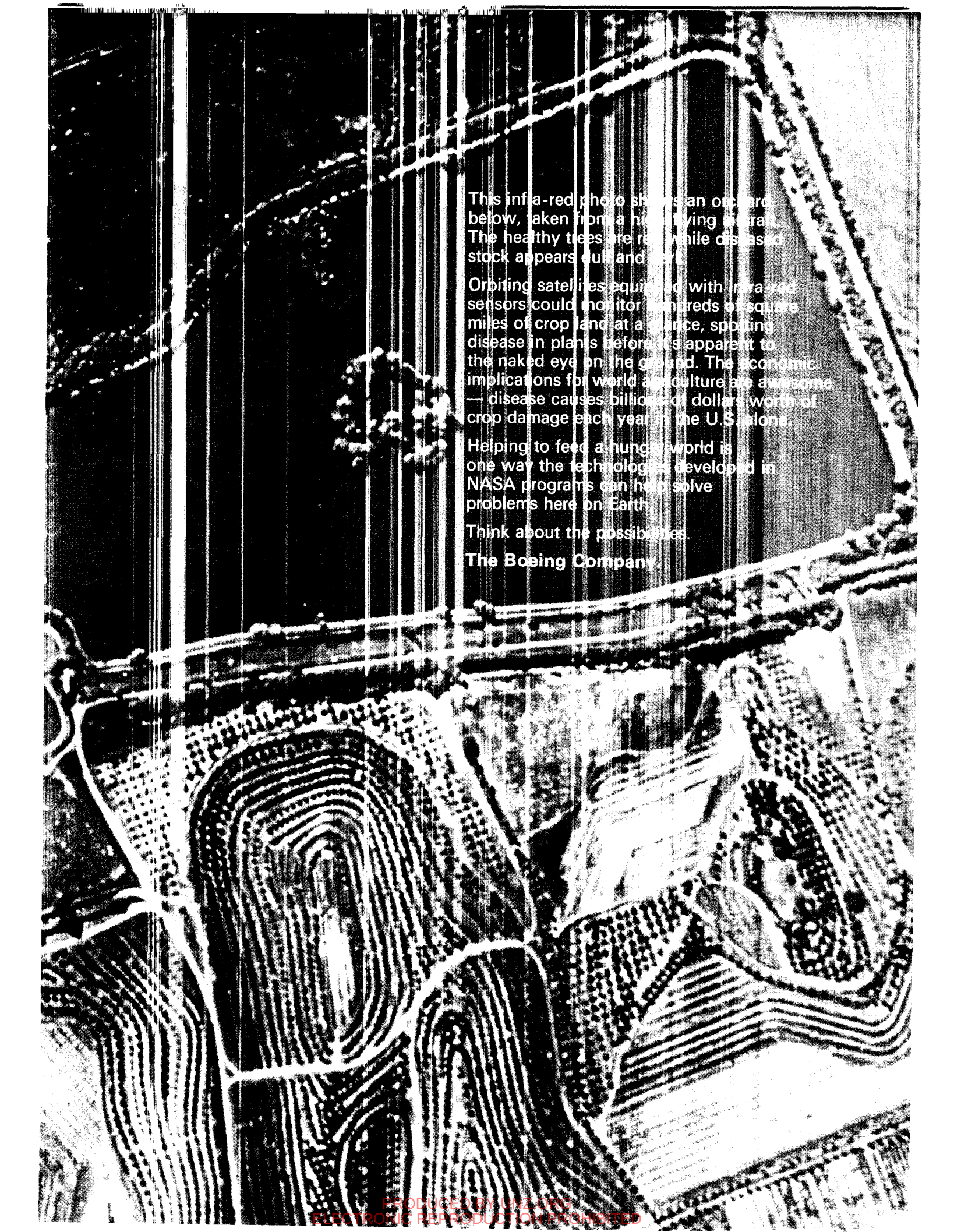
As soon as people began to pay a little money and attention to jazz, the whole scene brightened. Every night the Half Note was jammed, and Zoot came out of his winter slump to bat .400 for weeks on end. He not only raised his energy level to a point higher than anyone could recall, he dipped into jazz history to bring back all sorts of fascinating material from the thirties (when he was just a kid). The night Duke Ellington was elected a member of the National Academy, Zoot paid him an unannounced tribute with tunes like "Rockin' in Rhythm" and "Do Nothing Till You Hear from Me." He captured the quavering, querulous vibrato of Johnny Hodges and the heavy, burbling sound of Ben Webster. Then he wrapped up the set with Fats Waller's cascading, lilting "Jitterbug Waltz."

That performance showed how perfectly the great jazzmen have assimilated their own history, how Proustian is their enhancement of the past. Jazz is eighty years old. Its history is terraced back and up, layer after layer, like ancient vineyards. A jazz artist can move you strangely by journeying across this sharply demarcated, indelibly colored time map, by drawing the past into the present, or by rolling the current style back toward its roots. Far more sophisticated and beautiful than the silly, campy antiques the rockers fabricate in the name of nostalgia, the timetrips of jazz are, nonetheless, only to

be appreciated by those who have the listening experience to recognize the stations along the line.

This has always been one of the limits on jazz's popularity: the knowledge demanded for initiation into the cult. In earlier periods, the self-involved complexities of the music were received as a challenge which many young men and women rose to meet; today, in the age of passivity, the reign of terror of standards, such demands are almost certain to be refused. Yet there is no real reason why the kids can't get with jazz. Jazzmen are, after all, their true fathers. Who knows more about drugs than jazzmen? Who has experienced more social alienation and ostracism? Who has suffered more of poverty, harassment, and despair? Jazz was "loose," "groovy," "hip," "ballsy," "funky," "soulful," down to the "nitty-gritty" long before the current generation was born. To treat it as an artifact of the uptight, three-button older generation is to evidence colossal ignorance of American history.

Some nights now in New York's oldest jazz clubs, like the Half Note and the Village Vanguard, you can witness a spectacle almost unparalleled in contemporary American society. You're down in some low-ceilinged, smoke-blurred basement, and you look around and dig—what would you call it?—a hip church social! It's college kids and middle-aged hipsters and gray-haired couples who first heard jazz on a Stromberg-Carlson tuned to *The Fitch Bandwagon*, all sitting together, all eating and drinking together; and up on the stand is this band of old men and young, black and white, playing our greatest American music and really getting it off, rewriting the charts as they honk. Suddenly you realize: Hey! This is my music, my people, my scene! And you feel so great, so proud, so possessive, you could almost walk up to the bar, like the old-timers used to do, and growl: "Give those boys a drink—they're blowin' pretty hard tonight!" □



This infra-red photo shows an orchard below, taken from a high-flying aircraft. The healthy trees are red, while diseased stock appears dull and dark.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

BLACK SUICIDE

by John Updike

Suicide, that most absolute of acts, is yet relative and can serve as a window into the peculiar stresses of a cultural group. In support of this thesis, Herbert Hendin, a professor at the Columbia University Psychoanalytic Clinic, has produced two books: his brilliant and applauded study *Suicide and Scandinavia* (1964) and an equally fascinating and surpassingly relevant, though largely ignored, volume, *Black Suicide* (Basic Books, 1969, \$5.95). Dr. Hendin proposes, and demonstrates, that suicide is different things in different places. In Denmark, it is commonly an attempt to inflict guilt upon others or to rejoin a loved one in a sentimentally conceived hereafter. In Sweden, suicide tends to be of a "performance" rather than a "dependency" type; the self-hatred of a competitive failure, however, is deepened by a peculiar Swedish coldness that emphasizes emotional control and erects between the sexes a wall of frozen silence. In the black ghettos of America, suicide is one face of a rage that, though ultimately caused by the Negro's frustrating position in the society, originates for almost every individual in maternal rejection.

Not that uniformity prevails in Dr. Hendin's cross section of twenty-five suicide attempts admitted to the Harlem Hospital. Four older men attempted suicide after professional reverses, suggesting the "performance" motive common in Sweden—but with the difference that not so much a rigid achievement standard as an adaptive pattern fragilely based

upon outward compliance and contained anger had broken down. These Uncle Toms, after lifetimes spent pushing brooms or hand trucks, found themselves still naked to the world, and, having been taught docile compliance as a mode of goodness, construed their adaptive failure in moral terms and sought to take their lives in atonement. Again, many of the females included in this study attempted suicide after abandonment by a husband or lover—but there is a radical difference between the Danish matrix of interdependence and the sorry turmoil of abandonment, violence, foster parentage, and neglect that has served black females as models of family life.

The interviews and life histories presented in *Black Suicide* do not bear out the notion that the black female is relatively insulated from the effects of racial discrimination.

The most disastrous impact of racial institutions seems to be felt so early in life and so overwhelmingly that the plight of the female seems as bad as that of the male. Frustration, rage, and violence already characterize the lives of both sexes when they are teenagers, and there is little difference between men and women in the degree of despair that is so often present by the time they are young adults.

Given a set of tests called the Buss-Durkee Hostility Inventory, the women in this group of would-be suicides scored higher than the men, and in the "assault category" two females

—called "Ina Tracy" and "Agnes Carreth"—obtained perfect scores of ten. Ina Tracy, a tall woman of thirty-one who lived in Alabama until she was twenty, describes one of her frequent fights with friends: "I beat her as long as she moved. As long as she moved I kicked her. Blood both frightens and excites me." Of her childhood, she says, "My mother once told me that she wished I had been born dead or that she had gotten rid of me. The way things worked out, I wished it too. . . . My mother would make me break a branch and she'd beat me with it—hit me wherever it landed. I wanted to take her and choke her to death. Wished that I would die or she would." Yet her mother's desires appear to have controlled her behavior; teased for tallness at school, she was not much of a fighter until, running from another girl one day, she saw her mother, "who she knew would be furious at her running away." Similarly: "At seventeen she told her mother she had never liked boys. When her mother replied that she should, she decided to have sexual relations with the first boy who was willing and soon after became pregnant." Ina left the child with her mother a few years afterward and came to New York alone. Her first suicide attempt came a year later. A recurrent nightmare involves a "very large man who had been dead a long time, so long that one could smell him." This image seems the only peaceful one in the frenzied alternation of her homicidal and suicidal fantasies.

"Louise Greene," an attractive and engagingly childlike woman of twenty-six, scored low on the hostility tests, yet a legacy of maternal rejection also perpetuates itself through her. She was raised by her grandparents in Georgia, and did not meet her mother until the age of twelve, when a woman suddenly appeared and demanded that Louise, her first-born, come live with her and care for the younger children she had had by a variety of men. Though compelled to obey, Louise frequently ran off back to her grandparents, and after one fight was prevented from taking rat poison. She has had two children, by two men, neither of whom she wished to marry; when she did marry, she and her husband quarreled over her refusal to quit her job and stay home with the one child that was, for an interval, living with her. When this man died, under violent circumstances she never investigated, Louise came to New York, where she works as a drugstore waitress. She sends part of her salary south for the care of her children, who live with her aunt and uncle; she insists—even in her suicide note—on her love for her children. Hendin concludes: "Louise feels too keenly her position as a rejected daughter to be able to see herself as a mother. . . . Furious with her mother for abandoning her and for not providing her with a father, Louise is following in her mother's footsteps in having children with various fathers and then rejecting them."

Another type of casualty inflicted by the black home is illustrated by four male homosexuals who turned up among the twelve male suicide attempts—a surprising incidence; among male white suicides less than one in twelve is a homosexual. In the homes of these men—and though the statistical sample of homosexuals is small, it has been augmented by six other nonsuicidal cases—a father was usually present, but so violent toward mother and son that heterosexuality became intimidating. Also, the boys were disturbed by their mothers' extramarital sexual activities. "Benjamin Ellis" remembers discovering his mother in bed with a man and says, "It jarred me so much I wept." The violent father and promiscuous mother curiously reverse the typical nonviolent father and nonsexual mother of white homo-

sexuals. Curious, too, is the usual preference of black homosexuals for white partners: a tragic indication of an unconfessed racial shame. "Andrew Vallen" insists he is proud to be a Negro but wants to have an operation to make his thick lips thinner. "Leroi Nifson," a medium-brown offspring of a black father and a Syrian mother, when asked why he confined his homosexual contacts to whites and Puerto Ricans, answered that he considered himself Arabic, "a white man sympathetic to the Negro cause." Benjamin Ellis, the oldest of the three, and the only one who achieved a high guilt rating in the psychological tests, associates dirt, masculinity, and blackness—"I do things with men, don't with women because men are dirty anyhow. The man was Negro and not as clean as he could be"—but also says, "White men don't care what they do. They'll do anything. Negroes have limitations. If it lowers their pride, they won't do it." His double need to be degraded and to be protected is best served by a white lover.

Black Suicide began as an investigation of the anomaly that, though the overall Negro rate of suicide is lower in this country than the white rate, between the ages of twenty and thirty-five *twice* as many black males as white males kill themselves in New York City. The Negro homicide rate is in all age groups higher than the white rate. The interweave of destructiveness and self-destruction in black ghetto life is everywhere bared by Dr. Hendin's case histories. "Peter Churney," who has been thinking of suicide since the age of twelve, and at nineteen has survived three attempts, was present at his father's violent death.

[Peter's father's] suspicions that Peter's mother was having affairs led him to jealous rages. One night when he was beating her in a particularly savage way, the police were called. When they arrived, his father began shooting at them. Peter, who was seven at the time, was trapped in the room with his father, who had five guns and, although wounded, continued to fire until he was killed. . . . [Peter] was quite taken aback, however, at the suggestion that his father's death might have been a form of suicide.

Peter, whose IQ is high for this

(Advertisement)

February Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books



Where has the short story gone, a recent literary conference asked in New York? The number of national magazines which publish stories has declined; the "little quarterlies" reach a restricted audience; and each year sees fewer hardbound collections.

We confess—as publishers of books as well as the *Atlantic*—to an affection for the short story as an art form, and to an interest in its swift evolution in recent decades. So we continue to seek out and to publish volumes of short stories by the masters of this protean form. But, since virtue is our principal reward, let us proclaim our own virtue loudly here: in recent years the Atlantic Monthly Press has published volumes of short stories by Pierre Gascar, H. E. Bates, Sean O'Faolain, William Saroyan, Geoffrey Household, William Sansom, Peter Ustinov, Jesse Hill Ford, Tom Cole, James Alan McPherson, Jonathan Strong.

None of these collections has shown more sheer strength, a more caustic power, than **NIGHTLINES**, by **John McGahern**. Its twelve stories, coming as they do after two very good novels, *The Barracks* (1964) and *The Dark* (1966), have, in the words of *The Observer*, "the sinewy prose and the fierce honesty which have won Mr. McGahern's novels critical acclaim abroad, and got them banned in his own country." The stories are superb.

NIGHTLINES

by John McGahern

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group, admired Hitler as a boy and "says he had the idea of going on a rooftop and shooting people but adds lightly that this was before 'that guy in Dallas' did it." His fantasies of mass murder, however, give him less pleasure now; Peter feels he is on a suicide course and nothing can stop him. "Harrison Eliot," a man of thirty-three, lost his mother, "whose strictness and severe beatings he still recalls," at the age of twelve; his father, a railroad chef, was robbed and beaten to death when Harrison was four. He has a savage temper, and twice has served jail sentences for fighting with policemen. He dreams of murdering his former wife and her boyfriend, and drowns his rage in drink. "He mentions that several of his friends drank themselves to death but does not seem to be aware that he is following in their footsteps." "Eddie Marker," a boy of eighteen, is working toward the same goal via drugs; he is a forty-five-dollar-a-day heroin user who must rob to support his habit. A year ago his twenty-two-year-old sister killed his father, who she felt was trying to harm her baby. "Eddie does not believe in death, and thinks his father is alive and that he will meet him someday. . . . He has no plans for the future after he gets out of jail. . . . When Eddie was asked about his getting into so much trouble he replied, 'No more than most of the people I know. . . .' Eddie uses his Muslim beliefs not simply to deny death but to deny the reality of life as he experiences it."

Then, what, the white reader may well ask himself as he gazes into this snake pit of lost lives, is to be done? First he might wonder how accurate a microcosm of Negro life in America these twenty-five failed suicides afford. Certainly this is a disadvantaged group within a disadvantaged group. Seven of the twenty to whom IQ tests were administered scored in the seventies, or on the border line of effective intelligence, and only four (including the wild Ina Tracy) above the standard median of 100. On the other hand, the geographic narrowness of the sample is more apparent than real; many of these Harlemites were born and raised in the South and experienced their formative traumas there. And a look at the graphs in the appendix discovers little change in violence statistics since the 1920s; proportionally as many Negroes were

killing themselves and each other in the days of Amos 'n' Andy and the Cotton Club as in these days of summer riots and the Black Panthers. The birth dates of Hendin's subjects span fifty years; after reading their histories one feels that Negro life in America has changed sadly little, except that drugs have replaced drink as the cop-out, and the Islam and paranoid politics now share with Christianity the effort to restrain despair and institutionalize self-respect.

Three conclusions of Hendin's study bear emphasis:

1. The black female, far from being a secondary victim of white racism, bears the brunt of it. As a girl she is exposed equally with her brothers to the psychological injuries inflicted by absentee or distracted parents; from her teens on she is vulnerable to pregnancy; as a woman she is the first and nearest recipient of the black man's anger. And not merely in the form of beatings:

One senses that for many black men sex serves a double purpose. The children they father serve as living proof of their potency and also as a mark of their anger. Their abandonment of women, often when they are in the most helpless of conditions, may be a way of striking back at their mothers who rejected them or the succession of aunts, grandmothers, or cousins who raised them; of figuratively screwing womankind and lodging a protest against their own lives.

Biology appoints the black woman custodian of order in a subsociety that has no great stake in order. As a mother, then, she transmits to her children her burden of shame, inadequacy, frustration, and fury. Dr. Hendin touches on the thesis, put forward by two black psychiatrists, that "black mothers reject and castrate their sons in order to prepare them better for the life they will encounter in a white world." These same psychiatrists, William H. Grier and Price M. Cobbs (in *Black Rage*), go on to recommend a psychological shift of anger from black mothers to white society. Hendin does not think much either of diagnosis or of remedy. While conceding a limited "useful social purpose" to identifying the institutional sources of black frustration and channeling rage toward corrective action, he insists that black mothers rear their children badly be-

cause they were reared badly. "Like all other children, those black children who have experienced the least rejection are best prepared to deal with the world, black or white."

2. Racial discrimination inflicts its worst psychological damage out of sight of the white world, in the heart of the black family. White people are strangely absent from these narrated lives. The policemen with whom Harrison Eliot battles, and the employer of whom "Jean Wayne" complains, "He didn't care how I am," may be white; but the only white people given any individuality at all are Leroi Nifson's Syrian mother and "Roger," Benjamin Ellis' Jewish lover. Racial self-consciousness seems remarkably faint; of the fifteen patients who executed drawings of human figures, none indicated skin color, and only one determinedly attempted to portray Negroid features—and hē, "Owen James," had the special problem of being so pale that all his life other Negroes had picked upon him as a white. But Dr. Hendin does not conclude from the rarity of an overt black self-image—as did an earlier investigator, Charles Prudhomme—that race is not a factor in black suicide.

The Negro usually needs to repress an awareness that he has so blanketed his entire race with his own self-hatred that he loathes all the characteristics of blackness. Over and over the subjects in this study try to deny racial motivations for their feelings or behavior, though such motives are apparent. Even the man who insisted on having an operation to make his lips thinner denied that he in any way connected the size of his lips with being black. In their most repetitive self-images the patients saw themselves as black bugs or black rats. While these images were often dreamed of as symbols linking sexuality, destructiveness, and blackness, it is no accident that the symbols that come to them originate in the most despised and unwanted living things in the Harlem tenements—the rats and the roaches.

3. Black poverty includes a poverty of motivational fantasy. Along with the low self-esteem goes an inability to imagine successful achievement. One looks almost in vain among the testimony of the young men for instances of heroes. "Luke



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 Emelda Filteau, Hyde Park, N.Y.
 K. Frederick, Manchester, Conn.
 W.B. Gifford, Danvers, Ma.
 John A. Graham, Boston, Ma.
 Carol Harens, Ontario, N.Y.
 P. Hershfield, Great Falls, Mont.
 Esther Hill, Loma Linda, Ca.
 Miles Hoffman, Chicago, Ill.
 G.S. Horne, Muncie, In.
 Kay Hill, San Diego, Ca.
 Cheryl Levey, St. Louis, Mo.
 Thomas Lo, Montebello, Ca.
 M. Lutz, Spokane, Wa.
 T.B. Madison, Northwood, N.H.
 Leon Manelis, Skokie, Il.
 William Martin, Houston, Tx.
 Stanley Myers, Colorado Springs, Co.
 Robert Ross, Peekskill, N.Y.
 R. Shaffer, Ames, Iowa
 Amiel Shulsinger, El Monte, Ca.
 Ben Simerick, Lundhurst, Ohio
 Alan Sinclair, Crownpoint, N.M.
 Fred C. Sparks, South Bend, Ind.
 George Strang, Ithaca, N.Y.
 N.H. Sutton, Hartford, Ct.
 Carl Valvo, Cambridge, Ma.
 D. Vitulli, Santa Ana, Ca.
 B.J. Walton, New York, N.Y.
 C.C. Waugh, Tarzana, Ca.
 William Welch, Glen Falls, N.Y.
 A. Joel Woodstone, New York, N.Y.

* HIGH SCORE—283 POINTS

Dellins,” a promising and athletic boy cruelly maimed by hospital maltreatment, has become a bitter black nationalist and admires only Jomo Kenyatta. Peter Churney, whose fascination with Hitler has been noted, wanted to be an archaeologist and now wishes he could make movies like Sergei Eisenstein. And when one tries to imagine how a ghetto child whose father was shot before his eyes is going to become an Eisenstein, or a Hitchcock, or a Mike Nichols, the plausibility of low aspirations sinks in.

In America the rate of white suicide continues to rise after the age of forty-five, and to overtake and exceed the black rate. Hendin’s explanation for this is elegant and eloquent: the white person encounters, in late middle age, the certainty of failure and disappointed hope that his black fellow citizen encountered in the prime of life. Luke Owens, at the age of twenty-nine, has concluded: “There is no place in the world for a fellow like me. I’ll always be on the same level, I’ll get nowhere.”

Little hope can be held for most of the subjects of this study. Yet Dr. Hendin’s description of the general black plight in this country is not entirely dispiriting. For one thing, it makes intelligible, as nothing else I have read does, the vehemence of black liberation rhetoric. The roaches and rats that run through these suicides’ dreams are close to such images as this one, dictated into a tape recorder by Eldridge Cleaver upon the death of Martin Luther King: “I think that America has already committed suicide and we who now thrash within its dead body are also dead in part and parcel of the corpse. America is truly a disgusting burden upon this planet.”

For another, Dr. Hendin’s book locates the need for *revolution* within the black psyche. I italicize this alarming and prevalent word because it is a stumbling block. Granted that the unmitigated capitalism special to America has at repeated historical moments—on the large plantations, during the North’s post-Reconstruction abandonment of the freedmen, in present-day technology’s devaluation of untrained labor—worked to sever the Negro from the general economic evolution, it is difficult to conceive an “overthrow” of the “system” that

would not prove counterproductive for all races. Rather, the challenge to the white-dominated system would seem to be merely to make good the numerous statutes and public resolutions that already exist. But there can be no denying that the self-hatred impressed on the black man by three centuries of rope and shackle, low wages, and social insult must be overthrown. And, for all the recalcitrance of private neuroses, psychic revolutions can occur rather quickly, as one generation replaces another. Although it is tempting, as the abysmal statistics from the ghetto mount, to dismiss symbolic triumphs, what value can be given to, say, the disappearance of “conking” or the widespread use of black models in television commercials? Or to the appearance in the streets of African costumes? That whites ape such fashions and commercialize them seems to me the opposite of disheartening: it is one more step toward America’s recovery of what it early lost, a sense of itself as a multiracial nation, rather than as a white nation “holding” colored minorities.

The black race presently exists in America as a sunken, underdeveloped other country, exasperated and mocked by the highly developed country that surrounds and permeates it with its imagery of affluence and opportunity. As W. E. B. Dubois wrote in 1903, “To be a poor man is hard, but to be a poor race in a land of dollars is the very bottom of hardships.” No number of damage-mending programs from the white world can lift this black nation as a dead weight. Ambition and righteous pride must be ignited within the black community, and black artists, it seems to me, have an enviable part to play. In an art situation that is generally modish and frivolously nihilistic, the black artist (and the playwright, that natural didact, seems to be foremost) has a work of genuine resurrection before him, of supplying a self-image that though angry is also potent—of generating “motivational fantasies” to which the white world, of course, helps lend substance. As long as young black men cannot “envisage a future in which their situation would improve through work,” the black race as a whole draws nearer to being the instrument whereby, in Cleaver’s metaphor, America commits suicide.

IRELAND REVISITED

by Fanny Howe

Not knowing where you are going, or why. The reasons abound and censor each other. Finally you just do it, and the sense of impotency induced by flying is somehow appropriate . . . Two weeks in Ireland. To see relatives, for a change, to sleep, to escape the six o'clock news. My Irish half: perhaps I can claim a new citizenship. Those are the *reasons*.

There is always something else at work. To grow pure by localizing certain memories. The smells of turf, a gas stove, and raspberry bushes. Gooseberries sweetened by sugar. The early morning light, and the trips between Dublin and Killiney on board a coastline train. My grandmother, great-aunt, and other assorted relatives and friends, most of them gone. The body is a house. Those dead are walking around inside. There is no I in memory, only me, and the location of the soul is like turning a map into grass, ocean, and rain.

Like Ceres looking for Persephone, her daughter but herself, here and there and everywhere, smitten by each reminiscence which might lead her closer to her past: purity, like justice, is something you know only by its absence. My underlying desire is to turn into an adolescent again, fresh as a violet.

* * *

How green it is from above. In the wet morning sun each stone and flower glitters. And small. It might be Nantucket. At Shannon the people visiting the west or on their way to Belfast leave us nearly alone for the trip to Dublin. It's only when my feet are on the ground that my self-absorption takes a turn for the better and metaphors are abandoned for complete reverie. I am ears, a tongue, a nose, and almost blind for the strength of these senses.

* * *

We stay in a high-rise apartment on the edge of Herbert Park. It's occupied mostly by Americans. Big glass windows on every side give views of the Wicklow Mountains, Howth, the Irish Sea, the whole city; and right below, the park is as trim as the Queen's garden in *Alice in Wonder-*

land. A bowling green with a two-toned hedge. Tennis courts. Tulips, azaleas, and duck ponds. Little people push big prams up and down the walks. The first thing is to go out and smell it. All new. Nothing is a memory.

* * *

Asleep a creature—half bird, half mammal—dons huge wings it will never use. Just stands on the crest of a hill with these useless appendages hanging by its side. Its name is Déjà Vu.

"Did you hear about the Ministers transporting guns across the border?" All the banks are closed.

"The cement workers are on strike—a few hundred men and thousands are out of work."

"It's a real mess here."

No politics please. Are there any good poets?

"Ach, they use Gaelic words and rotten old rhetoric."

OK, then. I will allow my body to be transported from place to place. I won't speak. I won't think. Let every sense stretch toward recollection.

Easy to say. Outside the house, the body, the dead are dead. Every face is new, every smell and color common. Still, there will be one I recall. And I will sip from the fountain of everlasting youth, before flying home again.

* * *

The despair that comes of seeing others objectively. The assumption that they have nothing to live for. Tinkers. Men on bicycles. Babies. This persists, as if someone put acid in my tea.

"These people don't know how to do anything efficiently!"

The television antenna is defective. All you can get is snow and crackling voices. BBC 1 and an Irish station. Perry Mason is very popular. The news about the British elections, the news about the North, about Indochina and South Africa.

And it's still light out at 10 P.M.

* * *

I read some ancient Irish poetry—"The Sea-God's Address to Bran":

**80% of the scientists
who have ever lived
are alive today.**

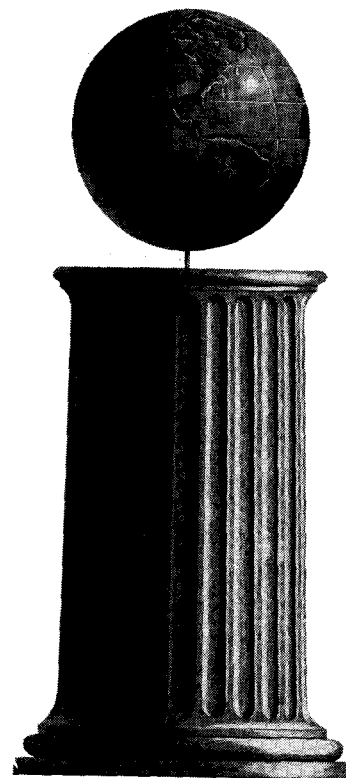
This means that most of man's scientific knowledge is new knowledge, requiring new equipment, techniques, trained teachers. It means more classrooms for more college students than ever before if they are to learn more than ever before.

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Join the future. **Give to the college of your choice.**



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Speckled salmon leap from the
womb
Out of the white sea on which thou
lookest:
They are calves, they are lambs of
fair hue,
With truce, without mutual
slaughter.

* * *

The food is not what it was when
my tongue was as fresh as salt. Vegetables like algae. Bread and potatoes have a solid character, reassuring. Good strawberry jam, tea. Hard-boiled eggs. We take a picnic to Killybegs, drive along the coast. I must remember something! But what are those palm trees doing there, and those red tile roofs? It looks like Santa Barbara. Only the high gray walls are distinct and familiar. And an underground passage to the beach. We called it Sweet Pee Lane. The stench of urine is unalterably familiar, but no part of the pure fountain I'm after. We picnic on the rocks and stare at the rock-gray sea, Dalkey Island.

Later a pilgrimage to Druid Hill, where I sat as a child and wished for a new house when we got home to the States. It stands in the center of a housing project. A ring of old trees and an arrangement of stones for sacrifice and prayer. I'm not scared. But we each make quick, oddly efficient wishes, one after the other in silence, before leaving the glade. Lethargy leans its whole weight on each disappointment.

"The air makes everyone sleepy."

"That's why they don't get anything done around here."

* * *

No sleep at night. A book I read before I left home keeps coming to mind to haunt me, as if my reading it were part of a preordained pattern. By Paule Marshall, *The Chosen Place, The Timeless People*. Her place, her people, connect with everything around me, her quote from the Tiv of West Africa:

Once a great wrong has been done, it never dies. People speak the words of peace, but their hearts do not forgive. Generations perform ceremonies of reconciliation but there is no end.

This is not just a comment on history. It fits into a personal corner too.

* * *

We drive farther south near Sally Gap. The heather is dry and brown, but the gorse, they say, has never been

so yellow, so profuse. And white-thorn, bluebells. We pause over Loch Tay, look down rockslides to the Guinness estate. The lake is a mirror for the sky. A dog barks.

"Look at this."

A tinker's rag is tied to a fence by the side of the road. A signal. It shudders colorless in the wind.

"They're a real problem. They lost their land during the famine and can't stop wandering. There have been feeble attempts to set up clinics and reservations for them, but the people would really like to exterminate them. Begging, stealing, procreating."

A busload of American tourists whips by us on the road.

* * *

Another ancient Irish poem, "The Viking Terror," comes to me at night:

Bitter is the wind tonight,
It tosses the ocean's white hair:
Tonight I fear not the fierce
warriors of Norway
Coursing on the Irish Sea.

What did the poet fear? That mystery makes more sense than much of the talk I hear.

* * *

The cheeks of many people—nuns, tinker women, passersby—are as red as apples. On the window of the Bank of America is scrawled in red paint *U.S. Murderers*.

"They can't seem to wash it off."

The streets of Dublin are crowded. Gray buildings, business, it could be any city—Boston, the Village. The Liffey is slow-moving and brown. Old stores down by the Metal Bridge are closed; only one or two tourist spots are busy. The cracked buildings might be baking for the smell of yeast in the air. The very poor push rags and children around in carriages. The women, who usually reveal the degree of decadence in any society, have a spirited, functional look about them. Only the well-to-do, or student class, sport midis and sunglasses.

"You can spot the Americans by their clothes and an angry look in their eyes."

* * *

A drive a few miles north to visit some ruined abbeys—Trim, Slane. Green and mist. We picnic against a rubbly gray wall. Cows pass and piss, and our laughter is hysterical. The river by our side, the Boyne, could stand in a picture by James O'Connor. Blackbirds and bumblebees inhabit

the air. There are small doors to admit small people.

"We all were shorter then."

A quick fantasy that those doors were for me, then, those open-air corridors for me to play in summers ago.

"Witness more of Cromwell's ruthless destruction of a culture."

—WASP's.

"Here you are identified by your religion—Catholic or Protestant, that's the issue."

"And who are the *real* Irish? The West Britons have been here for centuries, but many people would like to have them all sent back where they came from. Sound familiar? It's serious."

It sounds familiar. Even the Irish half of me is questionable, not to mention the American whole.

"The Irish can't survive without masses of aid, yet they talk about self-sufficiency, nationalism; all the children have to learn Gaelic, and to what end?"

"What we need is six months of dictatorship."

"Paisley is the Spiro Agnew of Ireland. He reaches the people by laying it all on the line. He's the only possible leader we've got."

"Oh, no, not that."

"All the land cut up into little parts. Each man to himself, and starving. They refuse to cooperate, though it would be their salvation."

"Russians deliver oil and they aren't even recognized by the government."

"Atheists."

"We *just* were given the go-ahead on eating meat on Fridays."

* * *

The city is crumbling while the parks are resplendent. A drive to the zoo through Phoenix Park—green, green fields, trees from *Blow-Up*, cows grazing, it goes on for ages. And in the early morning the zoo is empty except for us, the animals, and a couple with an idiot child. The air is heavy and damp.

Here there is the usual kind of memory. "I remember this." It is neither startling nor thrilling. The simple knowledge of having been there before. I remember flamingos, ostriches, parrots, and a tea shop. I remember them, that is, as they remember me. More of the same.

"Nobody cares about the people. You can't possibly have a successful

revolution where this kind of indifference exists."

I am beginning to hear and understand the grown-ups.

Northwest gale winds at night. They howl and knock. In the morning, all the smells are out and the land is burning. Lilacs, hibiscus, tulips. Raindrops fly from the trees. We rush through Trinity College, the Book of Kells, well preserved and handsome. Graduates of this college include Oliver Goldsmith, Oscar Wilde, Edmund Burke, and the Ginger man. And now even Catholics are allowed to attend.

On the streets the workers stand around and talk a lot. Whiffs of stout on the breath. No traffic controls to speak of. A tinker with a baby in her arms blesses me because I am pregnant.

"Blessed Bernadette is in gaol."

"The banks may be closed indefinitely."

"We're all passing cash around, and it has no meaning. A great way to curb inflation."

* * *

More trips to the country, more sleep, more people. Everyone is kind, but I begin to grow into their conversations and thereby grow annoyed by their lack of interest in America. The newspapers devote a column or two of space to the States; like a comic strip, the serial remarks tell a story of Bad versus Good. And increasingly I want to shock the people with my tales of atrocities; but they don't care. They've made up their minds about the U.S. They have their own problems to think of.

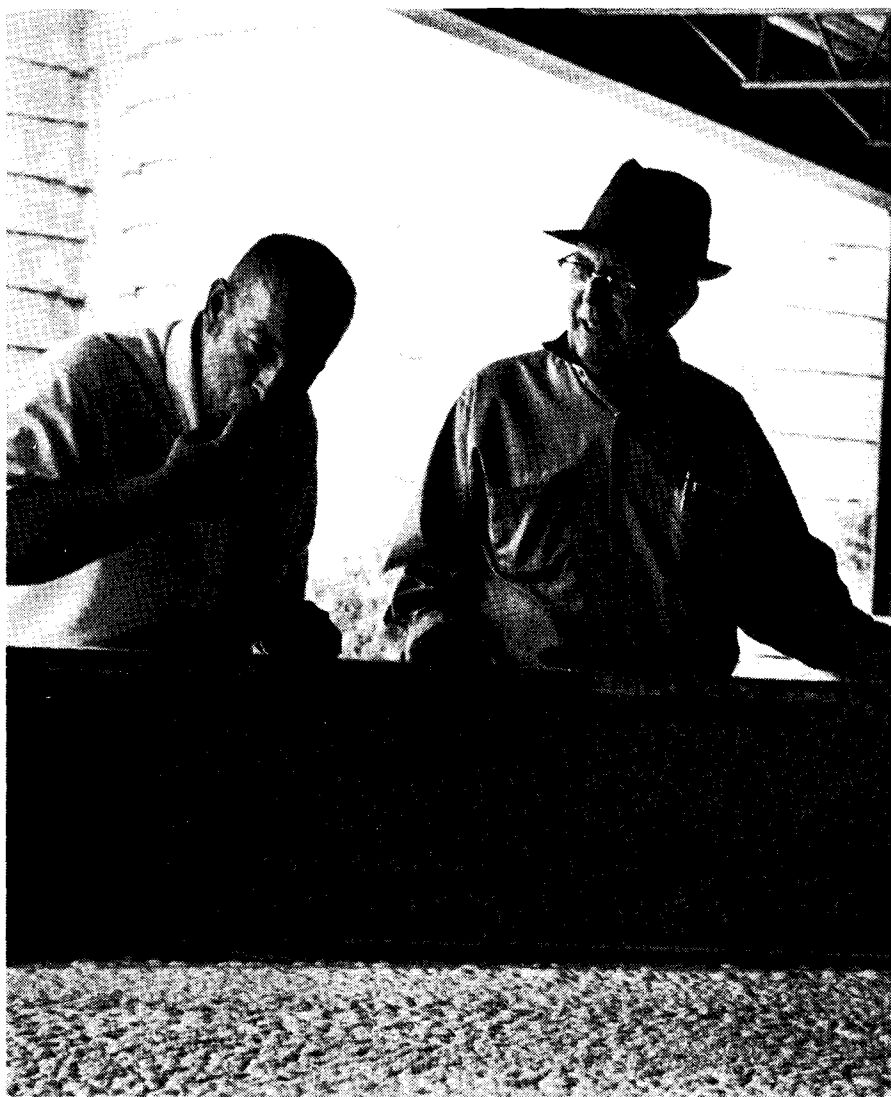
"In Ireland, as elsewhere, the conflict is between the arrogant and the ignorant."

—Oh, yes? Well, in America—

But I don't go on. Saint Patrick's Cathedral—a giant monolith, empty, echoing, was taken over by the Protestants, who rarely use it. Yeats's poem is inscribed on Swift's tomb:

Swift has sailed into his rest,
Savage indignation there
Cannot lacerate his breast.
Imitate him if you dare,
World-besotted traveller.
He served human liberty.

Poetry alone restores my adolescence. This is the trouble with abstract desire. It leads to nothing. Socrates says we have to work daily



FRANK BOBO, THE YOUNG MAN SAMPLING THE MASH, is the first Jack Daniel stiller who's no kin to a Motlow.

Lem Tolley (the other man) learned to still whiskey from his uncle Lem Motlow, who learned all he knew from his uncle, Jack Daniel. And Mr. Tolley handed down all his knowledge to young Frank, the head stiller at Jack Daniel's today. Here in the hollow, folks say Frank has learned his lessons so well he even *looks* like a Motlow. Well, we don't know about that. But we're sure glad he makes whiskey like one.



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for salvation. To serve liberty you have to stay at home.

* * *

It turns out that the dead are more dead than gooseberries and tea. What I can taste again, smell again, is only what it was then and is now. More of the same. God gave us bodies to die in and houses to live in and children to forget both our houses and our bodies. I come across a line of Beckett's about a certain kind of experience, "whose integral purity has been retained because it has been forgotten." What is pure, then, is dead.

* * *

It seems right that our last trip is to a place I'm told I never saw before: Howth, a peninsula in the Irish Sea.

We go to see the rhododendrons in bloom. It's warm and sultry and splendid: fountains of flowers in a tropical glade. Humming bees. Thrushes. Wild garlic. We move around like cars without passengers. This could be the Himalayas or the Everglades, as I imagine them. The sea fogs up the air, and the flowers seem encased in glass, a botanical garden. This is new, and memorable.

We pack in a hurry, and are gone. A view of the coastline, then onto the sea. No ghosts of relatives or first sensations have come to me. I am just the same, and the experience was new. *Nothing belongs to anyone*, keeps running through my mind. I will locate myself at home.

a friend with a man or woman not her husband or his wife. This is bad manners because it suggests you assume they are engaged in adultery (and it is bad manners whether they are or not). Do, however, be careful in conversation with them. Refrain from asking any questions.

An unmarried couple living openly together can be invited together to a dinner party. But you should send separate invitations to each one, at the same address.

When an unmarried couple entertain, the lover should leave with the guests and sneak back when they are out of sight.

If the couple are homosexuals, you are expected to invite them together once you have accepted an invitation from them in their apartment or house (never say "home").

When traveling with your secretary, always book rooms on different floors, and do not ask her to take dictation while you are shaving.

In the United States, unlike most other countries, a gentleman should use all of his honorary titles on his personal cards as well as his business cards. (I am glad I do not have to pay the engraving costs of some college presidents.)

You should *never* write on the back of your calling card.

For those who still have not given up smoking, some rules of etiquette remain. I did not know, for example, that:

A guest should never light up at the dinner table until the hostess has, even if there is an ashtray in front of him. (I wonder what he does if the hostess has quit smoking.)

In England one should never smoke at a dinner party until the toast to the Queen has been pronounced.

A gentleman *never* taps his cigarette before lighting it.

But the proper protocol of smoking is the least of the party pitfalls posted by Madame Dariaux. For example:

Never use R.S.V.P. on an invitation. It is insulting to any well-bred guest, who will respond anyway.

Always send the invitation two or three weeks in advance, to allow time for your guest to have a new dress made for the occasion.

Always answer an invitation the day you receive it. If you are not sure you can go, accept anyway. You

THINGS I BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW

by A.B.C. Whipple

Under ordinary circumstances the last book I'd pick up to read for pleasure or escape would be something entitled *Behaving with Elegance at Home and Abroad* (Doubleday, \$6.95). But having more than my normal leisure one day, I happened on this recent volume by Genevieve Antoine Dariaux, looked into it, and found myself reading on in wonder, suspense, and shock. Madame Dariaux, it appears, is France's answer to Emily Post, and being French, even though now in the United States, is far more elegant than good old sensible Emily ever was. As I plowed on, all the way from A (Abbreviations, Adultery, Asparagus) through O (Obscenity, Oyster) to Z (Zeal, Zipper), I realized with mounting horror how many gaffes I have committed in what I had heretofore regarded as a moderately blameless life. Though the social circles in which I move can scarcely be termed exalted, I now discover that I have been an unmitigated boor in any normal society.

I can only apologize to all the refined people (it is unrefined to say "persons") of my acquaintance, and in a belated effort at redressing my social blunders, pass along some of Madame (never write "Mme.") Dariaux's helpful hints, in order that you, dear reader (a perfectly acceptable circumlocution, I discover), may

perhaps profit from some of my social mistakes.

There are, of course, certain fundamental courtesies that hardly need mention; I'm sure Madame Dariaux includes them only in the interest of being complete. For example, everyone knows:

That the Queen of England personally signs all of her Christmas cards (and so should you).

That the governess is never a member of your domestic staff but is a semimember of the family (so she should dine with you).

That as a weekend guest you should always remember to tip the groom who has been saddling your horse.

And that it is perfectly correct, among friends, to inquire for directions to the powder room.

No doubt you have always known such essentials of good conduct. But did you know this?

A well-bred gentleman *never* kisses the hand of an unmarried Frenchwoman. Furthermore, when he does kiss a married woman's hand, his lips should never touch flesh.

Did you also know these?

Never ask a friend to deliver a package weighing more than half a pound.

Do not look the other way or try to escape notice when you encounter

can apologize later if you find you cannot go.

Always warn your hostess ahead of time if you have to leave her party early. And telephone her next day to apologize.

Never use artificial flowers, on the dinner table or anywhere else in your house.

When you are the guest of honor, *always* tell the hostess what flowers you are sending. And be sure to be the first to arrive.

Always greet a head of state on your front doorstep. Other guests can be greeted in your living room.

Never tell your guests to throw their coats on a bed. If you are inviting too many people to accommodate their coats in your closet, hire a rack and an attendant.

Never leave the television set where it can be seen. Television sets are inelegant.

Never eat with a spoon "anything that is sufficiently solid to be eaten with a fork." Even ice cream should be eaten with a fork, unless the proper ice cream spoon is provided. (It is flat like a shovel.)

Never sip the juice from an oyster shell.

If you can't stand a vegetable or other dish, *never* say so. Instead say that you are allergic to it.

Always conceal the flea or worm found in the salad below a leaf as surreptitiously as possible.

Never arrange peach pits or cherry stones in an artistic pattern on your plate. (I have *always* done this.)

Never serve tea bags. They are gauche.

Never try to ignore a guest who is showing his liquor. Lead him firmly to the door and tell him to leave.

If you spill something on a lady's dress, *always* send a large box of flowers or candy next day with your apologies.

If you are entertaining at a restaurant, *always* select one of the more expensive dishes and mention that you are going to order it, so your guests will not feel obliged to order the hamburger. If you are a guest and arrive early, take a seat at the table, but *never* unfold the napkin or order a cocktail until the host has arrived.

Always send a note of thanks the day after a party in the United States. *Never* do so in France or Italy; it would seem effusive.

The dinner party may be a social minefield, but it is when one moves into international social circles that one courts disaster. For example:

In France you may be as much as a half hour late for a dinner party. In Spain you had better be later than that. In Sweden, however, you should be on the doorstep at the precise moment stated on the invitation, ready to ring the bell.

In France you should take a second helping at dinner if it is offered, whether you are still hungry or not.

One of the most fashionable (and expensive) places in Paris is the American Hospital.

If a French girl breaks her engagement to you, you can ask her to return your love letters.

Never ask a Frenchwoman if she is on the Pill.

In Syria you should never tip the servants of your host; it implies that he doesn't pay his help enough.

In England you should never appear at your host's breakfast table in a dressing gown.

At an English dinner party you should never ask your partner to pass the salt. You should ask if he or she would like the salt.

In Portugal it is better manners to speak English or French than Spanish.

In France you should *never* send a corsage. "Nothing, in fact, is considered more vulgar."

Most ambassadors are addressed as "Your Excellency"—except the U. S. Ambassador, who is "Mr. Ambassador." Ambassadors' wives are ambassadors—except the U.S. Ambassador's wife, who is plain Mrs.

Don't ask a German where he learned such excellent French. He might reply, "During the war."

It is safer to address a German as "Herr Doktor" even if he isn't, than as "Mein Herr," which is almost insulting.

Many of the best European hotels keep dossiers on the behavior of their regular guests.

You can be dressier in Rome or Milan than in London or Paris. But Italian *haute couture*, says Madame Dariaux, is "sometimes a bit too dramatic to be in good taste."

In Italy it is good manners to use a toothpick, hidden behind your hand. But only in Italy. (I suspect that Madame Dariaux is not an Italophile.)

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In Japan the chopsticks should be held as high as possible. Shoes should be left pointing outdoors. Tips for servants should be left in pretty envelopes. If your host sips some of your sake, you should return the compliment. Since you spend much of your time eating on grass mats, ladies should wear tights. And if you have back trouble, you shouldn't go to Japan at all.

Mexico is the land of the Aztecs, not the Incas; that's Peru. You should compliment your Peruvian hostess on her tiny feet. In Paraguay husbands and wives are often seated beside each other at dinner; and it is up to the guest to indicate when dinner is over. In Venezuela you should back out of the salon, thanking your hostess at least three times. But never kiss her hand. And don't mention Cuba.

Still, it is in plain everyday living that politesse and protocol are evidently more important and complex than I had ever realized. I did not know (did you?) that the gentleman should enter the taxi ahead of the lady; that a lady should wear a scarf over her head when frying food (so

her hair won't smell later); that an illegible signature is ill-bred; that the most revealing mark of a man's character is his choice of necktie; that you shouldn't send letters Special Delivery (they usually arrive before anyone is up); that you should never wear the same type of sweater as the ski instructor; that you should never jump up in front of people or whistle or blow horns in a football stadium (watching these performances on television, I had concluded that that was what the crowd came for); that white wine is more harmful to the liver than red or rosé; that you should never keep a borrowed tool more than one day; and that you should never say "launder" for "wash," "care to" for "want to," or "pardon me" for "I beg your pardon."

Considering the pitfalls all around us, I should think that every home (pardon me, "house"; pardon me, "I beg your pardon") should have a copy of Madame Dariaux's book. I don't see how a person (I mean, any "people") can get through the day without it. When your telephone conversation is cut off, did you know

which one of you should repeat the call? The original caller. (But will he know that?) If an escort is becoming too ardent, and if you are a lady, do you know what to say to him? "If I had no moral principles, I would be most attracted to you." He will continue to get the point the more he thinks about it. Madame Dariaux even has advice for the woman who is not any better than she ought to be: she can tell her escort that she is faithful to the man with whom she is having her current affair.

Madame Dariaux is, of course, not the only arbiter of etiquette in this blunder-fraught world. Nor is she the most imaginative, despite her advice to ladies bothered by nongentlemen. In dealing with one of life's most frequent hazards, the crowded elevator, she suggests that a lady could pretend to be faint. But what about the gentleman? I know a perfect gentleman who once handled the crowded-elevator problem by saying in his most courteous manner to the woman who was crowding him: "Young lady, I was once engaged to a girl for two years, and I did not know her as well as I know you now." The woman promptly made room for him.

Nor is Madame Dariaux infallible. "I travel around the globe," she writes, "with an enormous suitcase that fills me with shame every time I see a porter struggle with it. In addition to a tip, I always thank him for the trouble I have caused, and I always smile and compliment him on his biceps. Thanks to this, I have never yet had the slightest difficulty with porters." This is a piece of advice I would not commend to every young lady of the world. Sooner or later she might encounter a porter who did not know what his biceps were.

Madame Dariaux also suggests that "before according your friendship or your hand to a new acquaintance, it would not be a bad idea to observe his vacation behavior!" (Exclamation point not added.) There is, however, the possibility that, after a vacation with him, it might be too late.

But all in all, considering the perils of which Madame Dariaux warns us, I don't think I dare venture out without her book, just as a tourist carries his guidebook with him. Better still, I think I'll simply stay home.

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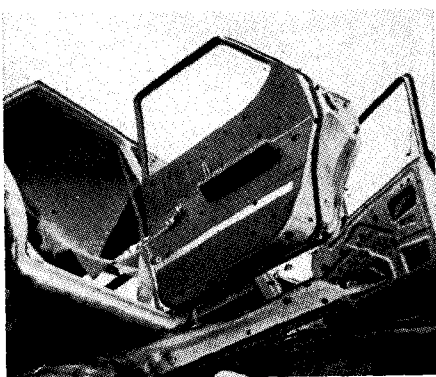
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MOVIES

STALINISM ON FILM

by David Denby

THE CONFESSION
directed by Costa-Gavras
Paramount

The Confession, the new movie by Costa-Gavras (director of *The Sleeping-Car Murders* and *Z*), remains faithful to Artur London's written account (*The Confession*, Morrow, \$7.95; Ballantine paperback, \$1.25) of his arrest, interrogation, and trial. It thus becomes the first movie I've seen or heard about that dramatizes in explicit detail the methods of the Stalinist secret police and the production of a classic Communist "show trial"—the Slansky Trial of November, 1952, in Czechoslovakia. Because *The Confession* was made by a well-known leftist director of obvious anti-fascist sympathies, the force of its attack on Stalinism, the sense it conveys of a great historical betrayal, cannot be dismissed as right-wing or obscurantist propaganda.

These considerations may seem a bit odd to Americans, since neither Stalinism nor later versions of Soviet Communism have attracted many partisans in this country during the last twenty years; but in Europe, where the orthodox Communist parties influence millions, the politics of the movie have been fiercely debated. As James K. Glassman reported in the July *Atlantic*, the French Communist Party officially took the line that the movie was "an anti-Communist spectacle." When I spoke to Costa-Gavras in New York in December, he explained that in the past the fear of being branded "anti-Communist" or "anti-socialist" had prevented left-wing directors from criticizing the Soviet Union or the Soviet-influenced satellite countries. "As a result, inadmissible things were done in the Communist world, and no one on the left made a film about it. My film has been experienced as a catharsis because it expresses criticisms and doubts that had been repressed."

Artur London, Rudolf Slansky, and the twelve other innocent men on trial in 1952 were the Czech equivalents of the "Old Bolsheviks" so

ruthlessly purged by Stalin in the 1930s. A veteran of the International Brigade in the Spanish Civil War and a hero of the French Resistance during World War II (he was tortured by the Nazis and managed to survive Mauthausen concentration camp), London returned to Czechoslovakia in 1949 as Undersecretary of Foreign Affairs for the new Communist government. He had served only two years when he was arrested and faced with charges of Trotskyism, Titoism, Zionism (it was just before Stalin's anti-Semitic "Doctors' Plot" in the USSR), spying for the United States, and membership in a conspiracy against the state led by Party Secretary Slansky.

At the end of the rigged trial eleven of the men were executed, and London and two others received sentences of life imprisonment. Then, at the time of Khrushchev's denunciation of Stalin in 1956, London was suddenly cleared and released. He moved to France to recover his shattered health and was finally afforded full political "rehabilitation," along with the other men, during the short-lived "Czech Spring" of 1968. Whatever we may think of London's continuing commitment to Communism, we must respect his fortitude in the midst of the century's most brutal politics.

To establish the innocence or the guilt of the accused was never, of course, the purpose of such investigations as the Slansky affair. Their purpose was to bring the bewildered and often arbitrarily chosen victim—through torture, deprivation of food and sleep, endless interrogation, and insidious appeals to "party loyalty"—to that state of exhaustion and psychic disintegration in which he would accuse himself and others of those uncommitted crimes and nonexistent conspiracies whose existence the Party needed to establish in order to bolster its current ideological line. In the Soviet-dominated Czechoslovakia of the early fifties, the investigation and trial were intended as a threat to anyone who would try to move the country away from the Soviet Union

toward independence on the Yugoslav model. The Soviet secret police working under Beria also used the occasion to tighten their hold on the Czech Communist Party.

Costa-Gavras and screenwriter Jorge Semprun stay close to the tone and structure of the book, reproducing much of its painful detail, as well as the author's limited, rather stolid consciousness. London was tortured and interrogated for twenty-two months. Although he was appalled at the brutal absurdity of the charges made against him and angered at being abandoned by the cause to which he had devoted his life, he never seems to have acquired that touch of cynicism necessary for a complete understanding of what was happening to him. (If he had acquired it, he probably would have given in much earlier.)

After his arrest he continued to plead, with hopeless naïveté, for his "rights" as a party member, for an observance of party regulations and humane standards of treatment. Yet as a lifelong Communist, and one with considerable authority, he must have known that the party was capable of dispensing with procedural legality whenever it wanted to. What could have passed through his head when he was in Moscow in 1936 and 1937 and people on all sides were disappearing without a trace? The book and the movie revive that old mystery of how decent men could have maintained a belief in Stalinist Communism through the years of betrayal and deceit.

I must admit, however, that London's stolidity and lack of cynicism probably account also for his resolve to write everything down afterwards and set the record straight. Although he eventually capitulated and made his "confession" like all the others, he never lost his inner possession of the truth or his conviction that the truth of individual lives in history had to be protected against violation. It seems cruel beyond all measure that on the very day in 1968 that he arrived in Prague with his manuscript, the Soviet-led forces of the Warsaw Pact nations occupied Czechoslovakia, and the whole cycle of repression started again. Costa-Gavras ends the movie with a brilliantly edited selection of still photos and newsreels made on that day, and the effect is unbearably tragic.



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Costa-Gavras' greatest talent is for swift, passionate exposition, and the beginning of *The Confession*, with a panicky London being hounded by secret police agents in ugly black Tatra (Czech cars that look like enraged sea slugs), is as exciting as anything in *Z*. Raoul Coutard, who photographed *Z* and many of Godard's greatest movies, keeps the restlessly moving London (played by Yves Montand) in extremely tight frame, a technical skill in the handling of the camera that produces the effect of tension and claustrophobia, and Costa-Gavras edits the shots in that fast, rhythmic style we remember from his earlier movies.

After the police have closed in and

made their arrest, there is another typically fine passage, in which the hero's clothes are stripped, his papers examined, shoes kicked aside, wrists handcuffed—all very quick, with each fragment of action held in close-up, and the movement within the shot providing the continuity from one image to the next. Most directors shoot so sloppily that when they edit (if they do it themselves) they have to jerk from long shot to close-up and then back to long shot again if they want to provide any continuity; but Costa-Gavras can shoot a whole sequence in close-up, and when he edits, the shots click into place like the moving parts of a perfectly calibrated machine.

Everything that's original in his technique serves to eliminate unnecessary repetition and waste motion. In *Z*, for instance, once Jean-Louis Trintignant's basic physical position at his desk was established for the audience, Costa-Gavras cut in and out of interrogations taking place on different days and involving different people without going through the tedious routine each time of establishing where the characters were in relation to one another. An important bit of information or a dramatic point could be conveyed in one or two shots lasting only a few seconds; yet despite the hectic pace, the audience never lost the thread, because the director brought out only one simple point in each of these tiny fragments, and what we discovered in one fragment made us eager for the flash of significance in the next one—and so on, until the sequence was finished.

Although the interrogations in *Z* were intended to discover the truth, while those in *The Confession* to obscure and finally bury it, the cinematic technique is similar. As London's acquiescence to a fictitious version of the past is extorted from him—line by line, half-truth by half-truth, false syllogism by false syllogism—we see fragments of dozens of interrogation sessions, taking place over a period of two years, as they are compressed into a perfectly lucid progression lasting about an hour. Costa-Gavras' method of construction couldn't be better suited for dramatizing this terrible process of the will's gradual disintegration and defeat. Although the sequence is a triumph of cinematic style, it also transcends considerations of style as it initiates us,

with the utmost gravity and respect for man's resolution and strength, into certain dangerous areas of knowledge about his weakness and mutability. The harsh white light of the interrogators' lamps reveals almost more than we want to know about how the dirty work is done. Yves Montand, who was once a defender of Soviet Communism, has never been so emotionally committed to a role; his anguish is undoubtedly genuine.

In responding to *Z*, the audience may never have been very sure what political ideas the murdered deputy actually stood for, but they could tell that he and his followers were OK because of their square shoulders and their preference for women. The fascists, on the other hand, were either comic-ugly or homosexual. Costa-Gavras has gone past this cartooning of political values in *The Confession* and also taken all the cheaply melodramatic elements out of his work. His new version of political evil, in the person of the smooth, insidious, endlessly lying interrogator played by Gabriele Ferzetti, makes the military fascists in *Z* look rather harmless.

The degrading physical environment of the prison, which probably demoralizes the political prisoner faster than anything else, has been superbly realized in Bernard Evien's sets. There is always some surprise for us in this maze of filthy low corridors and damp cells—like a patch of faded but splendid satin on a back wall (the Czechs make prisons out of their old palaces) or the sound of some vile liquid stuff gurgling out of a hole in the floor. The movie has a richness of design, a richness of filth; even the harsh lighting is interesting to look at.

Perhaps Costa-Gavras' particular temperament has been so effective for his two movies about dictatorship, right and left, because in both he was free to treat his subject as a series of external actions. When he tries an occasional intimate scene or attempts to inject a degree of psychological complexity, he falls flat; his work becomes empty and enigmatic. He says in interviews that he wants to go beyond politics to "something deeper," but among the talented directors working today, he is probably the most restlessly exciting and the least meditative, the most in love with courage and great acts and the least concerned with the nuances of personality. There

THE WRITERS

John Updike is the widely published author of verse, short stories, and novels, the most recent being *Bech: A Book*.

Fanny Howe, author of fiction (*Forty Whacks*) and poetry (*Eggs*), was recently in Ireland, her mother's home.

A.B.C. Whipple, formerly editor of *Life's* International Editions, is now with Time-Life Books.

David Denby, who writes frequently for the *Atlantic*, has just been elected to the National Society of Film Critics.

Edward Weeks and Phoebe Adams do regular monthly reviews of books for this column.

Robert Siegel (page 77) is on the English faculty at Dartmouth College.

W. S. Merwin (page 82) had two books published last fall: *The Carrier of Ladders*, a poetry collection, and *The Miner's Pale Children*, a prose work.

Menke Katz (page 84) is the editor of *Bitterroot*, a quarterly magazine of poetry.

Jon Swan (page 95) lives in Connecticut. His poetry has previously been published in the *Atlantic* and in other magazines.

is no repose or stillness anywhere in his work, and hardly a moment of relaxation.

Costa-Gavras may never become a

great director, but he has already restored to film-making an achievement that disappeared with silent comedy, the completely animated world.

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

THE CROSSING
by Howard Fast
Morrow, \$5.95

Graphic and sharply characterized is Howard Fast's chronicle of the American Revolution, *The Crossing*. The narrative accelerates through the twenty glum days leading up to the crossing of the Delaware and the surprising victory at Trenton. That day after Christmas, 1776, was indeed a turning point, and Thomas Paine, who had been closeted with Washington before the battle, found the right words for it: "These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country." And shrink they did in droves of desertion after the British landing on Long Island, the Hessians' slaughter of the Pennsylvania riflemen on Brooklyn Heights, and the humiliating flight from Sir William Howe's army across the Hudson and into New Jersey. As the cold shut down on operations and Howe returned to the sociability of New York and his charming mistress, Mrs. Loring, Washington could count on a dwindling force of 8000, less than half the young army he had commanded so recently; they were untrained volunteers whose term of enlistment would end in January. They were summer-clad, and, as Mr. Fast puts it, "Six out of every ten men were sick, and out of these six, three would never recover." Washington's alternative was to strike fast or watch his army disintegrate, and opposing him across the river were the Hessians, well supplied and among the best-trained professionals in Europe.

The seriousness of the crisis had brought most of Washington's general officers to his headquarters, and it is fascinating to follow their reactions: Gates, contemptuous and forever plotting against his commander, taking sick leave in Philadelphia; Benedict Arnold, riding away from the

action after a mystifying conversation; Generals Cadwalader and Ewing, promising a support they never gave. It was the stalwarts who came through: Colonel Glover and his Marblehead fishermen, the first of our Marines, who ferried men and artillery through the midnight ice and sleet; the portly Henry Knox, the Boston bookseller, making the most of his eighteen field pieces; the dependables: John Sullivan, the lawyer, and the arthritic Lord Stirling; General Mercer, who knew the country like the palm of his hand; and those daring youngsters, Johnny Stark of Vermont, Captain William Washington, and Lieutenant James Monroe. Their exploits, like the bloodcurdling Indian cry that rose from their troops, were in direct response to the charge they got from the tall Virginian at their head.

The assault, as Howard Fast tells it, bears little relation to the legend or Emanuel Leutze's famous painting. Johann Rahl, the Hessian commander, had plenty of warning but no respect for the Continentals. The river, jammed with ice, was crossed in long barges holding forty men—not a dozen—and they would have been sitting ducks if one Hessian picket had spotted them. The attack was delivered at eight in the morning; the Hessians were sleepy, not drunk, and soon terrified by the mud-caked ruffians with bayonets; so were the Queen's Own Light Horse, who simply fled.

In an afterword which epitomizes the effect of the victory on the course of the war and what became of the leaders on both sides, Mr. Fast sums up the conflict. His appraisals of General Greene and the prickly, down-right Glover are excellent. He underestimates Knox, gives him credit for loyalty, but none for that long haul of the guns captured at Ticonderoga which drove the British out of Boston and kept them out. His portrayal of

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Washington in action is fiery and the best writing in the book, yet he ignores what the young surveyor learned in the Western wilderness and what he learned of the British in his service with Braddock. He underestimates the value of Boston, with its open port and fleet of privateers which captured 1100 prize ships, but his praise for

the army is glowing: "It can be said that in 1783, just before its disbandment, the army of the thirteen colonies was more effective and better trained as a military instrument than the troops of any European country." There is no braver action in our historical annals, and Howard Fast has brought it to life.

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A GUEST OF HONOUR
by Nadine Gordimer
Viking, \$8.95

To think of the African struggles for independence is to recall the help which Sir Robert Jackson and his wife Barbara Ward gave to Nkrumah in the early years of Ghana and the ordeal they went through.

Nadine Gordimer is one of the two best writers in South Africa, which is to say, one of the best in the British Commonwealth, but her writing is done under psychological censorship. Her new novel *A Guest of Honour* is the most profound she has yet attempted; it is also the longest—some may say too long—and at the close, when a good man is undone, the most tragic. The story is laid in a central African country; it could be any one of three or four we know, but more important than its location is the struggle which she has depicted so skillfully and with such sympathy, the struggle between the blacks who celebrate their Independence Day and are striving to run the place, and the whites, the former civil servants, the diplomats, and the settlers, who are leaving, or about to do so, with thinly veiled resentment.

The hero of *A Guest of Honour* is an Englishman, Colonel Evelyn James Bray, formerly the District Commissioner in Gala, who ten years before the story opens was recalled to England because of the settlers' protest that he had been siding too openly with the Nationalist leaders in their campaign for freedom. He is a big man, fair-minded and eloquent in the native tongue, and to the blacks after his expulsion he remained an ideal and a friend. When Adamson Mweta came to power, he insisted that Colonel Bray be invited to return for the celebration of independence. The colonel arrives and is swept into the festivities, expecting to remain for only a few days, but subconsciously he is ready to stay on longer as a consultant if pressed, and when Mweta commissions him to inspect the inadequate educational setup, he agrees to do so.

During his ten years of retirement in Wilshire, where he and his wife, Olivia, found contentment in gardening, shooting, their daughters and their friends, Bray had kept in contact with the Colonial Office, which needed his advice about the independence move-

ment. Now in the capital, and still more when he returns to his old district to consult the schoolmasters and headmen, he is aware of the antagonisms and of the black aspirations which had so little to go on. What baffles him is the feud which seems to have developed between the two leaders he most respected, a feud which has driven Edward Shinza, who should have been Prime Minister, into exile. Bray is intent on a reconciliation, and when with difficulty he gets through to Shinza, he is shocked by the cynical account of the deals, the contracts, which Mweta has sanctioned with the mines and with the British-Belgian trawling company, transferring stock to the government but leaving the workers' wages as low as ever.

The dream of economic reform, of making the country over from top to bottom, has been sacrificed to expediency, and Shinza is plotting a revolution. The dismaying truth is communicated to Bray by black and white, with every shade of nuance, ranging from the condescension of the colonials to the anger of Shinza and his followers. The educational dilemma is no more susceptible of solution. Who shall be educated, the elite? The many? And where do they find the teachers? Lonely, disenchanted, finding what comfort he can in the snatched moments with his mistress, Bray meets his fate like the man he is, and is written off with this disparaging epitaph: "Poor devil. These nice white liberals getting mixed up in things they don't understand. What did he expect?"

Pervasive, forlorn, this is a picture of Africa in transition, with more truth than one likes to acknowledge.

ARFIVE

by A. B. Guthrie, Jr.
Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95

A. B. Guthrie, Jr., has been writing fiction ever since a Nieman Fellowship at Harvard gave him the opportunity to mobilize his resources under the encouragement of that discerning teacher, Theodore Morrison. His first novel, *The Big Sky*, about the "wilderness wanderers of a century ago, the rough men who dreamed of freedom under the big sky," struck a new note, and it was rightly awarded the Pulitzer Prize for 1950. He continued his saga from the ruthlessness of the

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mountain men to the fortitude of the men and women who drove the prairie schooners in *The Way West*, and in *These Thousand Hills* he depicted the sovereignty of the cattlemen, preserving in each book the freshness and sweep of the country, and the sense of responsibility, not only the gunplay, which motivates the protagonists in his story.

Arfive, Mr. Guthrie's new novel, completes his quartet, and it is a narrative that can be read and enjoyed in its own right without reference to the earlier books. To *Arfive*, a small town in Montana, not unlike that in which Mr. Guthrie grew up, comes Benton Collingsworth, a Hoosier school teacher with rigid Victorian standards, who is to be the first principal in the first high school in the county. The owner and driver of the stage, Mort Ewing, sizes up the tall stranger in his Eastern clothes as he steps off the train with his tired wife, small daughter, and fretful son, and the men sound each other out on the long drive across the plains. Mort acknowledges that he is a member of the school board, and he gives "the Prof"—the nickname is to stick—a thumbnail

sketch of the town: "two general stores, a good restaurant run by a Chink name of Soo Son, a butcher shop, harness and saddle shop, blacksmith shop, Woodmen's Hall and three saloons . . . I forgot the hotel, which ain't as bedbuggy as some. . . . Last but not least is the whorehouse that Eva Fox runs." And when Collingsworth bridles at this, Mort adds, "It's better'n squaws, don't you reckon?"

This first encounter, culminating as it does with the Prof swimming the river for help when the off horse breaks a leg in the ford, sounds the quality of the two men on whom the development of *Arfive* will ultimately depend. Mort Ewing is a rancher, and bachelor, who has saved his money, found a friend and comfort in the madam, Eva Fox, has read more books than one might think, and accepts human nature with tolerance. Bent Collingsworth, the brightest of ten children, who has seen his favorite brother ruined by venereal disease, and who had to teach his way through the university, draws a sharp line between right and wrong, and would discipline others as he disciplines him-

self. Naturally they differ, and never more so than when Mort pleads that Julie, a sixteen-year-old whom Eva has befriended, be admitted to the school. The story is built on the opposition and the slow growing respect which these two men feel for each other.

The minor characters, some imaginary, like old Mr. McLaine, the cultivated Easterner, and some as real as Fatty Adlam, the saloon keeper, Soo Son, who ran the restaurant, and Eva Fox, are drawn with authority; the two we feel sorry for are May, Collingsworth's wife, and their repressed young daughter, Mary Jess. *Arfive* as a community was hard on women, but the mercy and happiness it bestows on Julie are characteristic of the redemption the two men brought about.

This is a good subject, the struggle of a dedicated teacher in an unruly community, but the narrative, now whiskey, now milk and water, lacks the blend that would fire one's belief.

SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR BAD CAR by Ralph Nader, Lowell Dodge, and Ralf Hotchkiss. Grossman, \$8.95 and \$2.95. Let us not give way to premature optimism; unloading a lemon is a difficult operation, and the authors spend as much time on how to avoid buying one as they do on how to get rid of it. But it can be got rid of, with luck and a lawyer in the right corner, and if this brisk little illustrated manual incites enough outraged owners to action, the production of lemons may even begin to decline.

THE GREAT AGE OF FRESCO by Millard Meiss. Braziller, \$30.00. Repairs after the flood in Florence necessitated detaching and cleaning numerous frescoes, a process that revealed the preliminary drawings behind them and restored colors obscured by candle smoke and inept repainting. A selection of these resurrections is presented by Mr. Meiss, in fine color plates and a text that tells a great deal about fresco tech-

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nique and the painters who used it. A major advantage of this lovely book is that it permits one to see at close range work that normally has to be viewed at long distance and through ecclesiastic murk.

UNSAFE AT ANY HEIGHT by John Godson. Simon and Schuster, \$5.95. After examining the records of innumerable airplane crashes, Mr. Godson has decided that a considerable percentage of fatal accidents would have been survivable if passenger safety were not "the poor relation of the system." Much of his evidence will be familiar to connoisseurs of ship sinkings. It is depressing to think that practically everything that flies is a winged *Titanic* and that a couple of loose wires may constitute an iceberg.

THE COTILLION OR ONE GOOD BULL IS HALF THE HERD by John Oliver Killens. Trident, \$5.95. If characters and author were white, this social comedy about the debutante racket would be as trite as a Doris Day movie. Since the characters are black, and the black author is a wily blend of clown and porcupine, the moribund plot bounces merrily back to life. The language is Afro-Americanese, and the point is a plague on both your houses—although Mr. Killens understandably hopes Whitey's plague will be a bit worse.

OF A FIRE ON THE MOON by Norman Mailer. Little, Brown, \$7.95. Since Mr. Mailer is not a scientist, an engineer, an astronomer, or even a flier of airplanes, one is entitled to wonder what on earth qualifies him to write about the moon. His qualifications prove to be excellent. He is an artist, a human being, earthbound like most of us, and like many of us, both fascinated by and suspicious of the space venture. His book is a conscientious (he must have worked like a ditchdigger translating technical jargon into English prose) and intelligent attempt to relate the moon landing to normal human experience. He worries at ethics, unable to decide whether the enterprise is good or bad or beyond judgment. He considers economics, finds a space authority who predicts great profit from the moon because lunar conditions will permit the manufacture of flawless ball bearings, and wonders what will

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happen to an economy based on built-in obsolescence when ball bearings cease to wear out. He listens to the astronauts and their wives and marvels, as who did not, at the flat, antiseptic correctness of all their public utterances. In the end, Mr. Mailer's attempt to measure technological ingenuity by humanistic standards is a failure, as perhaps it had to be, but on the way to defeat he has raised provocative questions and offered curious insights. He has also written a brilliantly vivid and exciting account of the great rocket's launching.

BURY MY HEART AT WOUNDED KNEE by Dee Brown. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$10.95. By collecting the scattered, frequently obscure accounts left by Indians and fitting them into an approximate order of time and place, Mr. Brown has tried to describe the settlement of the West as the Indians saw it. The story is inevitably disjointed, sometimes hopelessly confusing despite the author's inclusion of brief chapter headings explaining what the U.S. government was really up to, and always no picture to be proud of. But it is generally interesting and at times, when Mr. Brown can quote directly from Indian speakers, painfully eloquent.

JOHN MARIN by John Marin. Edited by Cleve Gray. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$22.95. Marin's punctuation was unorthodox, his opinions of critics and other meddlers were cranky, and his enthusiasm for art was boundless. Thickly illustrated with his slashing drawings and swirling paintings, it all makes an engaging book.

PROSPER MERIMEE by Alan W. Raitt. Scribner's, \$15.00. In addition to writing *Carmen* and other fictions, Mérimée wrote numerous scholarly and historical works. He was for years in charge of preserving France's ancient monuments—which meant, in plain terms, snooping about the backwoods to dissuade the local rubes from modernizing Gothic churches and using Romanesque buildings for quarries. He launched the career of Viollet-le-Duc, whose regrettable lapses into whimsy occurred only after he escaped his sponsor's control. Mérimée was a friend of Stendhal and of the Empress Eugénie; he courted Mary Shelley, who admired

his work but declined his hand; he was a lover of George Sand and various ladies of less distinction. He collected stories of a surpassing filthiness and never quite lost a childish liking for practical jokes. His friends thought him a great deadpan wit. His enemies considered him a pompous pedant. All this should make an amusing, spirited biography but never quite does because Mr. Raitt, although learned and industrious, lacks the knack of bringing his subject to life.

THE FORGOTTEN SOLDIER by Guy Sajer. Harper & Row, \$8.95. The Nazi debacle in Russia, recalled by an Alsatian who, at not quite seventeen years of age, trotted off to war like a cheerful puppy, and with about a puppy's comprehension of war, politics, history, or anything else. His memoir is a mercilessly detailed record of horrors and a lament for the nameless, tortured rank and file of all armies and all wars.

DIARY OF A CENTURY by Jacques Henri Lartigue. Edited by Richard Avedon; designed by Bea Feitler. Viking, \$27.50. In 1901, Jacques Lartigue, age seven, was given a camera. He snapped cousin André, with water wings and a polka-dot suit, midway of a dive that must have been a belly whopper, and recorded the whole history of brother Zissou's glider. He went on doing this all his life, piling up an autobiography in high-speed, beautifully composed pictures that preserve the clothes, manners, fads, celebrities, vehicles, and preoccupations of seventy years.

MILITARY MEN by Ward Just. Knopf, \$6.95. This is the book version, with some additions, of Mr. Just's *Soldiers*, which was commissioned and published by the *Atlantic* in the October and November issues.

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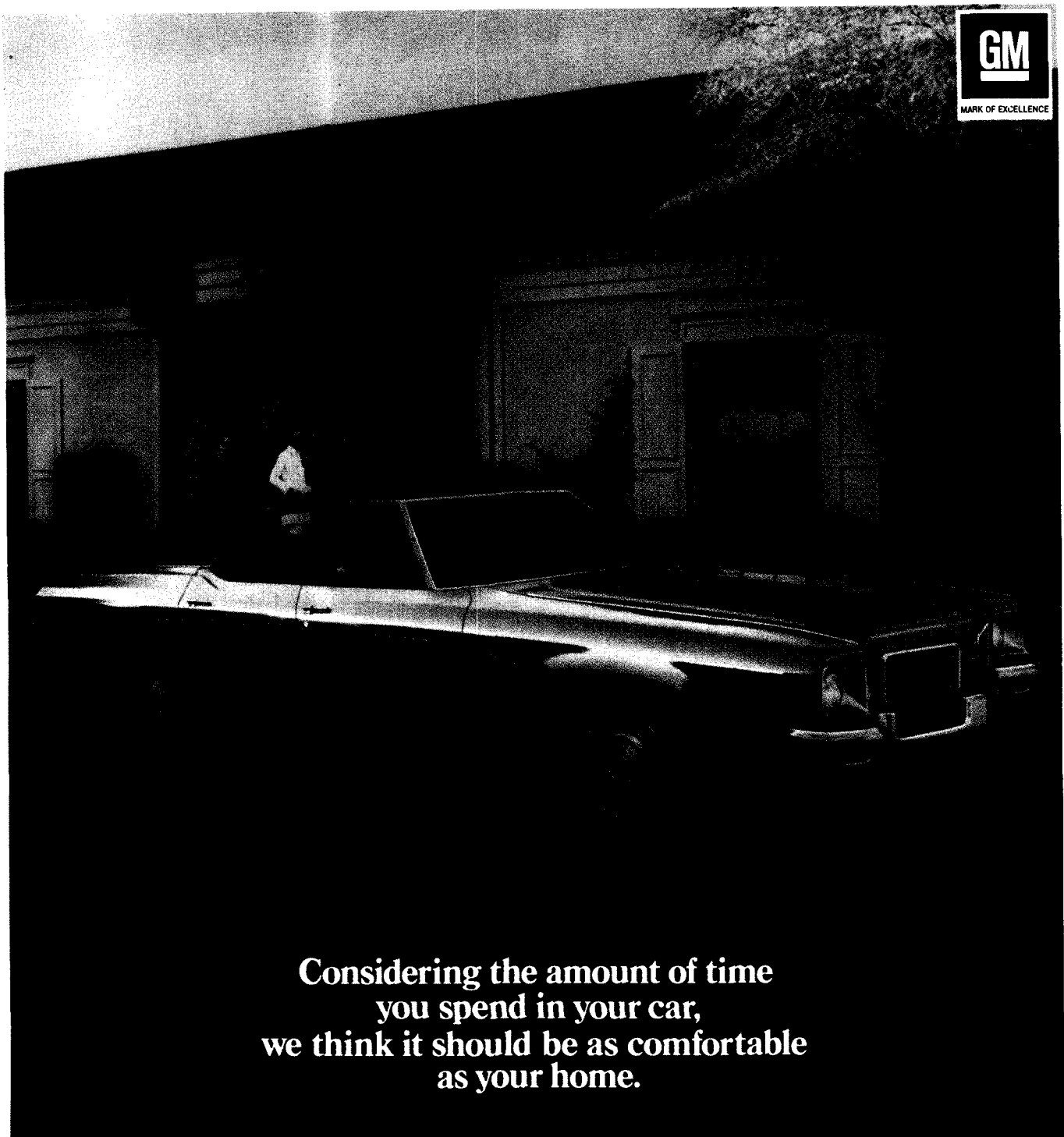
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